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"Dear and difficult Star."

Lucile Pillow

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Louise Imogen Guiney, her life a
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LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

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LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY
1887

"*Freeborn spirit, eagle heart,*
Full of life thou wert and art, . . .
And thy coming, like the Spring,
Moved the saddest lips to sing."
"An Epitaph," from "Songs at the Start," 1884.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

Her Life and Works

1861-1920

BY

E. M. TENISON

AUTHOR OF "ALASTAIR GORDON, R.N.," "THE VALIANT HEART
"A SHORT HISTORY OF THE ORDER OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON
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PREFACE

ALTHOUGH in 1904, in "*The Younger American Poets*," [1] Miss Jessie B. Rittenhouse defined with clarity and acumen the view taken of Louise Imogen Guiney as a poet in her native America, and though the author of "*The Road to Castaly*" has lately paid to her friend's memory the tribute of a vivid, loving, and brilliant sketch,[2] much yet remains to be said on both sides of the Atlantic.

When, shortly after Miss Guiney's death, I endeavoured in the *Dublin Review* of January, 1921, to define the qualities for which her work had gained swift recognition in the United States even in her girlhood, and won and kept the admiration of an audience fit though few in the British Empire, I received letters of enquiry from numerous responsive readers, some of whom declared that the very name of Louise Imogen Guiney had been totally unknown to them, and the poems quoted by me had therefore all the attraction of a new discovery. And yet so far back as the 'nineties in England, Andrew Lang drew attention to her merits as an essayist; Dr. Edmund Gosse, Dr. Garnett, William Sharpe, Lionel Johnson, Herbert Clarke and Clement Shorter admired her poetry; while from Ireland came the praise of Katharine Tynan (Mrs. Harry Hinkson), Dr. Sigerson, and others whose own literary attainments made their words authoritative. The reasons why her name suffered a temporary eclipse in England, or indeed was never as widely known as it deserved, will be made manifest in the following study of her life-work.

[1] Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Chap. IV. pp. 75-93.

[2] "*Louise Imogen Guiney*," by Alice Brown. The Macmillan Company, 1921, pp. 111.

Out of a succession of books, ranging from "*Songs at the Start*" in 1884 to "*Happy Ending,*" published nearly five years prior to the Great War, only one [1] is now obtainable; so a representative selection is offered here, with supplementary illustrative matter from a wide range of letters; also a descriptive Bibliography, the compilation of which was no easy task, for not even Louise Guiney herself possessed a complete set of her own early publications, some of which are of extreme rarity.

Inasmuch as I recognised her genius at least ten years before she became a regular correspondent and intimate friend, her cousin and literary executor, Miss Grace Guiney, has invited me to undertake the present critical and biographical summary, believing that I combine in a requisite degree the impartiality of a general reader with the personal sympathy of one who in recent years had opportunities of knowing how consistently the writer of "*The Knight Errant*" lived up to her own standard.

Her friends have given me lavish choice of unpublished material,[2] and so far as possible I have endeavoured to reveal her through her own words, allowing myself only such commentary and explanation as are necessary to elucidate her standpoint and to make a coherent whole.

There may be some to whom she will be uncongenial: but I venture to hope they can neither be many nor eminent; for in her combined classical and romantic feeling, her grace, her charm, her ready humour, and, above all, her absolute sincerity, Louise Imogen Guiney will speak to the hearts of all who have in themselves a spark of kinship with her high and noble spirit and her faithful love of truth and beauty.

E. M. TENISON.

YOKES COURT, NEAR SITTINGBOURNE,
KENT,
Easter, 1922.

[1] "*Blessed Edmund Campion.*" 2nd edition: Burns, Oates & Washbourne, 28 Orchard Street, London.

[2] See Note of Acknowledgment, pp. xi-xii.

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The White Sail, 1887.

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"A happy genius is a gift of Nature: it depends on the influence of the stars, say the astrologers; on the organs of the body, say the naturalists; 'tis the particular gift of Heaven, say the divines. . . . How to improve it, many books can teach us; how to obtain it, none."
Dryden.

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"All thy old woes shall now smile on thee,
And thy pains sit bright upon thee:
All thy sorrows here shall shine,
And thy sufferings be divine. . . .
Each heavenly word by whose hid flame
Our hard hearts shall strike fire, the same
Shall flourish on thy brows, and be
Both fire to us and flame to thee."

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From a photograph taken in Boston, U.S.A. (*circa* 1887).

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One of the only three copies known to exist in Great Britain and America, presented by Louise Imogen Guiney to the Bodleian Library.

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Memorial Sonnet in honour of Robert Louis Stevenson, 1894.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

My obligations are many, and it is a pleasure to record them. First to Mr. William Lindsey, of Boston, U.S.A., for introducing me personally in 1914 to Louise Imogen Guiney, whose verse and prose I had long appreciated. To Miss Grace Guiney I also owe thanks, especially for lending me much necessary material, including Louise Guiney's corrected and annotated copies of many of her own works, thus enabling me to cite them in their most mature and polished form. When any disparities are noticed between my quotations and the existing published versions, my readers should bear in mind that I have drawn on the author's final revisions.

Louise Guiney's old friends in America have generously fortified me with material and good counsel, most notably Miss Alice Brown, who not only gave me leave to quote freely from her charming book "*Louise Imogen Guiney*" (The Macmillan Company, 1921), but supplied me with additional matter, encouraged me in numerous ways, and brought to my notice the Elmhurst reminiscences in *The Signet* of October, 1921 (quoted in Chapter I.).

Mr. Thomas S. Jones, Jr. (New York), and Father Michael Earls, S.J., of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., U.S.A., lent letters which—although space has not allowed the quoting of more than a few—were of assistance to me. To Mr. Spencer Miller, Jr. (New York), and Mr. Clinton Scollard I also owe gratitude.

On the British side of the Atlantic, Father Geoffrey Bliss, S.J., of Wimbledon College, collaborator in "*Recusant Poets*," most kindly brought me a portmanteau full of precious MS., making up the two large volumes of that monumental work

which Louise Imogen Guiney was just completing with him when her final illness struck her down.

To Miss Gwenllian E. F. Morgan, of Buckingham Place, Brecon, S. Wales, I am indebted not only for the loan of all of Miss Guiney's letters to her which bear on the subject of Henry Vaughan, a series covering a period of twenty-five years, but for sympathy and advice most generously given. To Dr. Edmund Gosse thanks also are due for permission to quote his letter of appreciation, and to Mr. Clement Shorter for Louise Guiney's letters to himself and his wife.

I must acknowledge obligations also to the Macmillan Company, the Houghton Mifflin Co., and to Messrs. Burns, Oates, and Washbourne, for drawing upon works published by them. Mr. Shane Leslie gave me leave to reprint my critical appreciation of Louise Guiney from the *Dublin Review* of January 1921: and this, enlarged and revised, forms, by request, the introduction to the present volume.

Finally, Mr. Thomas S. Jones, Jr., author of "*The Voice in the Silence*" and "*Sonnets of the Cross*," deserves an extra word of appreciation for his beautiful Memorial Sonnet, which I have selected to form the conclusion of the present work. Such a noble tribute to Louise Imogen Guiney from one of her own countrymen makes a more appropriate ending than any words of mine.

E. M. T.

YOKES COURT, NEAR SITTINGBOURNE,
KENT,
Eve of Saint Michael and All Angels, 1922.[1]

[1] While this work was in the press, Mr. William Lindsey, whose name heads the acknowledgments, died in Boston, U.S.A., on November the 25th, 1922, to the great regret of his friends on both sides of the Atlantic. E. M. T.

INTRODUCTION

1861–1920

"In the Royal Galley of Divine Love there is no galley-slave: all the rowers are volunteers." This saying of Saint Francis de Sales, quoted by Louise Imogen Guiney, is significant of the gallant spirit, the steady devotion to high impersonal aims, which, combined with generous sympathies and spontaneous brilliance of expression, gave to her life and works a charm, an inspiration, a unity in diversity, difficult to sum up in an epigram, but vividly felt by all who came in contact with her.

Often the lives of authors make gloomy reading, and sometimes an author when encountered in the flesh is less attractive than the creations of his muse. But admirers of Louise Guiney's poetry and essays who knew her first through her published utterances, and afterwards won her friendship, would agree that her literary ideals and personal characteristics were admirably in accord. She did not conserve her most illuminating criticisms, her poetic imaginings, her frequent flashes of wit, to hoard them for print: her letters to her friends, even her most casual notes, all bear the stamp of a mind in which sincerity and graciousness, fastidiousness of taste and ardent enthusiasm, keen artistic sensibilities and pungent gaiety were irradiated by the steady light of a spirit uncompromisingly opposed to the superficial, half-hearted, or mercenary and self-seeking elements in life and letters.

Seldom has any author been more conspicuously free from vanity. Those who were privileged best to know her loved her for her blending of humility with robust moral courage,

of refreshing ' common sense ' with uncommon scorn of mere expediency, of deep piety with humorous horror of cant, of gentle manners and melodious voice, with warrior-swift insight into the characters of saints, men of action, and heroic poets of different eras and races.

Whimsical as her talk and writing sometimes seemed,—for she had certain antique principles and preferences which appeared to some prosaic persons scarcely consistent with her American citizenship,—beneath the dancing play of her fancy there was a rock of immutable faith ; and on this was built the fortress of her life. Her affection for the active saints, Saint Paul, Saint Sebastian, Saint George, Saint Patrick, Saint Martin of Tours, and, not least, the tardily canonised Jeanne d'Arc,—saints who were not just edifying names to her, but perpetual " fire and wings " to cheer and to inspirit,—was typical of one who never forgot she was a soldier's daughter. Her father, General Patrick Robert Guiney, died when she was a young girl ; but the constructive influence of his career affected her profoundly ; and in his chivalrous and unworldly outlook may be found the key to his daughter's character, principles, and ideals.

Zealous for moral and spiritual progress, she could recognise no virtue in the type of material progress which consists in ruthless extinction of the graces ; nor would she tolerate the class of ' literature ' from which everything exalted, ardent or exquisite, is drastically excluded on the pretext that ' realism ' would be outraged by such flights.

> " The play which leaves us miserable and bewildered, the harrowing social lesson leading nowhere, the transcript from commonplace life in which nothing is admirable but the faithful skill of the author—these are bad morals because they are bad art. . . . Many of the Elizabethan dramas are dark and terrible ; but they compel men to think, and teach more humanities than a University course."
>
> " Wilful sadness in literature " she denounced as " nothing less than an actual crime." But " sadness which is impersonal, reluctantly uttered, and adjusted

(in the utterance) to the eternal laws, is not so. . . . Melancholy, indeed, is inseparable from the highest art. We cannot wish it away; but we can demand a mastery over it. . . . Art is made of seemly abstinences. The moment it speaks out fully, lets us know all, ceases to represent a choice and a control of its own material, —ceases to be, in short, an authority and a mystery, and prefers to set up for a mere Chinese copy of life,— just so soon its birthright is transferred." [1]

Her own poem "*To an Ideal*" wafts us back into the atmosphere of some of her "starrie gentlemen" of the seventeenth century:

"That I have tracked you from afar, my crown I call it and my height,
All hail, O dear and difficult star! All hail, O heart of light!
No pleasure born of time for me,
Who in you touch eternity.
If I have found you where you are, I win my mortal fight."

In her "*Knight Errant,*" purporting to be a soliloquy of St. George, we hear her own voice:

"Spirits of old that bore me,
And set me, meek of mind,
Between great dreams before me,
And deeds as great behind,—
Knowing Humanity my star,
As first abroad I ride,
Shall help me wear, with every scar,
Honour at eventide.

Let claws of lightning clutch me
From summer's groaning cloud,
Or ever malice touch me
And glory make me proud.
O give my youth, my faith, my sword,
Choice of the heart's desire:

[1] "Wilful Sadness in Literature," 1892 (reprinted in "*Patrins,*" 1897).

A short life in the saddle, Lord !
Not long life by the fire.

Forethought and recollection
Rivet mine armour gay.
The passion for perfection
Redeem my failing way !
The arrows of the upper slope
From sudden ambush cast,
Rain quick and true, with one to ope
My Paradise at last !

I fear no breathing bowman,
But only—east and west—
That awful other foeman
Impowered in my breast.
The outer fray in the sun shall be,
The inner beneath the moon ;
And may Our Lady lend to me
Sight of the Dragon soon ! "

Self-revealing, too, is the "*Ode for a Master-Mariner ashore*" :

" There in his room, whene'er the moon looks in
To silver now a shell and now a fin,
And o'er his chart glide like an argosy,—
Quiet and old sits he.
Danger ! He hath grown heart-sick for thy smile ! "

And Danger, which the old seaman erstwhile wooed as a bride, is adjured to whirl him out, even if only in a dream, from dull drab safety into welcome storm, and grant him a ship in which to go down, dauntless to the end.

Age, in Louise Guiney's poems, is always lovable, always tenderly depicted, not least so in her imitations of epitaphs from the Greek Anthology :

" Me, deep-tressèd meadows, take to your loyal keeping,
Hard by the swish of sickles, ever in Aulon sleeping,
Philophron, old and tired, and glad to be done with reaping."

When Charles Lamb was told that his work did not " suit the age," he responded cheerfully, " Damn the age ! I'll write for antiquity ! " and this retort Louise Guiney delighted to remember. She had much in common with Elia, even to her love for the Bodleian, which she described as her " Mecca" and from which she could not endure to remain long absent. But never was there any book-lover less of a proverbial dry-as-dust. Wearing her scholarship with as debonair a gaiety as one of her Cavalier poets would have worn his jewel-hilted rapier, she was never supercilious to the unlearned.

Perhaps her versatility and charm were partly owing to the contrasting nationalities which went to the making of the mortal part of her. Protesting against being described as an " Irish-American," she pointed out that she was an " Irish-French-Scots-English American ! " Certainly she had some of the elements of all these races blended in a manner which was entirely her own.

" My father," she declared, " used to say my character was ' wholly un-Irish ' ; and I am sure my tight, unfertile, law-and-order muse is so. But in Ireland, in its history and people, I have an unchanging interest."

' Tight ' and ' unfertile ' are hardly the epithets which fall most readily from the lips of any reader who remembers " *The Wild Ride* " :

" I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses
All day, on the road, the hoofs of invisible horses,
All night in their stalls the importunate pawing and neighing.

Let cowards and laggards fall back ! but alert to the saddle,
Weather-worn and abreast, go men of our galloping legion,
With a stirrup-cup each to the lily of women that loves him.

The trail is through dolour and dread, over crags and morasses ;
There are shapes by the way, there are things that appal or entice us :
What odds ? We are Knights of the Grail, we are vowed to the riding.

Thought's self is a vanishing wing, and joy is a cobweb,
And friendship a flower in the dust, and glory a sunbeam :
Not here is the prize, nor, alas, after these our pursuing.

A dipping of plumes, a tear, a shake of the bridle,
A passing salute to this world and her pitiful beauty :
We hurry, with never a word, in the track of our fathers.
. . . . . .

We spur to a land of no-name, outracing the storm-wind ;
We leap to the infinite dark like sparks from the anvil.
Thou leadest, O God ! All's well with Thy troopers that follow."

Yet in spite of, or perhaps because of, this keen zest in life, this love of movement, the gift of timely tranquillity also was hers ; and however busy, however strenuous, she never appeared perturbed or in a hurry. In some of her idylls there is a hush so exquisite as to be almost unearthly : the moonlit "*Nocturne*," the mediaeval Christmas Carols, the stately cadences of "*Beati Mortui*," the concentrated calm power of "*The Inner Fate*," are notable instances ; and in a few graphic lines she could paint pictures of rural peace, whether in New England or Old, so seemingly spontaneous in their dewy freshness that they shine like mirrored nature rather than conscious art. This beauty of quietness smiles also from one little lyric, which in its way is just as personally significant as her "*Wild Ride*."

" Take Temperance to thy breast
While yet is the hour of choosing,
An arbitress exquisite
Of all that shall thee betide ;
For better than Fortune's best
Is mastery in the using,
And sweeter than anything sweet
The art to lay it aside." [1]

Three slender books of her verse, "*The White Sail*" (1887), "*A Roadside Harp*" (1893), "*England and Yester-*

[1] In "*A Roadside Harp*" (Boston, 1893).

day" (1898), have long been numbered among bibliographical rarities; as is her brilliant, tender, and stimulating prose sketch of "*Monsieur Henri*," Henri de La Rochejaquelin: "a dear fellow" and "a hard hitter," as one of his friends lovingly remarked. Even of "*Happy Ending*"[1] (1909), containing what she modestly described as "the less faulty half" of all her published verse, few (if any) copies remain; and of her other prose works, her "*Little English Gallery*," her study of James Clarence Mangan, her monograph on the heroic Jesuit Campion, her sparkling, wise and witty essays, "*Patrins: To which is added an Inquirendo into the Wit and Other Good Parts of His late Majesty King Charles the Second*," the Campion biography alone is still procurable.[2] She herself regarded it as one of the best of her studies in character; and it was written the more graphically and poignantly in that her own family had never departed from the Catholic faith.

In Wright's "*History and Antiquities of the County of Rutland . . . London*, 1684," appears a certain Roger de Geneye, Lord of the Manor of Pickworth in the "ninth year of King Edward II."; and a Roger de Gyneto, probably the same individual, who received from Edward the First a writ of summons to attend the King's Grace to Berwick, "well fitted with horse and arms, and thence to march against the Scots."

"In the name of Gueney or Gyney this estate continued," says the Carolian county historian, "till the reign of Henry VI., at which time John Geney, Knight, then Lord of this Mannour, by his testament dated Feast of Saint Hilary, 1422, did bequeath his body to be buried among the Friars Augustine in Norwich near to the sepulchre of Roger his son; and by the same will devised his Mannour of Pickworth to be sold by his Executors to Henry Inglose, Knight, for one thousand marks of silver."

"It is all but certain," Louise Guiney told the present writer, "that we come from those old Gyneys or Geneys of

[1] Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

[2] 2nd edition. Burns, Oates & Washbourne, London.

Norfolk and Rutland; but it can't be proved.[1] There is a great gap, bridged only by tradition: the gap due to the fact that too many of my ancestors, generation after generation, died while their children were very young. My father only remembered hearing from his father one remark of a genealogical nature: 'Cressy was a good battle, Rob, and *we* were in it.' Long after he quoted this to me I looked the matter up and found there *was* a Sir Roger Gyney at Cressy, and also his brothers Robert and Thomas, all of Norfolk.

"My grandfather Guiney, born in Ireland (husband of a Scots wife Judith Macrae) was far more drawn to Ireland than to any other country, and managed to work 'Patrick' into the name of every one of his seven sons, except the youngest who was plain 'William.' Only two of the seven lived to grow up and marry. The old Gyney or Gueney Christian names, Roger, John, Robert, William, we have never lost.

"My grandfather Guiney's grandfather was born in France (near Marseilles) of a French mother, so you see we are rather 'mixed' on that side. Holding to the Catholic faith had a lot, almost everything, to do with our getting poorer and poorer. I sold the last acre *I* owned, in 1910, at the death of my American mother, whose people were Lancashire Holdens and County Carlow Dowlings and Doyles."

The essay headed "*Irish*," in the out-of-print "*Patrins*," reveals on every page its author's love for the past:

> "The country is full of ruins and traditions. . . . A gander off on a holiday, with his white spouse and their pretty brood, lifts his paternal hiss at the passer by from a Druid's altar; and where the young lambs lie,

[1] After 1422, when Sir John Geney, by his will, directed the sale of his manor of Pickworth in Rutland to Sir Henry Inglose, the Gyney name vanished not only from that county but from Norfolk. The Inglose family remained Catholic, and 114 years later a Henry Inglose was executed as one of the Pilgrims of Grace. As to the antiquity and prestige of the mediæval Gyney Knights there can be no doubt; the famous Roll of Arms of Edward II. includes "Sire Roger Gyney," whose arms are cited as: "*pale de or e de goules, od le chef de ermine.*" ("A Roll of Arms of Peers and Knights in the Reign of Edward the Second. From a contemporary MS. [edited] by Nicholas Harris Nicholas, Esqr., London . . . 1828," p. 48.) E. M. T.

in a windy spring, to lee of their mothers, is a magnificent doorway . . . with its broken inscription an *Orate* for immemorial Kings. . . .

" A rock is overturned under a yew tree, and discloses horns and knives elder than Clontarf . . . There can be no other country so fatal to the antiquarian ; for zest and labour are superfluous, and a long course of incomparable luck must drive him for very satiety from the field."

And again—in a letter to Mrs. Clement Shorter (Dora Sigerson, dreamer and poet)—she strikes the same note :

" Fairest Colleen, . . . I am glad you had Kerry for a plum at Easter ; for I have always had a sort of longing after it myself. What stole my heart at first, I think, is the little crazy coast-line on the map—so wicked and wild and sinister. Those headlands must have pirate gold in the caves under ; and I know the ribs of the Armada are rotting away there, under the black tides."

But, much as she was fascinated by the element of ancient romance in Ireland, her warmest personal preference was for those " Seventeenth Century Friends," the English Cavaliers, whom she herself so much resembled.

In her copy of Lord Clarendon's *History of the Great Rebellion,* she wrote :

" How life hath cheapen'd, and how blanke
The Worlde is ! like a fen
Where long ago unstainèd sanke
The starrie gentlemen :
Since Marston Moor and Newbury dranke
King Charles his gentlemen.

If Fate in any air accordes
What Fate deny'd, Oh, then
I ask to be among your Swordes,
My joyous gentlemen :
Towards Honour's heaven to goe, and towardes
King Charles his gentlemen ! "

In a private letter she touches upon the same theme :—

> " We had a charming visit at Prior Court, where, to our delight, we were the only guests. It is a sweet restful country about Newbury, all grain-fields and low hills and ancient beeches.
>
> " I didn't see the battle-field, as it happened. Just as well : it would have given me a wrench for Falkland's sake and Carnarvon's. Nothing personal ever got the hold on me that that war has, and I can bear any grief of my own far better than I can King Charles's ! " [1]

Not that the King himself attracted her so poignantly as those who died for the old England which, in their eyes, the Crown represented. Of Cromwell's military talents and administrative abilities she was well aware, and she once rebuked one of her best friends for what she considered an injustice to him ; but perhaps what she liked about Cromwell was his admonition to the arrogant fanatics of his own party to " believe it possible " they might be mistaken ; and also his warning that " a rabble of journeymen and tapsters," without discipline, could not " equal the gentlemen of England " ; hence his need to create and train a new model army. That Cromwell learnt the use of shock action in cavalry from his adversary Prince Rupert, and that he would never have defeated the King's army unless he had first known how to appreciate its merits, she used to remember with as personal a feeling as if she herself had been one of the gallant vanquished on Marston Moor.

As towards dear friends she felt to many of the King's officers, including the young Lord Francis Villiers, who, cut off from his own troop during a skirmish at Kingston-on-Thames, wounded and dismounted, laughed up at the dozen or so of grim Cromwellian horsemen who bade him surrender ; and with his last breath, like the cheery boy he was, shouted exultantly, " Come on ! Damn you, come on ! " and so, fighting, died.[2]

[1] To Miss Gwenllian E. F. Morgan. Oxford, St. James' Day, 1905.

[2] He was the only brother of George Villiers, 2nd Duke of Buckingham. Lord Francis is said to have defended himself successfully until one of the

For boys she had a tireless sympathy; and there are many at Oxford and elsewhere who are proud to owe to her their first awakening to the enchantments of poetry and the perennial human interest of history. Realising acutely the unity of past, present and future, for her the past remained ever living:

> " . . . The soul hath sight
> Of passionate yesterdays, all gold and large,
> Arisen to enrich our narrow night."

Of the heroic dead and their power to reinforce and revivify us in the present, she wrote elsewhere:

> " The same risks are run time after time; more than one perished upon the enemy's spurs for the sake of a shouted warning to the sleeping camp, or hoped, with cheery courage, in the fangs of shipwreck, that Heaven is as near by sea as by land; yes! and some sufferer after golden-hearted Sidney has passed the untasted water to lips more parched than his own. Oh, we can never have too much of that sort of repetition! We say it uplifts, and makes for righteousness, and carries urgings to the breast of every generous boy, for instance, who studies history. We find it worth while,—thinking of him,—to adduce example on example of the same kind of heroism. . . . Should he suspect the first venturesome pioneer of glory to have been the inspiration and spur of those who followed, is it not very fair and honourable that it be so?—that virtue should thus multiply itself again and again, as stars are born of the bursting of a star? " [1]

But with the joy, the vigour, the upliftment of the past, came also the chill breath of " winds of old defeat."

Parliamentary troopers rode round and smote him from behind. The Parliament, seemingly remorseful, gave him a funeral in Westminster Abbey. An inscription on the coffin records his valour, his youth, and his extraordinary beauty.

[1] *A Little Treatise on Plagiarisms.*

Sunny-tempered though she was, ever a rebuker of "wilful sadness," yet grief and exaltation were often intermingled:

> "In my soul abide
> Urgings of memory; and exile's pain
> Weighs on me, as the spirit of one slain
> May throb for the old strife wherein he died."

Again and again this thought recurs; and of her "*London Sonnets*" the most personal is that which commemorates her first visit to the Church of Saint Peter-ad-Vincula, Tower of London, close by the site of the scaffold. Ghosts of stately victims of axe and block throng around her, till heart and brain throb with indignant pity:

> "... Suddenly I must depart,
> Ere thought of man's injustice, then and now,
> Add to these aisles another broken heart."

Yet with this intense love of the past there was none of the bitterness which sometimes mars such love.

> "High above hate I dwell:
> O storms, farewell!
> Though at my sill your daggered thunders play
> Lawless and loud to-morrow as to-day,—
> To me they sound more small
> Than a young fay's footfall:
> Soft and far sunken, forty fathoms low
> In Long Ago,
> And winnowed into silence on that wind
> Which takes wars like a dust, and leaves but love behind."

Love—as Empedocles used the word, to mean the spiritual element that harmonises, constructs, creates, inspires, uplifts and strengthens—was the keynote of her life. Her heroes were not always those who had been victorious, but necessarily those who were inviolably faithful. Deeply

significant in its calm beauty, surging up into sudden tragic foreboding at the end, is her "*Vigil-at-Arms.*"

"Keep holy watch, with silence, prayer, and fasting,
Till morning break and every bugle play.
Unto the One aware from everlasting
Dear are the winners: thou art more than they.

Forth from this peace on manhood's way thou goest,
Flushed with resolve, and radiant in mail;
Blessing supreme for men unborn thou sowest,
O Knight elect! O soul ordained to fail!"

That he who is led captive may be yet greater than his conqueror, was said very long ago: that the apparent overthrow of a hero can be the occasion of his most lasting moral triumph, has been proved repeatedly; and the Knight-Errant, fired by the "passion for perfection" must go down into the Valley of the Shadow, and face the Dark Night of the Soul, before he may hope to see the mystic dawn or gather the golden rose.

"A man said to his angel
'My spirits are fallen thro',
And I cannot carry this battle;
O brother, what shall I do?'
. . . . . .
Then said to the man his angel,
'Thou wavering witless soul,
Back to the ranks! What matter
To win or lose the whole,
As judged by the little judges
Who hearken not well, nor see?
Not thus by the outer issue
The wise shall interpret thee!'"

And the Divine Messenger, in ringing accents, bids the disheartened mortal stand up boldly to defy

"Mind's Doubt and Bodily Pain
And pallid Thirst of the Spirit
That is kin to the other twain.

And Grief in a cloud of banners,
  And ringletted vain Desires,
And Vice with the spoils upon him
  Of thee and thy beaten sires.'

. . . . . .

'Thy part is with broken sabre
  To rise on the last redoubt;
To fear not sensible failure,
  Nor covet the game at all,
But fighting, fighting, fighting,
  Die, driven against the wall.'" [1]

True to this inner voice 'the Paladin' kept her banner afloat to the last, through dragging and difficult years which to a less gallant spirit might have seemed grey with the shadow of defeat,—such material defeat as disinterested lovers of letters must not flinch from facing, in an age when literature has become so organised a trade that the handicap is ever increasingly heavy for those few who still approach it devoutly as a vocation.

Such writers as Louise Imogen Guiney follow a star invisible as yet to the oft-quoted "man in the street," who, not only in politics but in art and letters, is being prematurely pressed into the part of world-dictator; and despite the wide appreciation given her in America, and among an unostentatious but faithful audience this side of the Atlantic, her fame in England—if by 'fame' we mean popularity—will be a revenue payable chiefly to her ghost.

Whether her natal continent America, or her second home Oxford, will be the first to produce a Collected Edition of her Works, it would be rash to hazard an opinion; but when the word 'education' is on everybody's lips, the assumption that what pleases the fastidious few must necessarily for ever fail to fascinate the many is no very dazzling homage to the goddess Progress. Sooner or later 'Time's old daughter Truth' must distinguish between writers who

[1] From "The Kings," in "*A Roadside Harp*," p. 44. (Based on II. Kings, vi. 15, 16, 17.)

caricature her in the fashionable costume of the changing moment, and those who worship reverently at her hidden shrine and then go forth bravely into the world to champion her eternal beauty.

In which rank stands Louise Imogen Guiney the reader of her work will speedily discern.

ERRATA.

Page 39, *line* 12 : *for* Appenine *read* Apennine.

„ 165, *line* 15 : *for* versifications *read* verifications.

„ 182, *lines* 22-23 : *for* Vie Begorre *read* Vic Bigorre.

„ 183, *line* 4 : *for* blood-wet Spanish grass *read* blood-wet grass.

„ 283, *line* 30 : *for* Camden *read* Campden.

„ 286, *line* 15 : *for* a truth *read* truth.
('Fling life away for truth, art, fatherland.')

PART I

MORNING

" Hear us, hear us, O Delight, O Sunrise, . . .
Youth, ah, Youth ! all men's desire and sorrow."

The White Sail, 1887.

CHAPTER I

A CHILD IN CAMP

"LIKE the royal personages in the drama, I was ushered on the stage of life, literally, with flourish of trumpets. The Civil War was at its bursting-point, the President calling for recruits: it was impertinent of me, but in that solemn hour I came a-crowing into the world."

In this manner Louise Imogen Guiney introduces herself; and relates how she had "a little flag for a toy instead of coral-and-bells."

"Drum-beat and sword-flash are part of her being," wrote one of her women friends long afterwards.[1]

She was born in the Boston suburb of Roxbury, on January the 7th, 1861. Lincoln had been elected President in 1860, and the political crisis, which was to result in four years of Civil War, was working up to its climax; but the first shot was not actually fired till April the 12th.

When, as it has been picturesquely phrased, the President "at one stamp of his foot called the whole of the Union States to arms," Louise Guiney's father was among the first to volunteer. His daughter tells the story: [2]

> "A young person some twenty-four years my senior, for whom I had a violent liking, had preceded me 'to the warres.' I saw his ship sail, at that exceedingly tender age when a human being is involved in mummy-like cerements, and cannot properly be said to exist at

[1] Harriet Prescott Spofford, quoted in *Munsey's Magazine*, April, 1895.

[2] In "A Child in Camp," "*Goose Quill Papers*," 1885.

all. In the winter of 1864—he had been away during that long interval—I volunteered also, and went south to visit him.[1]

" I had thrived at home through the distended agony of those days. I had a general idea that my cue in life was to fight ; and I would smile endearingly over a colored plate of the battle of Trafalgar, whose smoky glare, and indications of turmoil and slaughter, were supremely to my mind . . .

" Prior to my memorable journey to Virginia, I had spent a few months in camp the year before. A slight epidemic ran the rounds of the tents, and took in ours. The only recollection which survives is a vivid one of neighboring trees, and a distant hill, visible as I lay facing the narrow door ; a view which included the ever-flitting figure of the sentinel, his steady, silent tread, musket on shoulder, and the kind rustic face in profile, which turned, ever and anon, smilingly about, like the moon at her merriest. That welcome shadow which fell before him in the broad light was cut down in the ranks at Malvern Hill. But my earliest real experiences began in '64. Hostilities had been some weeks suspended ; yet the headquarters of a Southern regiment lay within gun-shot, and thither my delighted terrors reverted. Was Jeff Davis lurking on the other bank of the stream ? Might they creep over by night and fall upon us ? If I should be allowed to venture alone into the thicket, would the fiery eyes of the " reb " glare upon me ? Please could I settle difficulties with any little boy in the opposing camp, in the admirable Roman fashion, of whose precedent I was yet ignorant ?

" How they would laugh, those bearded and epauletted guests of our exceptionally elegant log-house ! And how uproariously they often planted me —regardless of ink, paper, and sundries—on the table, and toasted me in some cordial beverage until I pranced in glee !

[1] To Virginia, where he was encamped with the Army of the Potomac ; he was by this time Colonel of the Ninth Massachusetts. E .M. T.

" Be it humbly admitted that the freedom I enjoyed among officers and men of several organizations, and their misguided indulgence, tended not to improve my scarce seraphic disposition. More than once was I called to order for some breach of discipline, the most venial of which were cutting the tent-strings, hanging about the sentry and impeding his progress with efforts to relieve him of his musket, or concealing the drum-sticks to postpone an anticipated signal. The dark-eyed young man to whom I owed allegiance . . . would exclaim, with the awful sense of a newly acquired dignity : ' Disobey a Colonel if you dare ! ' and threaten me, not with vulgar deprivations of supper, nor trivial captivity . . . , but with a veritable court-martial. . . .

" Our family retinue consisted of a cook of jolly and rubicund exterior, and a pleasant lad, who, among his other duties, cared for a glossy-coated Arabian, and led him about like a circus-master, while I snatched a fearful joy upon his back. . . .

" Another favorite of mine was the Adjutant, owner of two sociable King Charles spaniels which I was permitted to endow with portions of my supper. . . . Captain J., too, stern, reticent, and little popular with his men, was strangely gentle to one who bestrode his knee, and fell asleep, many a time, on his arm. He was a fascinating story-teller, and held my fancy longer than any soldier-playmate of his day. He had the absolute confidence of my infallible young man. The old figure, ' true as steel,' was made for him. They forbore to tell me till long afterwards, that he fell, shot through and through, at the Wilderness, with his face to the foe. . . .

" During that stay there was much gayety and little mishap. My elders rode off to many a hunt, or held tournaments with all the tilting and fair ladies' smiles incidental, nay, essential, to their success. Twice, in the midst of less serious things, the men were called to sleep under arms. I can well remember, another time, ominous talk of Mosby and his guerillas, and a cloud of

dust on the horizon which seemed to betoken his restless squadron. But these were variations on a winter full of pastime, and uncommonly clement and merry. The campaign that followed was so arduous, and involved such heavy losses, that it is cheering to remember the hearty voices of old play-fellows during that genial holiday, to take down from their anchorage on a shelf the books they used to read, and to treasure up the gay incidents that brightened their tragic story.

"I recall a waiter of exceeding blackness, who impressed me in a Washington hotel, and a sandwich, uncommonly sharp with mustard, obtained on the homeward journey at the Baltimore station, where the city seemed to turn out to feed the very hungry in my person; and nothing at all further, beyond these unspiritual details, till the war drew to a close. For then my best-beloved soldier came home. He was terribly shattered with suffering and fatigue,—how irrevocably hurt I knew not. If 'the stars had fallen from heaven to light upon his shoulders,' the thunderbolt had fallen too; and the General's insignia were sealed with a minié-ball. After a series of escapes thrilling enough for a dime novel; after a plunge, horse and man, into a ravine, a solitary stampede in a swamp, the loss of a scabbard and a patch of clothing by the familiar brushing of a bomb, and a hole through a cap neatly made by an attentive sharp-shooter, the charmed bullets had hit at last. It was my earliest glimpse of the painful side of war, when he stood propped against a faithful shoulder, worn, pale, drooping, waiting recognition with a weary smile, at the door of the sunny little house we all loved. Instantly, heedless of any persuasive arms or voices, I slipped headlong, like a startled seal from the rocks, and disappeared under the table. Such was my common mode of receiving strangers; and here, indeed, was a most bewildering and appalling stranger.

"In vain my soldier called me by the most endearing names; even the whimsical nomenclature of camp-

life. . . . I shut my young disbelieving eyes, and crouched on the carpet.

" For two long hours I did not capitulate, and then but warily. What was this spectre with whom I must not frolic, on whose shoulders I must not perch, whose head, bound in bandages, I must not handle? What was he, in place of my old-time comrade, blithe and boyish, and how could he expect to inherit the confidence I had given to quite another sort of person? Unhallowed Dixie! How it had cozened me out of what I prized most!

" The wound that jarred upon me, I quickly came to consider as an admirable distinction, and altogether proper and desirable. I longed to be shot, in the interests of my native land; and presently, ' by the foot of Pharaoh! ' so I was, thanks to a pistol in the hands of a maladroit little neighbor. I underwent the ether-sponge and the knife, and my chubby cheek displayed with pride the reduced fac-simile of the parental scar. It was my day of jubilee, ere the cicatrice had vanished, when I might lean against that elder veteran's knee, and recount Munchausen-like tales of ' our ' prowess in the war.

" I confusedly remember the shock of national loss when the President was assassinated; the panting butcher-boy being the first to deliver himself of the grievous news at the kitchen door; and, after that, the coming and going of army-faces —some strange, some familiar. It was like Virginia once more, to hear the band march, serenading, up the quiet street; to recognize hearty voices at the garden gate; to command my most dutiful to ' shoulder arms! ' and ' right wheel! '; and, waking from slumber, to creep to the head of the stairs, and surreptitiously greet dear M. and B. and broad-shouldered A., as they passed below.

" Not only these my childish fancy saw, but there seemed to gather with them many many others, bearing names that sometime had been cited in my presence from the bright annals of Massachusetts; and out of their

syllables I framed a ghostly pageant, following ever, like a breath of wind, close on the footsteps of their living peers. The dream-cohorts, too, smiled up at me, and swept by. . . .

" I went to camp several times thereafter, though never with my own brigade ; [1] but having outlived its enchantment, inasmuch as I was now conscious of ' playing soldier ' merely, I took a stand on my war record, and decided to withdraw from the militia.

" That was long ago. But the old prepossessions are immortal. The smell of powder is sweeter to me than Oriental lilies. I resent the doctrine of absorption into the restful bosom of Brahma. An' it please you, I aspire to Mars !

" I used to love the sight of those shabby warriors, dolefully bewailing their forlorn condition, and mildly suggesting their eligibility to a bounteous dinner, who prowled, in long succession, about our side door. I thrilled with indignation at their counterfeited wrongs. I brought them my sweetmeats, to throw a halo round their sober meal. Do I not take kindly yet to the battered coat bedizened with bright buttons, on the back of M., grimy vendor of coal ? Do I not encourage the handsome charges of our grocer, solely because I know his antecedents, and can trace his limp to Ball's Bluff ?

" It was an article of belief, in my Utopian childhood, that a soldier could do no wrong. It went hard with me, in my eleventh year, to catch a glimpse of the silver Maltese cross, the badge of the impeccable Fifth Corps, on the breast of a scowling state prisoner, the hero ' shorn of his beams.' "

And elsewhere she wrote, " There is scarcely a blow in after-life comparable to that first sad intimation (perhaps in early youth) that human nature is not what we thought it, not the thing of our dreams." [2]

. . . . . .

[1] 2nd Brigade, 5th Corps of the Army of the Potomac. E. M. T.

[2] " *Goose Quill Papers*," 1885, p. 68.

Though very early in life her favourite hero was the victor of Trafalgar—" Southey's *Nelson* I got hold of at six years old, and digested enough of it to win me to him for ever " [1] —and though she read Pope and Sir Walter Scott at seven and eight, she appeared to her elders an incorrigible tomboy, not a potential literary genius. The attempt to break in this spirited little creature and chain her to regular lessons was at first a grotesque and dismal failure. Taken for the first time to a private school, in a pseudo-Gothic house at the foot of Washington Park (then known as Honeysuckle Hill), she promptly decided upon rebellion. " I did not like the looks of the teacher," she said long afterwards, relating her first encounter with scholastic authority ; " I disliked the room. I looked the children over, and made up my mind I did not like them either, and that if I ever got out of the place no mortal power should get me back again. I remember that the teacher tried to make me take part in the exercises, but I was mute ; the sphinx herself was not more obstinately dumb than I was.

" I made no demonstration at home, but waited until next morning when preparations were made to send me to school again. Then I quietly informed them that I was not going any more. It was useless to argue with me. My mind was made up. I did not cry : I simply stood still and refused to budge."

At this time she was, as one of her friends relates, " a tiny child, with a delicate face and soft ways," but a pronounced habit of knowing her own mind.

" I only yielded to superior force, for my mother took my head and the nurse my heels, and I was ignominiously lugged to school. But I did not give in. As fast as they put me in the room, I dashed out ; and finally I was tied in my chair. That was the way I went to school every day, until convinced that I was conquered." [2]

This was hardly the fashion in which to foster zest for learning. She was so much of a boy at heart, so martial in spirit, that probably the simple expedient of

[1] To E. M. Tenison, 1918.

[2] Her words to Mildred Aldrich ; " *The Critic*," Sep. 9, 1893.

putting her on her honour to do her duty would have been sufficient.

Of her later experiences at Notre Dame Convent, Everett Grammar School, Boston, and the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Elmhurst, Providence, R.I., the last—where she graduated in 1879—was the most treasured in remembrance.

" On the hot August day when I first saw the place," she relates, " I made the journey from Boston rather unwillingly in the wake of my mother. I had made up my mind that I had no use for convents, anyhow, so to comfort and fortify myself I carried my best blue gun, and a collection of agate marbles in my pocket." (Be it remembered she was only eleven years of age.) " Very often since have I been reminded of that gun—coming thus armed to the spot where I was to spend six very contented years! What quite decided me to agree in being sent to that school the next September was nothing less than Madame, now Mother Samuella Shaw. . . . my being taken into an old garden, where there were high and overgrown box hedges,—just Madame Shaw and I alone. There the demon of mischief got into her worship, bless her! she was a young nun and full of life, and, leading a chase into one of the orchards to get me some early apples, she twice took the wide box hedge in a graceful leap, with my long thin legs enthusiastically following . . . . I judged everything by its capacity to run, jump, and swim. She didn't know that; but she broke down, by that one flight in air, all my objections to a contemplative life." [1]

" It would be difficult to find in New England a more beautiful spot for a girls' school," wrote one of her contemporaries: " Elmhurst is approached from the road that passes its surrounding grounds by a winding driveway, arched by trees which hide the Academy itself until one is actually at the doorway. The grounds are exquisitely laid out; and from the rising slopes in the rear of the convent there is a fine view of the city below, with the river stealing

[1] L. I. Guiney, " *Memories of an Old Girl*," written for the Reunion of the Elmhurst Alumnae, April, 1907.

southward to sea. Clusters of trees screen the convent itself from public gaze and furnish delightful nooks wherein to read or meditate undisturbed." [1]

Founded by a woman, Sophie Madeleine Barat, the Order of the Sacred Heart had opened its first school at Amiens nearly fourteen years before the battle of Waterloo. Among its pioneer workers was the Comtesse de Grammont, who had been a dame d'honneur at the Court of Marie Antoinette ; a link with the past which Louise Guiney delighted to remember. The chief foundresses of the American branch of the Order, Mesdames Philipine Duchesne, Eugenie Aude, and Octavie Berthold, were all comparatively young women when they sailed from France in the spring of 1818. The tradition of their faith, courage, initiative, and mental energy, was nobly carried on by their various successors ; and the Order now " spreads over the Old World and the New, covering the entire face of North America from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with five houses in Canada, two in Havana and four in Mexico." [2]

" Yes," wrote Louise Guiney many years later, " I loved the old Grosvenor house, with its corona of long-vanished elms, and its long corridors, and the three great orchards, and the jolly play-room, a ' two-decker ' for rainy days ; and the deep Frog Pond, filled in after four or five of us fell in through the ice one December afternoon ; and the dear dog ' Lion,' a thirty-one year old ghost by now ; and the wonderful sled ' Glorioso ' made out of a shoe case, which would accommodate eight daring spirits on a mad cruise down the frozen hill ; and the first little chapel, with the windows always open, and the fragrance of a thousand flowers within and without, where so many of us have made our First Communions, and got our grip for life on supernatural things, ' the things that are more excellent.' "

" The companions of those days," she emphasised, " were very dear to me, particularly Lota Root . . . who became a Visitation nun and died young. Her photograph is yet on my desk over here in England, and her gay, wild, resolute,

[1] " *Boston Republic* " (*circa* 1887).

[2] Article in L. I. Guiney's press-cutting book ; no date.

saintly little face, ' loved long since ' is not even ' lost awhile ' to me." [1]

Amongst the many joys of Elmhurst was the school magazine, of which Louise was Editor-in-chief, one of her earliest productions being a lamentation in verse for a pet kitten drowned in the pond.[2]

" Unlike most Convent girls," she related, " I had no special favourite among the Ladies. . . . I loved them all and I plagued them all impartially. I was once smitten, dreadfully smitten, with the charms of a much older girl, plump and brown-eyed Cora, the niece of Reverend Mother Hardy. I was steeped in Fenimore Cooper's stories then, and it took very little imagination to set myself up as Uncas, the noble Mohican, last of his race, and her as the Cora of his heart. Certainly I was as reticent as any Red Indian, . . . but I adored the beautiful object from across the study-hall or the playground, to the best of my ability. . . . All the Southerners were intensely sympathetic to me. My dear class-mates of 1876-1877 were Marylanders, Virginians, etc., splendid-spirited straightforward girls, some of them very good at games and conscientious to a degree. Mention of games reminds me to record with pride that I was President of Games from the day I entered Elmhurst until the day I left, and that I held no other office whatsoever."

Her protests against the ' Black Art,' as she termed mathematics, and her invincible detestation of so feminine a weapon as a needle, were forgiven for the sake of her special aptitude for history, literature and languages. " The nuns," she appreciatively explains, " showed immense wisdom in choosing my punishments. To shut me up alone in the dining-room was to give me the most absolute pleasure : what with glasses and chairs and napkin rings, I had a whole train of cars going it along the top of the tables : to send me to bed early was conferring another delicious boon ; but, ah ! they learned where my Achilles heel was when they got me into true contrition of soul, and then gave me sums, accursed sums, to do !

[1] " *The Signet,*" Oct. 1921.

[2] " *The Signet,*" Oct. 1921.

'For one knavish trick, carried on till late in life on the premises, I was never punished at all. That was a masterstroke, to ignore it altogether. Had any notice been taken of it I should have considered myself probably as a persecuted hero, a martyr of the Jacobite insurrections, or the Vendée! The trick was, that from whatever I hated, notably arithmetic and sewing, I promptly fled. At certain hours, having duly disappeared from mortal ken below, I made my solitary habitation on the roof, or in the tiptop of a venerable pine-tree. . . . As I look back now, I am consumed with wonder to know how they stood me for six whole years! I suppose it was because they must have known that I had some honour and loyalty under all the rebelliousness and skittishness." [1]

She seems not to have been aware of her own popularity. Of the many gifts bestowed on her at birth, that of unconsciously drawing forth affection was one of the greatest. To know her was to love her. As one of her oldest friends [2] has well said, "All that was unworthy passed her by, and she knew it not at all. She could not impute a low motive, or harbor a resentment, or touch even remotely on jealousy."

She who first arrived at Elmhurst so apprehensively—equipped with gun and marbles by way of defence and consolation—very soon after leaving school, was to have no dearer wish than to return and seek entry into the Order of the Sacred Heart. But insuperable circumstances intervened, as will be presently related. In this, as so often subsequently in her career, an inexorable fate seemed to stand between her and her fulfilment of the noblest impersonal desires—aims never marred by any shadow of self, nor sullied by the alloy of worldly ambition.

Ardent, eager-spirited; self-willed, though ready to be immeasurably self-sacrificing; uncompromising and headstrong, but intensely affectionate, and incapable of an ungenerous thought, such was the child, destined in after life to many trials, burdens, and disappointments; but

[1] "*Memories of an Old Girl.*" (Reunion of the Elmhurst Alumnae, 1907.)

[2] Ralph Adams Cram, LL.D., of Boston, U.S.A., author of "*The Nemesis of Mediocrity*," etc.

fortunate in this, that at a most impressionable age at Elmhurst she was surrounded and permeated by the love which is to the development of character what light and air are to a flower.

An inward peace, leaving the mind free for great activities and skyward flights—whence the soul can return refreshed and strengthened for the age-long conflict—this was the memory and influence which remained with Louise Imogen Guiney, to inspire many of her most deeply significant poems. The nuns of the Sacred Heart never attempted to chill her ardour or check her quest for beauty ; rather they encouraged her to consecrate that warmth, that ardour, that intensity of feeling, to loyal endeavours—when, as actually happened, duty dragged her back into the world, though her choice would have been entire and complete devotion to the religious life.

CHAPTER II

PRO PATRIA

In one of the most seemingly whimsical but most seriously felt of her essays, Louise Guiney discusses with herself "The Ethics of Descent."

"It will never do for a biographer to look too narrowly into his hero's genealogy," she protests; for though "every man is presumably deduced from male and female, from generation to generation; and from these only . . . there is more of superstition than of science in this mode of reckoning. . . . The truth is, we belong, from the beginning, to many masters, and are unspeakably beholden to the forming hands of the phenomena of the universe, rather than to the ties of blood. What really makes one live, gives him his charter of rights, and clinches for him the significance without which he might as well be unborn, is, often enough, no human agency at all."

Robert Bruce, she maintains, owed more to the "climbing spider" than to his own father, inasmuch as it was the spider (if tradition be true) who "put heart into his body and revivified him into the doer whose deeds we know. A moral relation like that, at the critical moment, establishes the ineffable bond. . . . Many a word, many an event, has so, in the fullest sense, started a career, and set up a sort of paternity and authority over the soul. We are all 'under influence,' both of the natural and supernatural. Far from being the domestic product we take ourselves to be, we are strangely begotten of the unacknowledged, the fortuitous, and the impossible; we lead lives of astonishing adventure, consort with eternity, and owe the thing we are to the most

trivial things we touch. We are poor relations of every conceivable circumstance, alike of our sister the Feudal System, and of our sister the rainbow. We are interwoven, ages before our birth, and again and again after, with what we are pleased to call our accidents and our fates :

> *' For so the whole round earth is every way*
> *Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.' "* [1]

First written in 1888, at the age of twenty-seven, this acknowledgment of a debt too few of us are ready to recognise is at the same time a profound general truth and an intimate glimpse into the author's mind. But it might in her own case be pressed too far ; for despite her response to the suggestiveness of things even more than of people, despite her spiritual and intellectual affinities with the past, and her lifelong refusal to be cramped within the limitations of a present which to her would have been meaningless if divorced from past and future, she nevertheless owed much to heredity. In her father's character and career we see what she might have been had not petticoats debarred her from a military career ; and in General Guiney's blend of man-of-action and scholar, in his ardour of sympathy, his delicate reticences, his vigorous and whole-hearted consecration of himself to duty, his tender affections and stern principles, we may note the origin of many traits in his daughter's character. Therefore no summary of her life can more than skim the surface unless the career and outlook of Patrick Robert Guiney are understood from the start ; for " dying he died not " : and after his death no later influence, no living man, superseded or even rivalled the love which was conqueror of Time and promise of Eternity. Nor can we reasonably say that she idealised her soldier : those of his own contemporaries who had been associated with him both in military and civil life,—comrades of his young aspiring days at Holy Cross, and later witnesses of those nerve-racking years after the war, thirteen years of broken health and almost incessant pain,—saw in him such quiet beauty of character, such consistency, sweetness, and

[1] " On the Ethics of Descent," reprinted in " *Patrins*," 1897 and 1901.

strength of purpose that one who knew him from boyhood said after his death, " General Guiney's I regard as a very perfect character. He conformed himself not only to what is lawful, but to what is great and fitting. . . . ' Blessed are they,' as you know, ' who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.' " [1]

This eulogy was precious to the General's daughter, " for," she comments, " it implies very delicately the necessary strife of the man of Christian chivalry with the worldliness of our unconsidering world " ; and in such strife she felt her father had been victor. The battle had begun for him even in early childhood ; but experiences which would have soured a small nature, or have crushed a spirit less courageous, served only to make him the more innately unselfish, generous, and tender-hearted.

His daughter, in a brief but revealing sketch,[2] has outlined his life :—" The eldest child of his parents, Patrick Robert Guiney was born at Parkstown, Tipperary, on January 15th, 1835. He came of curiously mixed blood,[3] and belonged to an adventurous and early-dying family : people always breaking away from their pleasant fields and putting forth to sea or ' to the warres.' "

" My grandfather and great-gran', too, were ' out ' in the '98," she says elsewhere, " and the old man had been ' out in the '45 ' " ;[4] which daring ventures—plus Catholicism, then harshly proscribed in the British Isles—left a scant supply of earthly riches. When Patrick Robert was seven years old, his father settled in Maine, U.S.A. ; and the following year, 1843, Mrs. Guiney (Judith, née Macrae) brought the younger children across the Atlantic. Under the rule of that " unloving stoic " his mother, little Robert was like a sensitive plant chilled beneath the blast of a perpetual east wind. To this unimaginative woman—frigidly virtuous in a way that seemed to turn virtue itself

[1] Father Robert Fulton : sermon at General Guiney's funeral.

[2] In *" The Holy Cross Purple."* Worcester (Mass., U.S.A.), June, 1896.

[3] English, French, Scottish and Irish. E. M. T.

[4] Quoted by Miss Alice Brown, *" Louise Imogen Guiney,"* 1921, p. 3.

from an angel into a juggernaut—the ardent and aspiring boy was an inexplicable enigma. And both at home and at school the cramping fact of small means made the present full of anxieties and the future menacing. In Portland Grammar School, Robert studied with quiet ardour; but his schooldays were brief and overclouded by home troubles.

Saint Francis, a rich young man, versed in the joys of silken dalliance, chose of his own free will to woo "The Lady Poverty"; but that same Lady—so fascinating to him of Assisi who had tasted and wearied of the delights of 'gold and gear'—seems but a sour-featured hag to those who fall involuntarily into her iron clutches. As a wheel-boy in a rope manufactory, and then as apprentice to a journeyman machinist, young Robert Guiney toiled patiently but sadly; and "the long walks, long hours, the physical strain . . . the uncongenial companionship, the insufficient food and sleep," all combined to depress him. His education was necessarily episodic, and, as his daughter says, "when he went to Worcester, and was matriculated at Holy Cross College, in October of 1854, he owed that fulfilling of his own and his father's hope rather to his instinct for the best books than to any graded technical preparation. He loved Holy Cross and he was happy there; though he was once known to remark roguishly in after life that it was the Alma Mater of a few full minds and of many empty stomachs!"

> "His funds again running low, and his invalid father being near his end, Patrick Robert Guiney felt compelled to abandon his class and leave college before graduation. The Reverend Peter Blenkinsop, S.J., then President, approached him privately, and offered to arrange it so that he might remain; but the independent spirit of the younger man, and the scrupulous fear that he might in some way disappoint his generous benefactor, forbade his acceptance of the chance which it was like death to him to forego. Therefore he went back to Portland, and was presently enabled to begin the study of law under Judge Walton; and he was

admitted to the Bar, where he started out with singularly brilliant promise, on April 24, 1856. He also—but this was his intellectual pastime, as well as his minor duty—became sub-editor of the *Lewiston Advocate*; and two years later he was a regular writer for the old *Boston Times*. These early journalistic skirmishes hardly indicate his very great, though undisciplined, talent for letters, which clung to him all his life. His verse was somewhat Byronic and super-romantic, as all verse of *les jeunes* was at any time between 1830 and 1860; but his little prose sketches, some of them written, like Winthrop's, on the march, are capital reading: terse, vital, and graceful. By 1859, he had made his home in the city of his election, Boston, or rather in Roxbury, then unincorporated with it; and during this same year he married his young devoted wife. . . . Their elder child and only son died in infancy.

"Mr. Guiney took lasting interest in the philosophy of public life, rather than in politics as such; but the Lincoln-Douglas campaign drew from him some thoughtful and persuasive speeches. Moreover, he was afterwards a candidate, and a defeated one, for Congress; had he been successful, . . . he had a vehement hope of agitating various reforms touching the condition of the laboring classes, of animals, of prisoners and of the insane. . . . He was quite without vulgar ambition. He once wrote in the album of a young girl, a sister of one of his dearest friends: 'Fame is not worth her pursuit; but one's own consciousness of a good action done, is the glory and the satisfaction of life.'

"When the war broke out he volunteered with a joyous enthusiasm. The domestic sacrifice, the sure breaking up of his chosen career, the possible end of all, meant nothing to him, compared with the jeopardy of the Union which he loved. He was, indeed, born to be a soldier; he had the inherent self-control, the quick eye and will, the mastery of men. But above and beyond that, . . . he was a patriot."

Brought up in a *milieu* where Lincoln's uncompromising views and decisive methods were a topic of familiar conversation, Louise Guiney received in childhood impressions which profoundly affected her after-life. One of the most heartfelt of her later poems, "*Memorial Day*" ("O day of roses and regrets"), embodies emotions which can be directly traced to the stirring events into which she was thus plunged at so early an age.

Her father had enlisted as a private, but Governor Andrew who knew his capacity, and saw he had the making in him of an excellent officer, sent him out as a lieutenant with that infantry regiment which had been recruited as the Thirteenth Massachusetts, but was organised and ultimately known as the Ninth. Rising rapidly from grade to grade, and performing the "unique dual service of Colonel and Colour-Bearer," Robert Guiney led the Ninth Massachusetts "more than thirty times" into action. The test of the quality of soldiers is how they keep their nerve and courage in a losing battle. At Gaines' Mill, that famous fight of June the 27th, 1862, when the superior strategy and tactics and greater personal magnetism of the Southern Generals, Lee and 'Stonewall' Jackson, inflicted upon the Union Army a heavy and seemingly ruinous defeat, Colonel Guiney, dauntless, cheery, and vigorous as ever, kept up the spirits of his men, and exacted from them the maximum of strenuous effort.

As is elsewhere said of him: "by the unassuming simplicity of his manners, and the undeviating honor of his conduct, he bound to himself the hearts of the men of his regiment with the strong ties of respect and affection. He did not consider them as mere machines, and while he kept up the strictest discipline, he made his men feel that this was done not for personal reasons, but from duty and principle." [1]

During 1864 he was often called upon to command the Second Brigade, Fifth Corps, to which the Ninth Massachusetts Volunteers belonged; "and in May of that year,"

[1] "*The Weekly Bouquet.*" Article in L. I. Guiney's press-book, signed Henry Coyle. (No date.)

says his daughter, "at the Wilderness, he received, full in the forehead, the terrible wound—thought fatal at the time —which eventually killed him. A month later, his term of service in the army expired, while he was still lying unconscious in the hospital, between death and life, saved by his own single and indomitable pluck in insisting upon an operation."

"His promotion to the Brevet-Brigadier-Generalship 'for gallant and meritorious conduct in the field,' was given with the proud endorsement of Charles Sumner, of Adjutant-General Schouler, and of others as famous and as beloved.

"And now at home again in the little house with the big fragrant garden, with his old mental landmarks swept away, with his fine constitution shattered, his spirited beauty ruined by the loss of his left eye and the deep scar in the cheek, with only his courage and his wife's never-faltering care to sustain him, he patched up, in a measure, his civic existence, as Assistant District Attorney, and as expert counsel in many celebrated cases. Nor could he ever lose interest in the militia, and in societies like the Loyal Legion (if there be any like it !), of which he was a valued member. But his physical suffering hampered him hour by hour, and year by year; and declining, perforce, a more active office, he was nominated for Register of Probate and Insolvency for the county of Suffolk, in the November of 1874, and still held this office by re-nomination when the end came. His last years were embittered by the rancorous opposition of men who threw their whole energy against the reform of the Probate Office; yet General Guiney carried it, and it is due to him that up to the present time that office, so intimate in its relations with the body social of the city of Boston, is conducted with perfect accuracy and with perfect honor. He was there at his desk, in his usual cheery poor health, with daffodils in a glass before him, and Shakespeare's smiling salute to them upon his lips, on the afternoon

of March 21, 1877. In an hour afterwards he was dead.

" Crossing the square toward his house, he had sudden warning, by a slight spurt of blood to the lips. He took off his hat and knelt down by a tree: his loyal and instinctive way of meeting his Lord. A child playing near, who knew him, was the first to reach his side; but already he was no more. . . .

" General Guiney had but just passed his forty-second birthday. Those who know him knew that he was in all processes of noble growth when he died. His thirteen years of constant pain, the life ' hidden with Christ in God,' a strange exchange for the outlook of his masterful youth, he endured not without thanksgiving and a certain ultimate satisfaction. He did, indeed, achieve much, though not quite as he had planned; and he may have felt himself, as he was, one of those pioneers who, by sheer force of lovely character, rather than by specific deed or word, broke a way for the maligned Catholic faith in New England.

" He had distinct charm of manner, and a gracious, almost endearing bearing; these things both indicated and concealed the ' flint and iron ' of which his purposes were made. He loved wit and laughter, but not a tenth so well as he loved seriousness. His friends, his books, and the open air (where his later attitude was that of a quiet but not uncompensated spectator, as he drilled at Green Hill a company composed of martial small boys and his own young Amazon), were his refuge and delight. . . .

" Where he stands it is clear air. Whenever the Church and the State have their final roll-calls, and count in, though with so different understanding, their elect who ' hungered and thirsted after justice,' the good knight of Boston who was my father will be remembered."

CHAPTER III

SONGS AT THE START

So, by her hero's death, there came into the young, joyous, ardently hopeful heart of Louise Imogen Guiney a great sorrow, inexorable, irreparable, destined to last as long as her own life. But a deep steadfast faith, the same guiding star which had enabled her father to steer through seas of trouble, the same strong sense of discipline which makes the religious nature so akin to the martial, enabled her to battle through a time of inner loneliness and desolation from which she was to emerge with the sword of her spirit finely tempered.

" In thy holy need, our country,
Shatter other idols straightway ; . .

Strike aside each glad ambition
Born of youth and golden leisure,
Leave us only to remember
Faith we swore thee long ago. . . .

All the wild despair and sorrow
That were ever, or shall be,
Are too little, are too worthless,
Laid along thine upward pathway
As with our soul's strength we lay them,
Stepping stones, O Queen, for thee.

If we be thy burden-bearers,
Let us ease thee of thy sorrow ;
If our hands be thine avengers,
Life or death, they shall not fail ;

If thy heart be just and tender,
Wrong us not with hesitation :
Take us, trust us, lead us, love us
Till the eternal Truth prevail ! " [1]

This poem, whether consciously or not, has something in it of the spirit of Plato : " Our country is higher and holier far than father or mother or any ancestor . . . and if she leads us to wounds or death in battle, thither we follow as is right."

By being born a woman she lacked the power to serve her country in the manner most congenial ; but, although a woman, by her father's death it became her fate, as soon as her school-days were over, to take the place of a man as auxiliary bread-winner for her mother and her aunt, Elizabeth Doyle. This was the reason she might not enter the Order of the Sacred Heart, where only those free of any binding duties in the world are recognised as having a supreme vocation. Depressing and ironical it must have seemed to Louise Guiney when she, who so disdained money, who abhorred all arithmetic (even the childish two and two make four had bored her to exasperation)—she whose mind was full of vivid dreams, and whose spirit was now beginning to feel its wings and crave for eagle-like flights,—saw before her no splendid warfare, no great opportunities, but a dreary struggle for the pence she despised.

Journalism of various kinds brought in a trifling harvest ; but at first her work was anonymous. The poems she felt most deeply were written rather to relieve the pressure on her own mind and spirit than with any thought of gain ; and it was not till nearly seven years after General Guiney's death that his daughter, aged twenty-three, adventured in Boston her first slender volume of verse, " *Songs at the Start.*"

Were it not for the feminine Christian names on the title page, the poems might just as well have been those of a young man as of a girl. The subjects range from a

[1] " *Patriot Chorus on the Eve of War,*" from her " *Songs at the Start,*" 1884.

military funeral at Gettysburg to the portrait of one "Leonore":

> "All youth, all force, all fire, all stress,
> In her impassioned gentleness
> Half-exhortation, half-caress";

and from a sonnet on "that sweet rogue," old Falstaff, to the grim story of an escaped convict; from a gentle satire on Etiquette and a merrily described episode in "*Private Theatricals*," [1] to the tender and gentle lyric "*The Sea-Gull*":

> "Over the ships that are anchored,
> Over the fleets that part,
> Over the cities dark by the shore,
> High as a dream thou art!
>
> Beautiful is thy coming,
> Light is thy wing as it goes:
> And O! but to leap and follow this hour
> Thy perfect flight to the close.
>
> O but to leap and follow
> Where freedom and rest may be;
> Where the soul that I loved in surpassing love
> Hath vanished away, with thee!"

Tennysonian influence may be seen in this; and perhaps some unconscious echo of Longfellow's manner appears in "*The Rival Singers*." After the triumphant troubadour is slain secretly at night by his jealous rival, does Nemesis overtake the murderer? Is his heart gnawed with secret shame and remorse?

> ". . . The Italian thro' Florence, his city familiar,
> Fared happily ever, none knowing the crime and the passion,
> Winning honour and guerdon in peaceful and prosperous decades,
> Supreme over all, and rejoiced with the cheers and the clanging.

[1] Quoted, Bibliography, p. 318.

Carissima! What? And you wonder the world did not loathe him?
Child, he lived long, and was lauded, and died very famous."

Significant, this, of how little the writer, even at twenty-three, regarded the world's verdict as reliable.

The stern nobility of her "*Charondas*," the calm beauty of the lily-of-the-valley,

"Only pure hearts be thy wearers,
Only gentlest hands thy bearers";

the deep emotion, showing even through the faulty technique, of "*Among the Flags*"; the charm of the sonnet called "*Reserve*," the solemn ardour of "*The Patriot Chorus on the Eve of War*" already quoted, the tragedy and pathos of "*A Jacobite Revival*," all well up from springs of real emotion; all denote a mind and heart gifted with that power of acute feeling which may be the poet's joy, but also is the potential anguish of a spirit 'finely touched.'

From subsequent collections of her verse, Louise Imogen Guiney drastically excluded all these early flights; but she and her work were one, and the "*Songs at the Start*" harmonise with what we know of the impression she made upon responsive and talented minds among her own compatriots.

An American writer has given us a graphic sketch of her in those early days:

"She was a goodly picture of girlhood; Diana not so likely to be enamoured of Endymion as sandalled for the chase . . . early in love with the sweet seclusion of books, and equally with gay adventure out of doors. The fields, on a day of spring, the river under skies dull or bright, were her abiding joys. . . . She 'could not have enough of this sweet world.'" [1]

Yet with this temperamental buoyancy, this intense delight in beauty, there was—as there inevitably always must be—an equally poignant capacity for suffering; a

[1] Alice Brown's "*Louise Imogen Guiney*," 1921, pp. 16 and 8.

capacity also to endure in silence and to give to her friends only what was gay and gracious.

The opening poem in "*Songs at the Start*" is an eight-verse lyric describing Gloucester Harbour. It bears little resemblance to her later and more complex style; but after the book is closed some of its cadences echo in the memory:

"North from the beautiful islands,
North from the headlands and highlands,
The long sea-wall,
The fishermen go with the swallow;
The day-beams glitter and follow,
Glitter and fall.

The brown ruddy children that fear not
Lean over the quay, and they hear not
Warning of lips;
For their hearts go a-sailing, a-sailing
Out from the wharves and the wailing
After the ships.

. . . . . .

On to the central Atlantic,
Where passionate, hurrying, frantic
Elements meet;
To the play and the calm and commotion
Of the treacherous glorious ocean,
Cruel and sweet.

. . . . . .

Here always is hope unavailing;
Here always the dreamers are sailing
After the ships."

Her next venture was prose: "*Goose Quill Papers*"[1]—published when she was twenty-four, and dedicated to Oliver Wendell Holmes in "loving homage." Here are a few of the axioms and reflections:

"Life is a breathing-space between two eternities, a holiday with appalling realities behind and before."

[1] Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1885.

"The mind is fearless as long as there is no reproach of conscience. When that comes, come breakage and bondage and a host of terrors."

"When genius seems to work disregarding rule, we may be sure it has assimilated to itself whatever is best in every rule."

"There was once a golden age, because golden hearts beat in it. If it come again, it will scarcely be through scientific progress."

"We die and are forgotten; but must we forget?"

"It is better to fall into added disrepute with an enemy than to alienate a would-be-friend."

"If I have a friend, though absent many years, I hold a true treasure, knowing that whatever losses come, I have been blessed beyond measure with the wealth no chance can take away."

"'The pure in heart shall see God'—severe and lovely touchstone for mankind."

"I was struck anew, of late, with the complete ideality of the Venus of Melos, its charm of detail, outnaturing Nature: the head so delicately moulded, the neck so slender yet so strong; the scarce-deviating outline from shoulder to hip; the very apotheosis of health and beauty, with a spirituality over all that sets you thinking of a sweet and ample heart within."

A cast of this Venus, standing on a pedestal, was one of the ornaments of her study, also an Apollo; but her most precious possessions—hung on the wall above her desk, with the stars and stripes flag for background—were her father's sword and spurs, and his cap and scarf as Colonel of the Ninth Massachusetts.

These last were worn and smoke-grimed from the stress of many battles. "His Brigadier scarf," she said to a guest, "was a new one, yellow and quite fresh." But obviously the one which had seen so much active service was the relic to be treasured. Yet it was no slight triumph to have been promoted to Brigadier-General at twenty-eight—even

though the news of his promotion had reached him only after he had been stricken down with that shattering wound which resulted in thirteen years of broken health, with death at the end.

Among the other relics and decorations in the room were a crucifix carved at Ober Ammergau by the actor who took the part of Pontius Pilate; a mask of Keats; a framed spray of ivy from the grave of Landor (who had never lamented his own unpopularity, but who said that the calm approval of "ten competent minds" was worth more to him than the applause of unthinking multitudes).

Conspicuous also were portraits of various much-loved dogs; the majestic St. Bernard "Wendell Phillips," elsewhere described,[1] who met his death fighting a huge mastiff in defence of a child; "Brontë" and "Pixie," the St. Bernard puppies; and "Jessie," the Irish setter.

"Not literary canines," said their owner, smiling; "On the contrary, they droop their tails and look dejected and annoyed when I go to work at my desk."

> "Nowhere," wrote one of her friends, "is Miss Guiney seen at such advantage as in her study, a square room, up one flight, overlooking an open and undulating country. . . .
>
> "One side is occupied by a series of three wide windows . . . under which runs a long cushioned seat. Bookcases fill the spaces at the end of the divan, rising to the ceiling, and along the floor the entire length of the opposite wall extends a tier of three well-lined shelves.
>
> "The other wall-space, where there are no books, is well-filled with pictures, photographs and prints. . . . They range from William Hazlitt, of whom she possesses all kinds of pictures,—from a little one of him when he was five years old, to copies of the fast-fading portraits which he did himself, presented to her by his grandson Carew Hazlitt,—to Robert Louis Stevenson."[2]

[1] Chapter XV. pp. 206-207.

[2] Mildred Aldrich, article for the M'Clure Syndicate. Sept. 1893.

Lamb, Keats, Matthew Arnold, Tennyson, Cardinal Newman, Thoreau, Edmund Gosse, and Henry Irving were also in the portrait gallery. Fencing foils and masks adorned the walls ; and were more than merely ornamental, for the ' Knight Errant ' knew well how to use them. The blend in her of gentleness and vigour is mentioned over and over again by those who had the pleasure of her friendship.

" Her voice is low and sweet, and she has a quaint way of putting her head on one side half interrogatively. . . . Her tongue is quick and her repartee humorous. There never was a woman who shrank more from notoriety, who was freer from affectation or more lacking in the whimsicalities of her sex." [1]

Distinction, however, seems to have been her destiny ; when she was only twenty-four she was chosen to write the memorial ode for a meeting in Tremont Temple [2] to honour General Grant. Her description of the victorious General, coming

> " Mid trailing of arms, and drum-taps solemn
> And rustle of lowering flags in the column,
> From the psalm of the guns to the peace of God,"

is one of her most characteristic utterances.

To do justice to the spirit of the poem, we must recall those memorable events of the early Spring of 1865 which the writer had in mind. The famous pursuit of the Army of Northern Virginia by the Union General, the manner in which, after driving the Confederates out of their entrenchments, Grant chased them for eighty miles, and eventually received their overtures for peace, makes one of the most dramatic stories in American history. The odds numerically were very much in Grant's favour ; [3] and so, when General Lee sent the white flag and a letter requesting an interview, obviously the prelude to a surrender, Grant, as he himself

[1] Mildred Aldrich, in article already quoted.

[2] Oct. 22, 1885.

[3] For the famous chase he is stated to have had 72,000 men with which to pursue 37,000. He ultimately received the submission of 28,231 Confederates. (*Transactions of U.S.A. Milit. Hist. Soc.*, v. 451.)

relates, felt considerable compassion for this fallen adversary who " had fought so long and valiantly." [1]

The victor, in a " rough travelling suit unbuttoned at the neck," " the uniform of a private with the straps of a Lieutenant General," contrasted oddly in appearance with the vanquished leader: for General Lee was outwardly as immaculate and elegant as ever. His tall graceful figure was shown to advantage by his faultlessly fitting full-dress kit; his sword-hilt was " studded with jewels," his manner calm and courtly,—thus an American military historian describes him. Compliments of the most sincere kind passed between the two Generals, and then and there they signed the capitulation.

Lee and his little army had been living on parched corn, and were sorely in need of food; so Grant immediately supplied them with rations; and he checked the jubilant outbursts of his own forces. " The war is over," he said; " the rebels are now our countrymen again; the best sign of rejoicing after victory is to abstain from any demonstration in the field."

Lee rode back to his men: " We have fought together. I have done the best I can for you," he said, referring to the terms of the capitulation. His eyes filled with tears: " My heart is too full to say more." [2]

The news of his surrender reached Washington on the evening of April 9th; and the civilian population indulged till dawn, and after, in the most exuberant expressions of delight. It might have been the overthrow of some alien power they were celebrating, instead of a triumph over their own kinsfolk.

The surrender of General Johnston to General Sherman followed logically upon Lee's defeat: and though Lincoln was assassinated in the interval, yet the strongest of the American Presidents had achieved his aim: the Union of the States had been preserved, though at immense cost in blood and tears. Little Louise, then in her fifth year, thrilled and quivered with pride in the news of Grant's

[1] Grant, vol. ii. p. 489.

[2] Cooke's *Life of General Lee*, p. 463.

achievement, and was awestricken by the tidings of the President's sudden tragic death.

Her lifelong admiration for Grant was in every way natural; and at twenty-four she could write the required Ode with a fervour rarely felt by a poet who obeys a command to produce verse on a given subject:

> "True metal he, to his bright sword's tip;
> Potent and few the words of his lip.
> Cajoler of none,—austere yet tender;
> Of right, avenger; of wrong, amender;
> Secure from the fever of rivalship.
>
> With the lion's front, and his footfall mild;
> Unangered, unshaken, and unbeguiled,
> From camps to the heavy trust of a nation;
> Thro' censure, and triumph, and desolation,
> To pardon, and peace, and the sleep of a child,—
>
> Behold our Soldier! And his advance
> Meant forethought, labor, and sufferance:
> These make his worth; these, our thanksgiving,
> For he in the charm of his simple living
> Was more than the heroes of old romance.
>
> And thou loadstar of our holiest pride,
> When even the beauty of them that died
> Shone not in the heaven of our grief above thee,—
> O Land! now like to the souls that love thee,
> By anguish and misery purified, . . .
>
> Rejoice! Tho' the uttermost praise we frame
> Be homage too poor, and forlorn acclaim,
> The break in their voices—yea, that is the glory,
> Music and garlands and oratory
> Noble for aye as his noble name." [1]

Far from scoffing at her enthusiasm, the sympathetic American critics vied with each other in commendation of

[1] Verses III. to VI. and XI., from the author's corrected MS., marked "Grant. The only authorised edition! All others spurious!" Even in her early twenties she was fond of altering, rebuilding, and improving her own work.

the " amazingly strong direct work " of which women were proving themselves capable. The " wild-rose-faced girl " won for herself the proud title of " soldierhood's most ardent minstrel " ; and one who wrote of her " ringing battle-songs, stirring the blood as with a trumpet call," was voicing the opinion of many. The phrase " too proud to fight " had not yet been coined ; nor would it have brought anything but obloquy upon the speaker, had it been spoken in the strenuous days when the memory of Abraham Lincoln was still fresh in the hearts of his countrymen.

. . . . . .

In " *Songs at the Start* " certainly there had been melody and grace, deep feeling, remarkable variety of theme and form ; yet many a minor poet, inspired by strong convictions and guided by innate good taste, had achieved as much. But in " *The White Sail,*" published in 1887 [1] and dedicated to the memory of Keats,[2] we trace a marked advance, and see the development of those qualities for which Louise Imogen Guiney was destined to become celebrated : the swift-rushing movement, the force, fire, and ' grip,' contrasted with an exquisite tranquillity ; the blending of elements we commonly define as either " classic " or " romantic " ; the subtlety and elaboration of thought and word alternating with a limpid simplicity as seemingly natural as a sun-bright dewdrop at the heart of a rose.

The title poem is based on the forgetfulness of Theseus to change his black sail for a white one when returning triumphant from the slaying of the Minotaur,—the consequent assumption of King Ægeus that the daring enterprise had failed ; and the heartbroken suicide of the King. The story is told in blank verse, dignified and individual ; but, as a not unfriendly critic remarked, the poem, Greek in theme, cannot be called Greek in treatment. This same critic complains of the interpolation of songs which reflect " an introverted complex mind," and have " little to do with the single-minded course of Greek mythic story." This

[1] " *The White Sail and Other Poems,*" Ticknor & Company, Boston.

[2] See Bibliography, pp. 300-301.

opens up a controversy as to methods. May the poet treat an antique legend primarily as a symbol of mortal passions? May he interpret it in the way most calculated to reach a living audience, especially if no proven facts remain and only poetry and myth have preserved the tradition? Neither Tennyson's, Lytton's, nor, in our day, Edwin Arlington Robinson's deeply-felt rendering of the immortal Arthurian romance, show marked resemblance to Sir Thomas Malory, the father of them all. Each pondered over the long-dead tragedy and brought it to life once more out of his own heart and mind. So, on a smaller scale, Louise Imogen Guiney and King Ægeus. We may prefer that a poet turning painter of a remote age should keep within what we conjecture to be the frame of the original picture; yet he or she should be judged not according to theory but by results. The lyrics to which the critic objected as sheer anachronisms are open to this reproach. Nevertheless there is a witchery and fascination about one of them, a memory of the King's song, in his impetuous youth, to the sorceress Medea, fated to bring disaster to herself and others:

"Thy voice is like the moon revealed by golden paces,
Thine all-alluring voice is like the ample moon and free:
Ah, beautiful! ah, mighty! the stars fall on their faces,
The warring world is silent, for love and awe of thee.

My soul is but a sailor, to whom thy wonder singing
Seems anchorage, and haven, and unimagined day!
And who, in angry ocean, to thine enchantment clinging,
Forgets the helm for rapture, and drifts to doom away."

The rest of the volume is divided into Legends, Lyrics and Sonnets; the Sonnets include translations from the 'Vita Nuova'; and among the Lyrics are "*Cyclamen*," "*Some Old Music*" and an early version of the wonderful "*Wild Ride*," which came to her first in a dream.[1]

The by no means unadmiring critic already quoted, warns her against her "oblique and allusive method," which, he

[1] Quoted in its final form in Introduction, pp. xvii-xviii. It first appeared in *The Century*, Oct. 1887.

protests, sometimes leaves the reader in " painful uncertainty " :

> " She is so ambitious to be terse and sinewy, she evidently holds in such disdain the smooth ways of fluent versifiers, that she allows herself to tie knots in her sentences." (He gives instances.) " This excess of vigor, which aims to pack a thought into the briefest possible space, and hammers out new words from odds and ends of old ones, will give way, we trust, to a more harmonious measure. . . . So much strength can well afford to expend itself in the perfection of form." [1]

It was Louise Guiney's habit to write in a white heat of fused thought and emotion : the ' knots ' were due less to conscious contempt for superficial fluency than to the natural and inevitable complexity of a mind full to overflowing with images and ideas. She was ruthless towards her own poetic offspring, and could seldom see her work in print without yearning to re-build it : the " passion for perfection " spurred her to disdain even her own most heartfelt utterances.

Poetry, though it conform to a certain code of rhythmic law and mental order, can never be an exact science like mathematics : the effect it produces must always depend partly upon the reader, even though primarily upon the writer. If we are to enjoy contact with the mind and music of Louise Imogen Guiney, we must not want her to be Æschylus *redivivus* on the one hand, or Ella Wheeler Wilcox on the other ! She has her own peculiarities, and more pleasure is to be won in treating her as a charming and enlivening companion than in trying to fit her to any existing bed of Procrustes, whether classical or modern. Her " allusive " manner was something inherent : no literary affectation but a personal trait. Be it remembered that she adventured in the antique world not as a task, not even as a scholar or translator, but for the sheer refreshment and delight the classic traditions afforded her. The rapture

[1] Horace Elisha Scudder, in *The Atlantic Monthly*, vol. lxi. No. 365, March, 1888.

with which she greets the Cyclamen as the last survivors from the "joyous realm" of ancient Greece is obviously spontaneous: she sees in them the "quiet-winged" blossoms that swayed caressingly against the delicate feet of beautiful Andromeda, that magical spring morning when Perseus, the aspiring and predestined, was drawing near. Such, too, the flowers that greeted the eager eyes of wilful Persephone—Cyclamen, flower of Naiads, "dove-like, wrapt in memories old," fragile yet breathing of beauty which has outlived the doom of Empires.

"Less art thou of the earth than of the air,
A frail outshaken splendor of the morn.
Dimmest desire, the softest throb of prayer,
Impel thee out of bondage to thy bourn:
Ere thou art half forlorn,
Farewell, farewell! for from thy golden stem
Thou slippest like a wild enchanter's gem.
Swift are the garden ghosts, and swiftest thou of them!

. . . . . .

O blossom-breath of that which was delight!
In cooling whirl and undulation far
The wind shall be thy bearer all the night
Through trembling ether white:
And I that clung with thee, as exiles may
Whose too slight roots in every zephyr sway,
Thy little soul salute upon her homeward way!"

But we need to turn to "*Tarpeia*" to realise the strength, the sternness, and the vigorous intensity which underlay so much sweetness.

"It must be close upon thirty years since I read '*Tarpeia*' in *Scribner's*," [1] writes the author of "*Makers of Man.*" [2] "I was so struck by the power and beauty of the poem, and the richness of the phrasing that I at once committed

[1] *Scribner's Magazine* for December, 1887 (thirty-five years).

[2] *Makers of Man: a Study in Human Initiative*, by Charles J. Whitby, M.D. (Rebman, London, n.d.); *The Wisdom of Plotinus* (Rider); *The Rising Tide* (Elkin Matthews); *The Logic of Human Character* (Macmillan), etc., etc.

it to memory. I had never before heard of Louise Imogen Guiney, and have been surprised that her work has not attracted more attention since" (in England).

"There is an epic breadth and a magical sonority about '*Tarpeia*' which I have never seen surpassed, and seldom equalled, in any modern poem of the same length; and the fact that it was written by a woman makes it the more notable. I have never seen it since, but know every word of it still, and have recited it many times,—on the last occasion, quite recently, to an audience of members of the Bath Centre of the Poetry Society, good judges, who greatly admired it." [1]

Could the creator of this vividly dramatic narrative poem have heard of such an appreciation in her lifetime, she presumably would not have left "*Tarpeia*" hidden away in the long out-of-print "*White Sail*" unknown to the present generation.[2] But now, after an interval of thirty-five years, it is given here in full as finally revised by her: no mere extracts could convey any idea of its essential completeness.

"Woe: lightly to part with one's soul as the sea with its foam!
Woe to Tarpeia, Tarpeia, daughter of Rome!

It was night in the camp, with the moon looking chill as she went:
It was morn when the innocent stranger strayed into the tent.

The hostile Sabini were pleased as one meshing a bird,
She sang for them there in the forest: they smiled as they heard.

Her sombre hair purpled in gleams as she leaned to the light;
All day she had idled and feasted, and now it was night.

[1] Letter to E. M. Tenison, 6th Feb., 1922.

[2] I never saw this poem until more than a year after Louise Guiney's death. E. M. T.

The Chief sat apart, brow in hand, and with elbow on knee ;
The armlets he wore were aglow, and a wonder to see ;

Exquisite artifice, whorls of barbaric design,
Frost's fixèd mimicry ; orbic imaginings fine,

In sevenfold coil ; and in glimmering fringes from them
The variform voluble swinging of gem upon gem,

And the glory thereof sent fever and fire to her eye.
' I had never such trinkets ! ' she sighed. (Like a lute was her sigh.)

' Were they mine at the word, and mine for the token all told,
' Now the citadel sleeps, now my father the keeper is old,

' If I go by the way that I know, and thou followest hard,
' If yet at the touch of Tarpeia the gates be unbarred ? '

The Chief trembled sharply for joy, then drew rein on his soul :
' Of all this arm beareth I swear I will yield thee the whole.'

And up from the nooks of the camp, with hoarse plaudits outdealt,
Then many came hotly, and vowed to the girl as they knelt,

Bare-stretching each wrist that bore also the coveted boon,
' Yea ! surely as over us shineth the lurid low moon,

' Not alone of our Lord,—but of each of us, take what he hath !
' Too poor is the guerdon, if thou wilt but show us the path.'

Her nostril upraised, as a fawn's on the arrowy air,
She sped. In a serpentine gleam up the precipice stair

They climbed in her traces, they closed on their evil swift star :
She bent to the latches, and swung the great portal ajar.

Forgot as they passed, and half-tearful for wounded belief,
' The bracelets ! ' she pleaded. Then faced her the lion-like Chief,

And answered her : ' Yea, as I promised, maid-merchant,
I do.'
Down from his dark shoulder the baubles he sullenly drew.

' This left arm shall nothing begrudge thee. Accept.
Find it sweet,
' Give, too, O my brothers ! ' The jewels he flung at her
feet,

The jewels, hard-heavy ; she stooped to them, flushing
with dread ;
But the shield he flung after : it clanged on her beautiful
head ;

Like the Appenine bells where the villagers' warnings
begin
Athwart the first lull broke the ominous gathering din :

And with ' Hail benefactress ! ' upon her they hurled in
their zeal
Death : agate and iron ; death : chrysoprase, beryl and
steel ;

A mountain of shields ! and through the least crevice
behold
In torrent-like gush pouring out the inordinate gold !

Pyramidical gold ! the sumptuous monument won
By the deed they had loved her for, doing—and loathed
her for, done.

This was the wage that they paid her, this the acclaim ;
All Rome was aroused with the thunder that buried her
shame.

. . . . . .

Woe : lightly to part with one's soul as the sea with its
foam !
Woe to Tarpeia, Tarpeia, traitor to Rome ! "

CHAPTER IV

"MONSIEUR HENRI"

If, as has frequently been said, the most highly evolved type of man is "inclusively woman," if mercy is the complement of courage, patient endurance the twin of vigorous initiative, and sensitiveness the fine flower of strength, the converse also holds good, and a woman requires to be by force of sympathy "inclusively man"; capable of understanding and rating at its true and supreme value the noble purpose, the chivalry of thought and deed, the moral as well as physical bravery, without which "man" would be a poor and piteous creature.

"Every man imputes himself," was an axiom quoted often by a great Victorian poet; and one of the swiftest and surest methods of testing either man or woman is to discover what he or she thinks of some hero, living or dead, in whom the fire of self-sacrificing courage, the gallant grace of the Knight Errant, burns clear and pure. "A topping chap. Splendid! But slackers would hate him," was a British subaltern's comment on such an inspired leader; and Louise Guiney remained very much of this way of thinking, in that the subtleties of her intellect, the analytical habits of the antiquarian, never could quench the power to enter into and enjoy the careers of men who, whether in victory or defeat, had been inviolably true to their "dear and difficult star,"—a star leading sometimes to triumph, often to an early death in battle; or maybe to the rack, the dungeon, and the scaffold.

It follows inevitably that Brittany, the home of lost causes, was the part of "sweet France" most attractive to

her; and it further follows that to the bright, brilliant, self-forgetful, early-slain Henri de La Rochejaquelin she felt as to a brother. Her "*Monsieur Henri*," with its modest sub-title "*A Footnote to History*," was greeted deservedly at the time of publication as a little masterpiece. But this was thirty years ago.

Long out of print, rarer even than her early verse, this spirited prose portrait—of one of the most romantic figures in an age when the quintessence of heroism and the grossest extremes of brutality met on the same stage,—is typical of the writer. The fruits of her long sojourn in England will be shown elsewhere; [1] but the most notable embodiment of her thoughts and sympathies in France is to be found in "*Monsieur Henri*," an achievement which, although not published till she was in her thirty-second year, has in it much of the verve of that youth which was already

> "slipping, dripping
> Pearl on pearl away."

Nearly five years earlier, among the most throbbingly vigorous and yet subtly mournful of "*The White Sail*" lyrics had been her apostrophe to Youth:

> "Let us hymn thee for our silent brothers,
> Briefly, rudely, in the smoky pauses
> Of a battle,—in the stress and surging
> Of the topsail, past thy holy headlands.
> Like a suitor-heart, the heart possessor
> Shall adore thee, and in sacred fury
> Strike out music once, with exaltation.
> Hear us, hear us, O Delight, O Sunrise,
> O sole Answer and supreme Adventure,
> Youth, ah, Youth, all men's desire and sorrow.
>
> If that guest thou art of whom they tell us,
> Sweet recalled, but hard of recognition,
> Well for us in secret places, Goddess,
> Who have had of thee Acteon's vision.

[1] Parts II. and III.

Gaining, losing, through one boundless moment,
Blest, imperial, in the air of morning,
While the doom is nigh us, let us hymn thee !
Hope forsworn, be thine this salutation ;
Thine beholden Beauty, thine this heartbreak ;
Youth, ah, Youth, all men's desire and sorrow."

Monsieur Henri was, to her, at the same moment the symbol and incarnation of glorious uncompromising youth.

> " Before a crowd of excited and enthusiastic farmers, a young Frenchman made his first speech :
>
> " ' Friends ! If my father were here, you would have more confidence. As for me, I am only a boy. But I will prove that I deserve to lead you. When I advance, do you follow me ; when I flinch, cut me down ; when I fall, avenge me.' "

What of the " rugged, simple, honourable folk," who thronged ecstatically to follow their young Seigneur, who was hardly twenty years of age but gifted with innate power of command which mediocre men may live to four score and ten and never acquire ? What, also, of the country, the inland Bocage of La Vendée, in which the scene was laid. Louise Guiney, after a pilgrimage over the historic ground, sketches the landscape in clear strokes :

> " It was glossy with woods of golden furze and pollard oak, and broken everywhere with little hollows and little streams. It was a rough and arid place ; it had few roads and these were clayey and difficult ; it was full of rocky pastures, hedge-rows, and trenches ; dull in colour, crabbed in outline, niggardly of distance. It had not a mountain, nor any considerable landmark save the Hill of Larks. . . . The puzzling Bocage was a glorious vantage-ground for its own sons. . . . They were not of a volatile humour, as were their compatriots in Northern France ; and yet they moved habitually in the very gravity and temperance of cheerfulness. The patriarchal life survived among them : the noble divided the proceeds of the land with the farmers ;

> and he was his own steward attending personally to business, and having for his tenants those with whom he had played as a boy. . . . There were no feuds; a scandal was unheard of; a lawsuit was a twenty years' wonder. The keys of the gaol had taken to chronic rust.
>
> "The shut-in Bocage had seen the beginnings of the national upheaval with but faint concern. Its own clergy were poor, its own gentry were magnanimous; its liberties were entire."

Therefore logically, unconditionally, and wholeheartedly, both Seigneur and peasant refused to coquet with, or in any way to countenance, the Revolution: recognising it as a destructive not a reformatory upheaval, for the genuine reforms had been initiated and carried out by Louis XVI. before the Revolution.

Consider the circumstances in which Henri de La Rochejaquelin, descendant of a long line of warriors and Crusaders, made his first and ever memorable public speech, and carried these words into effect during a career the brevity of which can never prevent it from standing out in noble relief, as long as the human race is capable of responding to the claims of loyal fearless faith and that combined self-abnegation and power of leadership typified by the dictum *noblesse oblige*.

Louise Guiney, at the time of her death, was hoping some day to re-write her "Henri." Her own copy of the book is covered with marginal corrections, alterations, and additions, in her minutest hand. A bundle of MS. notes remains to attest her continued interest in and zest for her subject; and she discussed with "Nugent" (hereafter to be described)[1] the reconstruction of this work, in which later experience and further reading and research would have enabled her to take up even a stronger position than before. In 1919 she was able to follow the French Revolution step by step in the most complete and searching analysis that has yet appeared.[2] She accepted gladly the upshot of the collected

[1] In Chapter XX., *Nil Medium*.

[2] *The French Revolution a Study in Democracy*. By Nesta H. Webster (Constable, London).

evidence that the Revolution was neither popular nor democratic; that after the ruin of the nobles, the people were equally its victims (as in Russia to-day); and that its first seeds of atheism and hatred were not native to France, but were tares sown from an alien soil and watered by Frederic of Prussia's agent Von der Goltz and the Prussian Baron Anarchisis Clootz. The 'September massacres' in Paris, the beheading of the King (who had been more popular with the people than with the nobles), the sixteen-hours' 'trial' of the Queen, the tortures of her son the Dauphin in prison, the wholesale slaughters by the guillotine, were not perpetrated under sudden emotion, or due to lack of discipline, but were part of a deliberate system. Robespierre, Carrier, and Marat differed as to how many 'superfluous' millions of the population must be wiped out before France would welcome the 'dawn of Reason,' but they all agreed that the 'thinning' of the race was a necessity! The cynical belief of the Revolutionary leaders that the people were mere 'sheep,' whom they as 'sheep-dogs' could control as they pleased, was not always justified; for the people of La Vendée rose to a man against the new tyrants, the exponents of what we now call Bolshevism. In view of the accumulated facts, Louise Guiney intended still further to emphasise "Monsieur Henri" (one of the heroes in whom the graces and virtues of mediaeval chivalry survived with an outstanding charm, enhanced by youth,) not only as a man who fought with the boyish zest of a patrician sportsman, but as one who recognised the nature of the poison from which he tried to save those who relied on him. Her natural acumen enabled her even in 1892 to disentangle many of the facts from the rhetoric in which they are commonly enshrouded:

> "Let it be remembered, despite Carlyle's random arrow at 'simple people blown into flame and fury by theological and seigneurial bellows,' that the nobles and the clergy [of La Vendée] whatever may have been their desire, were too well-informed to put a forlorn corner of France against the united realm." But "against what

> they knew to be the spirit of rapine and injustice, the people, of themselves arose. Their campaign had no intrigue, no pushing; it had absolute purity of intention. Ignorant as they were, they were not ignorant of their jeopardised liberties . . . their argument had premises impregnably sound. . . . What the men endured we know; the rewards they meant to ask for their success were these: that religion should be (re)established, free of State interference, that the Bocage itself should be known as La Vendée, with a distinct administration; that the King should make it a visit, and retain a corps of Vendéans in his Guard; and that the white flag should float forever from every steeple, in memory of the war! It is clear that they had little to wish for, and that they had no greed. Nor did they fight for glory, the dearest motive of their race. 'There is no glory in civil war,' said Bonchamp, in what was, for once, too ascetic a generality. But they were dedicated souls; they bore themselves gently, gayly, without boast or spite; and they long continued to honor the obligations laid on them by so pure a cause. Their blows were struck for the independence of their religion, and incidentally for the monarchy that was identified with it."

She sketches Henri de La Rochejaquelin as described by the wife of the Marquis de Lescure: "through her we have the earliest glimpse of his tall, comely figure, of his wheat-coloured hair, his healthful complexion, his bright eyes, 'his contour English rather than French.'" When the people rose in arms in consequence of their wrath and grief over the news that the King had perished on the scaffold, a peasant boy named Morin sought out Count Henri. "Sir, come with us! The whole countryside looks to you; it will obey you." And the young seigneur laconically answered, "Tell them I will come."

> "That night . . . Henri mounted his horse, and waved farewell. 'Then first came the eagle-look into his eyes, which never left them after.' . . .

> " In their curious dialect the Vendéans had a verb, s'egailler, s'eparpiller, and they lived up to it. It meant scattering and sharp-shooting. . . . If any complained of lack of powder Henri had a pricking answer : ' Well, my children, the Blues [1] have plenty of it ! ' which reversed matters in five minutes. Bred in a sporting country, the King's men were expert shots from boyhood. . . .
>
> " The cavalry bestrode steeds of divers eccentricities. . . . ' Ropes were stirrups to these gallant paladins, and their sabres hung by pack-threads.' They had small leisure for the conventions of the toilet : . . . the officers wore woollen blouses and gaiters, having, like the others, the little red consecrated scapular of the Sacred Heart sewed on their coats. . . . Neither they nor the privates received a sou for their services . . . funds flowed into the general reservoir from the pockets of the gentry. . . . Piety was general. The scythe-bearing soldiery, meeting a wayside cross half-way to the battery, would doff hats and kneel an instant. . . . ' Let them pray,' said Lescure to an impatient officer, ' they will work the better for it.' "

It was natural that Louise Guiney, ardent Catholic, soldier's daughter, temperamental Knight Errant, found in all this " an unspeakable attractiveness." The book abounds in appositely quoted anecdotes of Monsieur Henri's friends and kinsfolk : " The devoted Marquis de Donnissan breaks in upon two duelling swords : ' What ! The Lord Christ pardons his executioners, and a soldier of the Christian Army tries to slay his comrade ! ' At these words they drop their swords and embrace each other."

> " Six victories, due to Henri's restless energy, followed in swift succession. . . . He was of the stuff of Homer's joyous men. His decisive fashion swayed elder and better soldiers. His troops were his for risks such as no other General besought them to run ; every day he won their hearts anew by some spirit of daring. . . .

[1] Uniform of the Revolutionary troops.

> Many a dragoon was cut down with his sabre; horses were slain under him again and again. It is said of him that he never took a prisoner without offering him a single fight, sword to sword. . . .
>
> "At the siege of Saumur, at a wavering moment of the assault, he flung his hat into the entrenchments. 'Who will fetch that for me?' he cried, as certain of his response as was the Great Condé, or Essex before Cadiz in 1596. Of course, with his usual verve, he leaped towards it himself, and the crowd rushed after him as one."

When subsequently on a lonely road, his right arm in a sling from the effects of a wound, Monsieur Henri was attacked by a daring and powerfully-built enemy foot soldier,

> "he seized the fellow by the collar with his left hand, and so managed his horse with his legs that his struggling assailant was unable to draw upon him. A dozen Vendéans ran up, eager to kill the man who menaced their General. He forbade it, as he was sure to do. But he checkmated his Goliath with his tongue. 'Go back to the Republicans,' he told him; 'Say that you were alone with the chief of the brigands, who had but one arm to use, and no weapons, and that you could not get the better of him!'

Yet he would never accept praise for himself:

> "'He knew me at Saumur when I came on with Cathelineau,' a peasant told a stranger, 'and he spoke to me: 'How well it goes with us!' 'Yes, yes, so it does,' I replied, 'thanks to you, M'sieu Henri.' 'Thanks unto God,' was what he said.'"

He had protested against being chosen General, pleading that although a hardy fighter he had little practical wisdom and might be regarded as too young. Of personal ambition he had none at all; and in the days which the peasants called 'the reign of Monsieur Henri," "power, and the

opportunity of dictatorship " seemed to " awake in him only fresh virtues " :

> " So sound was his temperament, that the less unhampered he became, the more intelligently he was able to serve his cause. . . . Incapable of turning his little finger to benefit himself, he was a perennial benefit to all around him. His glad irrepressible gusto leavened the spirits of thousands. . . . He must have blazed or burst. And he had exterior warrant. . . confidence was to be won nowise but by the display of pluck, the argument of example,"

as amongst the Scottish Highlanders in Montrose's and Claverhouse's day, and as with all irregular troops. But this system was disastrous in the end, for, one after another, the Vendéan Generals fell,—gallantly, heroically, devotedly ; but by their deaths ruining the cause for which they died. Vociferous was the rejoicing among the revolutionary politicians in Paris when news came of one death after another of those leaders, without whom the peasants were merely a chaotic mass, seething with faith and valour, but helpless and bewildered.

In such strict honesty had these Vendéans been bred that when they captured Bressuire in 1793 they lamented they had no money to buy tobacco ; it never occurred to them that they could seize it in the shops ; by which fact it will be observed how little they had accepted the doctrines of the Revolution !

Remember against what opponents they were fighting ! The new Republican Government, in the name of ' Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,'

> " desired report of a landscape without man, without a house, without a tree. In due season they had it to the letter. It was Westermann's boast to the ' Committee of Public Safety ' that he had crushed the children under the horses' hoofs, and massacred the women who should bring forth no more ' brigands ' ; and that not a prisoner could be laid to his charge, for

> he had exterminated them. . . . At Rennes the children were made to fire upon their parents: it was a novel, awkward, and prolonged affair, entirely to the minds of its originators. At Savenay, hundreds were lured under cover by a promise of amnesty, and as they entered they were shot down."

Nor was this all: "The burials alive at Clisson; the holocaust at Vezins, the atrocities in the wood of Blanche Couronne," the drownings by order of Carrier at Nantes; and the calling in of negro troops to torture white women and children,—were the more astounding to a peasantry accustomed to the scrupulous ways of patrician leaders such as Lescure, Bonchamp, Donnissan, and La Rochejaquelin, incarnations of chivalry; and to the peasant General Cathelineau, who was no less devout and devoted.

Louise Guiney recalls how the Marquis de Lescure, after the Republican troops sacked and destroyed his own ancestral castle, nevertheless refused to burn Parthenay because this might have 'a look of revenge!' And she reminds us, too, how, when the Marquis de Bonchamp lay dying of the last of many wounds, and his men in an agony of grief and rage got beyond their officers' control and were preparing to shoot their prisoners, Bonchamp with his last breath bade them be merciful; and, for love of him, the angered Vendéans were obedient to his command.

"Consign the unfortunate affair to oblivion," was the Republican decision, on hearing of this contrast between the patrician and revolutionary codes. But, despite official orders, it is not 'consigned to oblivion': the son of one of those men whom Bonchamp saved was a sculptor, and many years afterwards he designed and carried out a monument commemorating the mercy of that mortally wounded aristocrat who died as he had lived, a great Christian.

As for Monsieur Henri:

> "He attacked remote points . . . he dropped down on widely scattered garrisons; he harassed pickets, captured provisions, convoys and horses. . . . His name was in everybody's mouth in Paris. . . .

> " His headquarters were in the forest of Vezins ; his house was a hut of boughs. About it he went and came, a familiar figure in disguise, with long fair clustering hair, his arm in a rough sling, a great woollen cap and peasant's blouse for his regimentals, the little symbolic Sacred Heart worn outside, as of old. He kept his adherents, poor and threadbare like himself, continually under exercise."

Countless hair's-breadth escapes he had had, until to his followers he seemed to bear a charmed life. On January the 28th, 1794, he had a skirmish at Nouillé, and won.

> " After the enemy were routed, he saw, far to the right of his little army, two grenadiers stooping behind a bush. Some who were with him aimed at them." But, forbidding his men to shoot, " he went forward, alone, with the Vendéan formula : ' *Surrender and be spared* ! '
>
> " A voice from his own ranks, either not heard or not heeded, warned him to stop short."

The enemies whom he had spared immediately recognised him : and characteristically they fired. Without a word or a cry, he fell from the saddle.

He was dead. And of him, as of one as brave, taken swiftly out of life, very long since, we may say, " His birth and blood were noble ; and he was beautiful ; and his spirit was mighty ; and he passed in youth's prime away from men."

" *La Rochejaquelin was but one-and-twenty,*" mused Napoleon at St. Helena long afterwards ; " *what might he not have become ?* "

After such a tribute,—a tribute to his military talents, be it understood, for Henri's Knight-Errant character was a type which Napoleon, master of the art-of-getting-on-in-the-world, neither would have liked nor comprehended,—we hardly require the reluctantly admiring remark of Sempré, " Xenophon himself was not half so clever as this vagabond ! "

"Stress must be laid on heroes," says Louise Guiney: "Like Emerson's stars, they 'light the world with their admonishing smile'; they warn us, if we will not adore, at least not to deny that they will shine for ever."

As for General Count Henri de La Rochejaquelin,—"he represents, in the economy of things, the waste which is thrift, the daring which is prudence, the folly which is wisdom ineffable. . . .

"Henri's was a modest, merry, and balanced mind . . . a type of young French manhood ere it had grown wholly modern and complex, . . . a straggler from the pageant of the ancestral Crusades. . . . 'Master Henry, a hard hitter, and a dear fellow.'"

CHAPTER V

A ROADSIDE HARP

" Now, therefore, it shall not be amiss first to weigh this latter sort of poetry. . . . This purifying of wit, this enriching of memory, . . . which commonly we call learning, under what name soever it come forth, or to what immediate end so ever it be directed, the final end is to lead and draw us to as high a perfection as our degenerate souls, made worse by their clay lodging, can be capable of." [1]

So said Sir Philip Sidney,—' Astrophel,'

> " Th' admired mirror, glory of our Isle,
> . . . . . for wit's deep quintessence,
> For honour, valour, virtue, excellence," [2]

a ' particular bright star ' among the inspirations of Louise Guiney's youth ; and it was from the opening lines of one of his sonnets that she took the title-page motto for her " *Roadside Harp* " :

> " Highway ! since you my chief Parnassus be,
> And that my Muse, to some ears not unsweet,
> Tempers her words to trampling horses' feet
> More oft than to a chamber melody,— " [3]

The slender little grey-bound volume, with a silver harp upon the cover, was brought out in the autumn of 1893. In small type, each poem jostling its predecessor,—no space between, to relieve the eye and give the mind a moment in

[1] *Defense of Poesie*, 1581.
[2] Wm. Browne, *Britannia's Pastorals*, ii. 2.
[3] *Astrophel and Stella*, lxxxiv.

which to pause between subject and subject; the titles set only in the margin, the sequence somewhat bewildering,—very possibly the casual book-buyer, picking up the book from a shop-counter, may have been tempted to lay it down again unread. Yet despite these drawbacks in the manner of its production, this "*Roadside Harp*" is the most treasurable of Louise Guiney's early volumes, containing, as it does, poems so widely different as "The Kings" and the "Song of Lilac," the "Japanese Anemone" and "The Knight Errant"; the "Irish Peasant Songs" and "A Friend's Song for Simoisius"; "Tryste Noel" and the imaginary "Alexandriana" (assumed by many to be actual translations from the Greek); also the "London Sonnets." In the elaborate and ambitious "Horation Ode" for General Sherman, and in the concentrated eight-line picture of "The Vigil" we see two different aspects of that fighting spirit, that uncompromising temperament, which gave this poet so clear an insight into the lives both of successful men of action and of those "ordained to fail."

"The philosopher teacheth, but he teacheth obscurely, so as the learned only can understand him; that is to say he teacheth them that are already taught. . . . But the poet is indeed the right popular philosopher," who can "strike, pierce" and "possess the sight of the soul" instead of bestowing upon the world only "a wordish description." [1]

Again it is necessary to go to Sir Philip Sidney for a definition of poetry as understood by Louise Guiney. The Poet is one who can "awake the thoughts from the sleep of idleness, to embrace honourable enterprises. There rests the Heroicall, whose very name, I think, should daunt all backbiters;" [1] and it was in the atmosphere and expression of "the Heroicall" that General Guiney's daughter breathed most happily: "the Heroicall which is not only a kind but the best and most accomplished kind of poetry." [1]

"The laurel crown, appointed for triumphant captains, doth worthily honour the poet's triumph": and just as "that phœnix of warlike Princes," Alexander the Macedonian, "found he received more bravery of mind by the

[1] Sidney's *Defense of Poesie*

pattern of Achilles than by hearing the definition of fortitude," so Louise Guiney—whose art was " not of lies but of true doctrine, not of effeminateness but of notable stirring of courage," [1]—owed to her saints and heroes a debt greater than she could ever hope to pay. But perhaps the most outstanding characteristic of her " *Roadside Harp* " is the mingled contrast and harmony of its themes and tunes : the vigour, the fire, the ardour of impassioned active aspiration which was what she meant by " chivalry," and the deep calm, the exquisite repose and magical charm of some of her most tranquil lyrics, a grace rather to be felt than analysed.

" Truly, many such writings as come under the banner of irresistible love, if I were a mistress would never persuade me they were in love," says Sidney : " That honey-flowing matron elegance, apparelled or rather disguised in a courtesan-like painted affectation," how shall it reach the soul ? or conceits " with so far-fetched words that many seem monsters," or formalities cold and precise " as if they were bound to follow the method of a dictionary,"—how shall these go straight to the heart ? Of what use mere conventional " figures and flowers, extremely winter-starved " ? [1]

Not in vain had Louise Guiney steeped her mind in the soldier-courtier's ever-memorable " *Defense of Poesie.*" Sidney's Muse which said, " Fool, look in thy heart and write," was a spiritual ancestor of the Muse of the " *Roadside Harp* " ; but whereas the love that spurred Sir Philip Sidney into expression was " too dearly bought with price of mangled mind," the love voiced in Louise Guiney's moonlit " *Nocturne* " breathes of that mysterious peace which should be (but far too rarely is) love's gift and revelation.

> " The sun that hurt his lovers from on high
> Is fallen ; she more merciful is nigh,
> The blessèd one whose beauty's even glow
> Gave never wound to any shepherd's eye.
> Above our lonely boat in shallows drifting,
> Alone her plaintive form ascends the sky.

[1] *Defense of Poesie.*

Oh, sing ! the water-golds are deepening now,
Almost a hush is on the aspen bough ;
Her light caresseth thine, as saint to saint
Sweet interchanged adorings may allow :
Sing, Eunoë, that lily throat uplifting :
They are so like, the holy Moon and thou ! "

" As a girl she was uniquely dear to the older men and women pleasurably stirred by the literary event of her early blossoming into essays and verse : Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sarah Orne Jewett, Louise Chandler Moulton,

> " Edmund Clarence Stedman, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Richard Watson Gilder, Henry Mills Alden, gave her work that generous welcome the noblesse of any art have in waiting for the acolyte bringing the cup new filled. And *les jeunes*, poets or pretenders were hers to command. There were banners waving ; only this was not in the fashion of present day acclaim when a new actor challenges his due. These were the dark chaplets and fragrant posies the Muse loves : no canopies and red carpets and the blare of jazz. These were individual voices, low-pitched, grave,—and their verdict holds. Time may have snowed it under . . . but still it holds."

So says her friend and contemporary Alice Brown,[1] who adds : " If her head was not turned by the response she got to the fine timidities of her first achievements," it was because she looked to the past,

> " where dwell the ever-living forerunners of literary glories, the authentic names that are ' eternal blazon,' the exemplar and despair of lesser men. She was timid, not before the contemporary critic, but the great witnesses of all time—simply, and, in her reverent mind, tremulously a child of promise, heir to those old authentic glories, but not presuming on that lineage. . . . She trod the earth lightly yet becomingly, and carried her full cup with steady hands.

[1] *Louise Imogen Guiney* (before quoted), pp. 13-14.

> " No taint of ambition was in her. . . . She had seen the ' cloud capp'd towers ' of the halls of light where the blessed everlastingly dwell, she had guessed at the shades and green valleys, the refuge of those ' ordained to fail.'. . . . . Even at the beginning, when chaplets were being woven for her, she might have written that later recital of her secular creed :
>
> ' To fear not possible failure
> Nor covet the game at all.' " [1]

This is a noble tribute from the living to the dead, from one woman to another, from a writer who has succeeded, even in a material sense, to one whose true *patria* was " very far hence," whose ardours were " glimpses of invisibles," and thoughts of " things which thoughts but tenderly touch." [2]

Very gently her friend alludes to the handicaps with which such a temperament is weighted : refers to them

> " not because the ox may take brute pleasure in deploring the delicacy of his brother, the race-horse," but because " the earth, as it is made, is forever hostile to that other earth, immortal, invisible, where alone the highly imaginative can live without nostalgia. If they have to fight the rude conditions of the visible world, they do it pining ' for what is not.' The imps of time and place have an implacable enmity for the angels of thought and pure imagination, and hinder them at every step. They devote their mischievous activities to the clipping of wings, especially of pinions tipped with rose and gold. And the facts of the case are for ever on their side. Man must be fed. . . . The product of Louise Guiney's genius was not, in any large sense, marketable." [3]

Thus she had to " clap harness on her horses of the sun " ; and the work for which she applied was that of Post-

[1] Alice Brown, *Louise Imogen Guiney*, pp. 15-16.
[2] Sir Thomas Browne, of Norwich.
[3] Alice Brown, *Louise Imogen Guiney*, pp. 20-22.

mistress at Auburndale, Massachusetts. Her application roused much comment :

" What's this I read of thee, Louise. . . .
That thou, a poet in thy prime,
A princess in the realm of rhyme,
Art fettered to old Father Time,
His last Postmistress !

Is't possible those dainty lays
That all the world delights to praise
No more enable thee to raise
The needful shilling ?
If so it be, what shall befall
Us ' minum poets ' ? Must we all
Keep grocery or market stall,
Essay pig killing ?

Our times, indeed, are out of joint,
When one whom critics all anoint
Must needs ask Grover [1] to appoint
Her Queen of letters.
O, think if haply thou shalt lose
The favour of thy darling Muse !
For well thou knowest she'll refuse
To dance in fetters." [2]

" Miss Guiney is in the first class of American writers," the Chicago *Sunday Herald*[3] pointed out: " Several successful volumes of prose and verse, constant appearance in the *Atlantic, Harper's,* the *Century, Scribner's,*—approving friendship of Longfellow and of Holmes, and a spirit jocund and self-reliant, have carried this young writer to success in literature."

Then follows a sketch of her in her new capacity :

" With her great St. Bernard dog, her mother, and a small kit of books, she set up Postmaster at Auburndale. . . . The St. Bernard became chief deputy and

[1] Grover Cleveland, the President.
[2] H. S. Wyer. Boston, January 4, 1894. [3] Dec. 3, 1893.

was put in charge of the department of transportation.

"When it became known that the new Postmaster was a girl, and a pretty one, a great change began to come over the world in Auburndale. Prior to that, denizens avoided mailing or receiving letters there. Too many were lost or went astray. But now, friends up in Mattananikeag found that their missives were delivered down at Magagnalow via Auburndale without loss of time. . . .

"There is considerable migration down to the valleys from the cold New England borders every winter; and when the French-Canadians from Trois Saumons and Riviere du Loup heard the new Postmaster answer their queries in delicious patois—for her French could be Parisian or Arcadian at will—they smiled, and decided to cultivate more assiduously what an academic curriculum used to call 'polite epistolary correspondence.'. . .

"It was astonishing, also, that so many Harvard students got their mail at Auburndale . . . it was a little far, but there was less intrusiveness than at Cambridge! . . .

"Out after office hours, in the woods or along the roads with the St. Bernard, they did not know whether Diana had come to earth again, or whether it was Miss Guiney on another of her naturalist and sporting runs, for her fame was great in all these things . . . (but) the Postmistress gave her time dutifully to her cares; and soon she was less and less seen skating on the ponds, climbing hills, wandering along sedgy marshes, thinking of fresh metaphors, pulling the oar on summer stream or watching opal-backed fish in the little lakes that button the top coat of New England."

After a whole column in this vein, the writer confesses to having drawn on his prophetic fancy for these details: and admits that the one item of authentic news is that "Louise Imogen Guiney—all she is represented to be in her own

right and her father's,—is a candidate for the Auburndale Post Office."

A successful candidate, as it proved ; and the forecast had been so far accurate that her mother, her St. Bernard, and her books, formed her suite. She had also two assistants whom she paid out of her salary.

Her anonymous Chicago admirer—in his half 'chaffing' and wholly admiring though over-familiar sketch,—had failed to perceive any cloud on the horizon ; or rather the only drawback he saw was that the increase of business which would result from the interest aroused by the young "Postmaster," would encroach upon those times of quietness and solitude so necessary for creative work.

What actually happened—entirely unexpected, even astounding—was that though Auburndale became a name to conjure with in literary circles, nevertheless the custom of the Post Office decreased.

New England, be it remembered, was originally colonised chiefly by a Puritan stock : haters of Popes and Kings, abominators of sport, excepting only their own special sport of witch-burning ; vigorous and resolute folk, but neither poetic, urbane, nor tolerant. Old England in 1688 had driven King James II. into exile because he dared to repeal the ferociously harsh penal laws against the Catholics ; and Old England in 1715 and 1745, had vociferously cursed "the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender." New England had been colonised erstwhile by men to whom even this stern Old England seemed too lax. So when the "Postmaster," a girl and a charming one, was, furthermore—O abomination of abominations—a Roman Catholic, this was too much for the 'godly' of Auburndale. They decided to boycott the Post Office : so terrified do they appear to have been lest merely to buy stamps from a fascinating Papist would be bowing down to the 'Scarlet Woman' and imperilling their own salvation ! And this was in the year of grace 1894.

The actual salary of the Postmistress was small ; but, as is the custom in England also, she received a percentage on the stamps she sold ; and thus the Puritan conspiracy to stop the sale of stamps was a very heavy blow. Had Louise

Imogen Guiney and her mother been socially obscure, or really desolate and friendless, the Habakuk Mucklewraths, no doubt, would have succeeded: for they showed considerable finesse, as well as energy, in this enterprise to starve out a couple of—as they supposed—defenceless women. But Louise Guiney had a considerable number of influential personal friends, as well as impersonal admirers of her poetry: many of these last were connected with the Press. The American Press has never been conspicuous for reticence about the private affairs of those in whom it takes an interest; but this was something more than a private affair; it was a public disgrace. So the "unmanly, cowardly, and un-American persecution of Miss Guiney," was denounced not only in Catholic periodicals but very widely; and with especial emphasis in the Evangelical *Independent*, which reminded its readers that General Guiney had "left his widow and daughter more glory than dollars," and that the most elementary justice must condemn the "criminal bigotry" which persecuted the General's daughter for her hereditary creed.

Up rose also Professor Arlo Bates, Professor of English Literature at the Institute of Technology, Boston:

"There has never before come to my personal knowledge any instance of persecution so intolerant, so outrageous, so utterly without a shadow of justification. . . . A lady of highest character, of rich and unusual gifts, of perfect official rectitude,—the daughter of a brave and patriotic officer in the Union Army,—is being hounded out of her means of livelihood by a company of narrow-minded and violent fanatics, simply on account of her faith. The thing would be incredible were it not actual."

Then orders for stamps showered in upon the Auburndale Post Office from far and wide, and one of the papers remarked, "the salary of Miss Guiney will not only be restored to the original figure, but bids fair to reach a higher figure. Thus it is that fanaticism defeats itself and invites annihilation."

The concluding generality needs qualification. The victim, being known and admired, the daughter of a

distinguished and well-loved patriot whose name is commemorated on the map of the United States,[1] the fanatics were borne down by forces stronger than any they could bring into the field. But when they devised their scheme they were blissfully unaware there would be any protest or resistance: the measure of their malice is the measure of the mischief they could have worked had it not been for the powerful reserves Louise Guiney was able to call up. As it happened, the episode directed an increasing degree of attention to her poems and herself. But it saddened her: she was dismayed to find how the poison-plant of theological hate still flourished in that corner of New England,—New England, the natural beauties of which she loved with all the ardour of a mind which feels as keenly towards places as to people.

The continued praise evoked by "*A Roadside Harp*" must, however, have been cheering to one whose "passion for perfection" was so ardent and whose innate humility was so deep that she needed frequent reassurance.

To glance back and see what her contemporaries said is of considerable interest, and incidentally very much to their credit, for the measure of a man's mind may be taken through what he admires. The modest-looking little grey and silver volume went out far and wide in its author's native America, and penetrated to Canada, whence she was hailed as "dowered with all the essentials of a true poet." [2]

> "Seldom has any woman writer in America achieved so early in life the success that has fallen to Miss Guiney," says the same Canadian critic: "She has made excursions into realms quite unknown to the every-day literary worker, and has lovingly trodden the humanised soil of centuries agone. . . . As Harriet Prescott Spofford said recently in reviewing her last volume of poems: 'To her belong youth, health, power, apprehension of beauty, of romance, of heroism, love

[1] Guiney's Station, in Caroline County, Virginia, where his regiment was encamped during the War of 1861-65. E. M. T.

[2] *Walsh's Magazine*, Toronto, January, 1896.

> of music and laughter, store of curious learning, and the temperament of a creature made of fire and dew and of imagination all compact.' "

The influence of the Elizabethans, and of Keats, Tennyson and Browning, is detected by this critic, and, like many others, he commends particularly her strong vitality :

> " It is as the poet of patriotism that Miss Guiney is perhaps at her best. Her fine Horatian Ode to Sherman reveals this martial impulse . . . worthy indeed of the soldier-father who was wounded well-nigh to death in the battle of the Wilderness. The production of a martial ode calls for a certain fire, passion, vehemence and intensity which give to the very letter something of the spirit and atmosphere of the battlefield. . . . Miss Guiney has every gift requisite for the building up of a stately war ode."

She had a friend among the young Canadian poets, Bliss Carman, " a fine fellow, and a friend to Pan." [1] " The exquisite touch is here, the lightness of hand, the perfection of temper," he wrote, while emphasising his belief that all artists should be rich in " courage and hope," so that " art, that helper and continual solace of the world's life " could adequately fulfil its vocation :

> " The true artist, therefore, in these qualities of courage and hope must be distinctly the most manly of his fellows, and there is no more manly note in American letters to-day than that which rings through the lyrics of the little lady of Auburndale. She can put more valor in a single line than one can squeeze from our periodical poets in a twelve-month. . . . A ballad like '*Tarpeia*,' or a single lyric like '*The Wild Ride*' has virility enough to furnish the ordinary minor poet with lyric passion ten times over."

A propos of her article on Thomas William Parsons, now best remembered as a translator of Dante, another sympa-

[1] Louise Guiney to Herbert E. Clarke.

thetic critic had previously held out to her a strong hand of encouragement : [1]

> " We take pleasure in turning the eyes of those who admire talent, originality, virtue, to this gifted young writer—for in years she is still a girl. . . . She is already on the way, up the steep hill, to literary fame. Her track, so far, may be traced by the shimmer of a pure and steady light ; and, at no distant day, she is destined to have a distinct and conspicuous place in the constellation of American literature. With her budding genius and stainless name let critics deal justly and gently—for we cannot help applying to her here, what is but a minimum of her merit, the lines of Parsons which she gives as one of the gems of his artless and ' rapt ' verse :
>
> ' Brush not the floor where my lady hath trod,
> Lest one light sign of her foot you mar ;
> For where she has walked in the Spring, on the sod,
> There, I have noticed, most violets are.
>
> Touch not her work, nor her book, nor a thing
> That her exquisite finger hath only pressed ;
> But fan the dust off with a plume that the wing
> Of a ring-dove let fall, on his way to his nest.' "

In such gallant fashion in 1889 did American men of letters welcome youth, faith, ardour, grace, and a resolutely high and strenuous standard.

Would they do as much to-day for a woman writer coming newly into the arena, daring to scorn ephemeral fashions and consecrate her pen to the eternal verities ?

[1] *Le Couteulx Leader*, Buffalo, April 20, 1889.

CHAPTER VI

A BOSTON MEMORY

"It will be written of Boston, once so full of intellectual glory, and of grave regard for 'the things that are more excellent,' how she held out, for a long time, against the Goths and Vandals of merely material progress, and how between 1888 and 1898, she threw herself into their arms," wrote Louise Guiney in the summer of '98. "One feels instinctively that everything in the town, the literary shrine especially, goes for less than it did, even three years ago. The time may soon arrive when the degenerate New Englander, or uninstructed pilgrim from the West, can pass No. 148 Charles Street without blinking; but it is well to add that so far the hypothesis is incredible. Though only a solid item in a red brick block, it is a very thrilling doorway. . . . On that knob Emerson's hand has been, how many many times; the steps keep the spirit-print of Longfellow's feet; Thackeray's tender voice haunts the porch; the whole tall dwelling, from its sombre front to its exquisite windows commanding the broad river, is astir and sparkling with the memories of men of genius, poets, wits; familiar Hawthorne, who went long ago, as real there as Kipling who came yesterday, and will come again to-morrow."

This delightful home of Mrs. James T. Fields had an irresistible fascination for Louise Guiney: long after she settled in England she would speak of it, and go back in memory to her first visit, when "suffering several never-

forgotten joyous shocks in rapid succession," she saw and felt so much that it was as if she had stepped "within a tingling fairy ring."

The description she wrote of this Bostonian Paradise is too characteristic of her own tastes to be disregarded:

"Mr. Fields . . . was a partisan of the gods upon the earth. . . . Since his lamented death, the tradition of open house to the immortals has been kept up, by his old hearthstone. To dine there is to have aureoled company; to sleep there is to see spirits. . . . M. Ferdinand Brunetière wrote the other day upon his portrait, given at parting to Mrs. Fields: '*Souvenir d'un court séjour, d'une longue reconnaissance.*'"

The garden, "simple and monastic, the only garden left in the neighbourhood: lawn, vines, a graceful tree or two, and a bench at the end, over the sea wall, facing the sunset," "the sapphire tidal basin of the Charles, always full of sound and motion, particularly enchanting from the green-carpeted, autumn tinted drawing-room,"—these were the external obvious features; but wandering from room to room one treasure after another was revealed: "everything not only beautiful but an original, a token at first hand: pictures, autographs, books, almost too precious to breathe upon."

Richardson's portrait of Pope, Severn's water-colour head of Keats, a famous portrait of Charles Lamb, a first edition of "*Paradise Lost*," a book annotated in the hand of Coleridge, or sardonically by Byron, elegant volumes from the private press of Horace Walpole, these all stimulated and allured her. "The shelves have a human fragrance: many a volume tacitly tells that it has not seen a shop since its birth, or that it has passed along from one loving hand to another, enriched by each ownership." And "the Seventeenth Century is here too," she announces, in tones as of a traveller who has come home at last: even the tall carven chairs have "a heroic history. They bear the arms of the ducal house of Ormonde, to which they belonged while they inhabited the grey romantic Kilkenny Castle, which bred a Norman-Irish race of fair renown: men ever loyal to the right, as they saw it."

Between Charles the First's and Charles the Second's time the chairs and the rest of the household effects came to grief; "for the Puritan star was up and the Butlers were loyal and luckless." Lord Ormonde, who had been the King's Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1643-47, and who while in exile was nominated to the same post by young Charles II. from his Court of Saint-Germain, naturally could not be a *persona grata* with the new régime.

> But "we read," says Louise Guiney, "that in 1652, my Lady Ormonde [1] travelled from Caen to London, to claim, under promise from Cromwell, her sequestrated property.... The old chairs, at least, were not restored, and after falling to the auctioneer, came happily to anchor by the banks of an American river named from the very King for whose sake they and their masters had suffered a hard fate. There are thirteen of them, and they are useful and used. Since they have so often harbored illustrious mortality in the latter age, one respectfully hopes that they do not miss too bitterly the laces and love-locks and the cavalier scabbards of the stormier days at home."

Though Louise Guiney thus reassured herself, she had a feeling that the precious chairs ought ultimately to be restored to the descendant of their former owner; and one day an opportunity came for her to say as much to her hostess, who was wondering what would be the fate of all the treasures of 148 Charles Street after her own day was over. The suggestion was received with a meditative and yet not rebuking air. Many years afterwards, when Mrs. Fields died and her will came to be read, it was found that she had left the Ormonde chairs to the Marquess of Ormonde,[2]

[1] The Marchioness of Ormonde (Elizabeth, Baroness Dingwall, heir of Richard Preston, Earl of Desmond), wife of James Butler, 13th Earl, 1st Marquess, and subsequently (after the Restoration) 1st Duke of Ormonde, K.G., "the loyal Duke." The Duchess of Ormonde survived till 1684, and the Duke died four years later, and was buried in Westminster Abbey on August 4th, 1688, so did not live to see the Revolution which placed William III. and Mary on the throne. E. M. T.

[2] The Dukedom became extinct in 1758. The 1st Duke had been succeeded by his grandson (his brilliant and much-loved son, Thomas, Earl

with an explanation of how, when and by whom the thought so to bequeathe them had been put into her mind. So, after more than three hundred years, the chairs once more were housed in Kilkenny Castle; and Lord Ormonde had reason to be grateful to the author of "*King Charles his Gentlemen*" for the return of the wanderers. (She received an invitation to come and see the chairs in their original home.)

All this, however, is to anticipate. We must return to 148 Charles Street:—

"Two little rooms flank the drawing-room, lined from floor to ceiling with more books." Here stood Miss Anne Whitney's bust of Keats, afterwards to become one of the most prized of Louise Guiney's own possessions. "The sister room, across the hall, is brightened in its turn by engravings and a jar of fresh jonquils. Here, also, is Mrs. Fields' ordinary desk, sacred to the minor matters which fill more than half of her disinterested life. . . . Her scriptorium is riverward and skyward: an odd-shaped homelike convent cell. . . . Dante, in plaster, severely dominates the long shelf under the roof: a place fruitful in calm Virgilian verse, and, much oftener, in various harmoniously-proportioned biographies which no one else does so well outside of France."

In this "generous" and "perfectly ordered household," the echoes of Boston traffic seemed to come as from afar: and, within it, a constant mental activity was unaccompanied by any sign of feverish unrest or haste. "It is not always the busiest person who sounds the loudest timbrel and fills the morning newspaper. Here is one who with

of Ossory, distinguished in war by sea and land, having died in 1680). The 2nd Duke took the oaths to William and Mary, and after an eventful career as a soldier, was Viceroy of Ireland (Lord Lieutenant) in 1703-7. Accused of conspiring to restore the exiled House of Stuart, he was attainted in London in 1715 and deprived of his English honours and estates. After his death his brother Charles, Earl of Arran, in 1721, empowered to repurchase this Duke's forfeited estates, became 15th Earl and 3rd and last Duke, the Dukedom having been conferred only on heirs male direct. After his death without issue, his cousin succeeded to the Earldom. The Marquessate was not recreated till 1825 (by George IV.). The Lord Ormonde to whom the chairs were left was the 7th Marquess and 22nd Earl of Ormonde of the Butler family. E. M. T.

energetic capacity, and in unruffled peace, fulfils an immense number of self-imposed duties."

Not very long before her own death, Louise Guiney, in a Kentish country house,—seated in a carved chair scarcely more modern than those she had been the means of restoring to Kilkenny Castle,—described to her English friends that Boston home of Mrs. Fields, and deplored that " progress " had swept it entirely away. " I am a part of all that I have met," the dictum of Tennyson's Ulysses, was applicable especially to Louise Guiney, and what she had once loved she never forgot. Therefore no picture of her girlhood and youth could be complete without some reminiscence of 148 Charles Street, where she seemed to herself, as she crossed the doorstep, to leave all personal anxieties and cares behind, and pass into an atmosphere where she need fear no incongruity, no jarring discord, no intrusion of " the feverish or the uncontrolled," to break the charm. Most characteristic of her was it that never did she seem to think of contrasting her own impecuniosity, over-work, and frequent worry as to ways and means, with the perfect freedom which wealth, judiciously used, gave to her Boston hostess.

" The sign of a noble nature is to be born without envy," was said by a soldier-philosopher in that Seventeenth Century from which Louise Guiney drew so much of her strength and inspiration ; and she had been dowered with that innate magnanimity which, while personally fettered by circumstances, nerve-racked by the wearisome struggle to live, could rejoice all the more in the dignified leisure of one whose freedom from monetary cares facilitated the assiduous pursuit of perfectly congenial work. Money, as such, had no attraction for the " Knight Errant," who would have shared her last shilling with a friend or her last crust with a beggar. But for lack of an adequate supply of the despised commodity, her genius was doomed to be ' cabined, cribbed, confined,' her health slowly worn down, her vital and creative force gradually sapped. Asked for a poem by an insistent editor in August 1895, she had replied, " Post-officing has put an end to that mood in me ; and

between this and Christmas I do not look for a moment's leisure to write, even if the Muse were (which she won't be—not she !) on the latch." Her day's work was often eleven hours, and occasionally even sixteen hours ! Her cheerfulness, her seeming contentment, her gently humorous jests at her own expense, blinded many to the inward strain of her existence, the burden of the dreary discouragement which falls so heavily upon natures made for gladness, created seemingly to give lavishly and to receive joyously, but doomed to be, as someone said of her, " like a racehorse put between the shafts of a tradesman's cart."

Outwardly she kept around her that halo of " sweetness and light " which worked like a charm on all who came within the orbit of her influence. But actually the call to high adventure sounded ever-hauntingly in her ear ; and her sympathy, expressed in one of her most graphic essays, for " Captives "—animals caged in the zoo—has an almost personal passion in its fierceness. Every hardship would have been sanctified could it have been due to the stress of a soldier's loyal service or a sailor's struggle with the elements ; but to toil at uncongenial drudgery merely for daily bread, was an ironic fate for one whose delight would have been to lavish princely benefits upon others.

Later on, when she had left the Post Office and was working in the Boston Public Library,—straining her tired eyes over dreary tasks, trying resolutely to " like " her " chore," but longing secretly for freedom,—she received one of the most graceful of the many poems addressed to her from time to time by the chivalrous among her countrymen :

" I often muse on one small form that flits
Across my chamber window in the sun
Along the street beneath ; a sun-sprite she,
Spirit of air and fire and mountain-dew,
Yet wholly woman. . . .
. . . There she goes !
' A vision, a delight, and a desire,'
Yet wholly of the spirit ! Could men see
As once of old they saw, when Sappho sang,

They'd drag her in a chariot each dawn,
Crown-chapleted, wise, meek, serene of song,
High-priestess of great thoughts and high desires,
Grave mentor of the ways and woes of men,
Along the hilly streets of her small town,
With clarion, 'mid shoutings of the throng." [1]

[1] Joseph Lewis French, "To Louise Imogen Guiney," *The Literary Review*, June, 1900.

CHAPTER VII

A GYPSY TRAIL

NEXT, after "*A Roadside Harp*," appeared "*A Little English Gallery*" [1] of character sketches dedicated to Edmund Gosse: and in the following year (1895) "*Lover's Saint Ruth's*" and the privately printed "*Nine Sonnets written at Oxford*"; also the Prelude and "Postlude" [2] to "*Robert Louis Stevenson, a Study, by A.B.*[3] Issued for private distribution." One of the proudest moments in Louise Guiney's literary career was when she was told how Stevenson had noticed and admired her poems in the periodical press. This more than compensated for the way some of the American critics appeared affronted that her "*Little Gallery*" of portraits was entirely English. She could surely find topics nearer home, they complained.

In 1896, her critical and biographical introduction to a new translation of Prosper Merimée's "*Carmen*" attracted considerable attention. Extracts cannot indicate the symmetrical construction of the whole, but they show the clarity and conciseness with which she could write when she elected to avoid complexity. A Gallic lucidity, an epigrammatic brevity, suited the subject, and appealed to many who were afterwards to prove imperfectly able to enjoy or understand her spontaneously elaborate essays. The "*Carmen*" has

[1] See Bibliography, p. 304.

[2] The 'Postlude' is here reproduced in fac-simile from the original MS. See p. 220.

[3] Alice Brown, see Bibliography, p. 319-320.

become so rare that the only way of introducing Louise Guiney's comments to present-day readers is by quotation :

> " Opportunity was always at Merimée's elbow : he had a smooth career, a competence, leisure varied by agreeable occupations, exquisite resources . . . Distinction and sense, wit and breeding were his . . . He was a critic of men and women, and a finished archaeologist ; he had a distinct turn for art ; he was master of six languages and of the history and poetry of each of them, and was the founder of the modern appreciation of Russian literature. . . .
>
> " With all his gifts, Merimée lacked the material for mental happiness. He was too timid, too restless, and, though without vanity, too fearful of ridicule and misconception . . . (yet) he never hid the evil which was in him, but carefully cherished and catalogued it, beating it out thin and broad, in the super-sincere manner of his country. His fatal disease, fatal in all cases, was indifferentism. You feel wrath at him that he went out of the world, not like a veteran from a battlefield, but like a girl from a ball-room, in smiling weariness and without a scar. . . .
>
> " Merimée was no visionist, no spiritual nomad homesick for ideals. A dilettante to the marrow, he amused himself by producing a few masterpieces, and ended by becoming the callous inscrutable Mephisto he had all his life tried to be. He suffered from his innate discord, and he makes others suffer."

His mother was a ' free thinkeress,' a cynic whose favourite axiom, inherited by her son, was " Remember to mistrust."

> " An only darling, secluded from schoolfellows, and reared on negations, . . . the little fellow with the auspicious name, born in 1803, was of course never baptised ; . . . he was given to boasting of that omission, in the dubiously Christian salons of the Second Empire. . . .

"He had a style of gold and steel. . . . But Merimée, who has Kipling's power, and, in addition, his own scholar's sensitiveness and finish, has none of Kipling's fresh tenderness. In letters as in life, it must be the loving spirit which wins. Now, Merimée is a ruthless writer."

The best effect of "*Carmen*" can never come from seeing it acted, only from reading it as Merimée wrote it,—"with interludes, perhaps, of Bizet's ominously gay music."

As for that "invincible gypsy minx," Carmen herself, "the light bright tiger-moth," she is "enchanting and appalling." Her lover "may bungle and waver, and make conditions, and proffer peace, and even take sardonic forethought for her inconceivable soul; but not she! . . . Death has become, at last, for Carmencita, the artistic necessity; and she chooses it, in her beauty, as she might choose a fresh ribbon for her bodice."

So ends the preface.

In 1897 Louise Guiney's edition of the poems of one of the most ill-starred of all the luckless Celtic Irish song writers, James Clarence Mangan,[1] embodied some results of that same visit to Ireland which had previously suggested the Peasant Songs, and the Irish essay already quoted.[2] More remarkable, however, than her biographical preface to Mangan, was her volume of original essays brought out in the same year under the curiosity-provoking title of, "PATRINS: *To which is added 'An INQUIRENDO into the WIT and Other Good Parts of HIS LATE MAJESTY KING CHARLES the Second.*"

Her thoughts on "His Late Majesty" will be considered when treating of her views in English literature and history.[3] In Puritan New England some of her critics were, or professed to be, too decorous even to read of such a rakish subject as the Saturnine "Merry Monarch." But even if

[1] Summarised in Chapter XIII., "Dark Rosaleen," pp. 172-178.

[2] "*Irish*," Introduction, pp. xx-xxi.

[3] Part II. Chapter XVII.

the " Inquirendo " might sometimes be left unread, it was irresistible to ask, " What is a patrin ? "

Anticipating the question, in a dedication to her Canadian poet friend, Bliss Carman, the writer explained " A *patrin*, according to George Borrow, in his *Romano Lavo-Lil*, is ' a Gypsy trail ; handfuls of leaves or grass cast by the Gypsies on the road, to denote, to those behind, the way which they have taken.' " On this she comments, " These wild dry whims are *patrins*, dropped now in the open for our tribe ; but particularly for you. . . . On each have I put the date of its writing, as one might make memoranda of little leisurely adventures in prolonged fair weather. . . . "

These " little leisurely adventures " range from " A pleasing encounter with a Pickpocket " to " A bitter complaint of the Ungentle Reader " ; from " Some Impressions of the Tudor Exhibition " to " An Open Letter to the Moon." [1]

Critics were bewildered : and where one discerned " wide culture," another protested that such effusions were fit only to be put aside " in an envelope marked ' Ephemera.' " A third went whole-heartedly with the writer upon her " delightful breezy way." " Full of gentle wit, fresh as the dawn," [2] he found her. Another defined her temperament as " half-way between the satirist and the philosopher." The influence of Goldsmith, Addison or Lamb was suggested ; and whereas certain critics were both puzzled and annoyed, and said so, there were others who rejoiced in the " exquisite wit and gentle good humour " pervading the entire volume.

More than six centuries ago, Froissart remarked that the English took their pleasures " *moult tristement* " ; and Boston critics of English descent seemed, some of them, to be almost scandalised by Louise Guiney's airy gaiety, evidently not what they had expected from a learned lady ! Moreover her merriment was so intertwined with gravity, and blended with convictions strong and steadfast, that it worried the type of mind which arbitrarily relegates pathos and humour to separate air-tight compartments.

[1] See Bibliography, p. 308, for complete list of contents.

[2] *Herald* (Columbia, Missouri), June 1897.

The trouble, too, was how to classify this kind of writing? Whatever anyone might say, it was not an echo of either Goldsmith, Addison, or Lamb; nor was it, as some pretended, an "effeminate" copy of Emerson or Stevenson. If at one moment the label "Celtic" was applied, it had swiftly to be changed to "Gallic"; and if the writer's outlook and manner were neither wholly Irish, English, French nor American, what then was this style which some deemed artless and spontaneous and others execrated as elaborately exasperating?

The book thus discussed was the first of its writer's works to reach a second edition.

If we are constrained to make a choice, "*Wilful Sadness in Literature*" contains, perhaps, the most typical blend of spriteliness and gravity. It opens with a heartfelt tribute to the "fine scrupulousness" which caused Matthew Arnold to withdraw from circulation his "*Empedocles on Etna*," because he thought it too introspective, too depressing: a tragedy, as he said, "in which suffering finds no vent in action; in which a continuous state of mental distress is prolonged, unrelieved by incident, hope, or resistance; in which there is everything to be endured, nothing to be done. In such situations there is inevitably something morbid, in the description of them something monotonous. When they occur in actual life, they are painful, not tragic: the representation of them in poetry is painful also." [1]

Quoting this, Louise Guiney comments: "Mr. Arnold's penance for his melancholy is a noble spectacle; and it will always do what he feared *Empedocles* would fail to do,—'inspirit and rejoice the reader.'" On the need of reticence in art, she says:

> "The danger of expressing despondency is extreme. It was not without reason that Thackeray made fun of Werther. . . . No poet can put fully into words the ache and stress of human passion: no very wise poet will ever try to do so, save by means of reserves, elisions, evasions. The pathos which goes deep is generally a

[1] Matthew Arnold's preface to his *Collected Poems*, 1853.

plain statement. . . . Nothing so poignant, at times, in poetry as a mere obituary announcement. Hear the long throbbing lines of the old elegy supposed to be by Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke :

' Learning her light hath lost, valor hath slain her knight : Sidney is dead ; dead is my friend, dead is the world's delight.' "

" The Virgilian melancholy of Tennyson, in his sweet brooding over the abysses of our unblest life," is noble. But " to sigh, to scowl, to whimper, is the ambition of minstrels in the magazines ; of the three, whimpering is the favourite."

" We owe our gratitude to the men of letters who deliberately undertake to be gay : for nobody expects unconscious and spontaneous gaiety in books nowadays. The modern spirit has seen to that ! . . . If our dilettantes lament a withered flower, or praise a young face, they feel that they have done enough towards clearing the air and ' justifying the ways of God to men.' It is inconvenient to have the old large fundamental feelings : to be energetic, or scornful, or believing. . . . An attitudinising pathos,—impossible so long as faith was general and true emotion therefore unexhausted—the pathos of the decadence, the exaggeration of the normal moods, and affectation of more than is felt, *l'expression fort des sentiments faibles*, is the prevailing feature of current verse. Rather, to be quite accurate, it was the prevailing feature a moment ago. . . . It is indicative not only of his middle age, but of something touching ourselves and our to-morrow, that Mr. Swinburne, let us say, is less stormy and maledictory, and longs not so incessantly to be laid in the exquisite burial-places of his imagination. . . . For literature, at last, is picking up heart : health and spring and fight are re-establishing themselves. Out of the alcoves of time, certain sunny faces of old look fatherly and smiling as the vapors dispense. . . . Change is at hand. The Maypole is up in Bookland ! "

To a certain extent the success of any author depends not only on himself but on his readers. In England, Andrew Lang enjoyed the book; but there were various reviewers in America who did not know how to read it; and these, by way of indicating their superior manly vigour, lost their tempers:

> "Her essays," vociferated a 'critic' of this kind, "not only have no backbone and no other bones, but they have no vitals and no breath of life. . . . Miss Guiney thinks that art is made of seemly abstinences: some art may be,—but to an art made of seemly abstinences and nothing else, we prefer an art made of unseemly affirmations."

This commentator appears not to have been at the pains of reading the essays he mangles; the paragraph he distorts has been quoted elsewhere [1] and need not be repeated; it was such a plea for balance, judgment, a "passion for perfection," as almost any civilised critic would endorse.

"Miss Guiney could do something, perhaps, if she would give up the idea that there was nothing worth her doing," announced this brilliant interpreter of art and letters, again presumably not having read what he had "no hesitation in pronouncing bad no matter how clever."

He does not give any specimen of the style he damns, nor even state the subjects of the essays, except only one, and he there belabours the folly and affectation of the writer who can allude to "Quiet London." "We prefer to think of it as noisy and hustling and full of people, cads as well as others." As for its author's general outlook, "we think, on the whole, it is a sort of dry-rot in art." [2]

To the credit of American journalism, be it said, there seem to have been comparatively few such ebullitions of aggressive ignorance and self-complacency; and the critic who liked better to think of the "cads" in London than of the majesty and mystery, the antiquity, enchantment and romance, so subtly conveyed by Louise Guiney, is a type not peculiar to America. We have all suffered from him.

[1] Introduction, pp. xiv-xv. [2] *The Dial*, Sep. 16, 1897.

He makes "literature" in his own image, and woe to the author who can hear a melody to which the omnipotent critic's 'dull corporeal ear' is deaf.

The accusation of "dry-rot" is not likely to have perturbed the writer who received such whole-hearted tributes as the following:

To Louise Imogen Guiney.

On reading "Patrins."[1]

"To you, dear Lady of the Merry Mind
The craft owes homage and makes haste to pay.
Let all the world come on this gypsy way
And gather up what Patrins they can find.
One needs must be a little blossom-blind
Not to see where along the path you stray
The trail in fragrant bloom is quick and gay
With hints to all of your dear human kind.

Put on your crown! 'Tis mountain laurel, and
Shamrock and barberry, the bloom of bean,
The English rose, wild columbine! Bedeck
Those brows with this we offer to your hand;
'The Maypole's up in Bookland!' Lady, Queen,
Behold your followers dancing at your beck!"

The author of "*Books and Culture*," Hamilton Wright Mabie, assigned to the essays a high place in American literature:

> "Miss Guiney has the rare gift of seeing things which are not obvious. . . . She is acute, fresh and incisive in a rare degree. She is, in fact, one of the most individual writers in the country. . . . This group of short papers is of a kind to arrest attention and give delight, so vigorous, pointed, and unhackneyed are the brief chapters. Miss Guiney has a delightful touch of whimsicality; and there is a breath of the best kind of Bohemianism in her. She follows literature because it

[1] *Boston Evening Transcript*, 19th June, 1897, signed M. C. S. [Minna C. Smith].

is an art of delight as well as a means of instruction, and she protests against the attempt to turn the muse into a schoolmaster. She touches many subjects deftly and quickly, and her touch makes a clear impression on the mind of her readers. This collection of essays is for those who love literature for its own sake, for those who like the flavor of an individual style." [1]

From a feminine admirer [2] came this graceful tribute :

" This way she went, with Iris for her guide
Through beds of mint along the meadow-side ;
The scattered sprigs, dropt idly from her palm,
With their bruised leaves fill all the air with balm.

Here lies her track upon the uplands dun,
Where the wild berries ripen in the sun ;
The brown bees follow, drinking at their will
From brimming cups that half their nectar spill.

This way she passed, for, at the crossing, see
A Messenger, new come from Arcady,
Leading an elfin troop that wait to dine
On cates and honey at the thistle's sign.

Here was her camp-fire : from its embers grey
A faint blue smoke steals upward and away ;
Here with great Pan in converse gay she stood,
And strolled with Dian through the scented wood.

O happy vagrant, singing as you pass,
Drop still your trail of bloom across the grass ;
Pitch your white tent, and in some cool retreat
Wait with a welcome for our slower feet."

[1] " Some American Essayists " in *The Outlook*, July 3, 1897.
[2] Emily Huntingdon Miller, in *The Dial*, 1897.

CHAPTER VIII

THE MARTYR'S IDYL

The mental stimulus received by Louise Guiney from the praise of discriminating readers, and fair-minded writers, was an encouragement much needed; for her work, despite its leisurely manner, was frequently brought into being amid circumstances so fatiguing that it was often more in the nature of a battle than of an intellectual delight for its much-harassed creator. Illnesses, anxieties, interruptions, uncongenial drudgery, worry about ways and means, combined to menace that outward and inward peace without which creative achievement, or even fine interpretive writing, is more difficult than anyone can entirely realise who has not at some time been similarly impeded.

Alluding to her reluctance to publish in book form anything less than her best, she makes clear that her toil at the Post Office not only left her scant time, but scant strength for her own lute. "But, bless us, the fine things get written all the same. We have life enough in us to love them, and know them wheresoever springing; and so may it ever be. . . . In A. B.'s[1] verses I like best 'Wood-Longing,' 'Mariners,' 'Heimgegangen,' and 'The West-Country Lover.' These I think extremely fine."[2]

In her correspondence with the poet of "*Storm Drift*," Herbert E. Clarke,—beginning in the 'eighties (when he sent her one of his books from an "Unknown Friend"), and continuing till his death in 1912,—we see not only her readiness

[1] Alice Brown's "*The Road to Castaly*" (1896), dedicated to her. (Reprinted with new poems in 1917 (the Macmillan Company).)

[2] To Herbert E. Clarke.

to appreciate the achievements of others, but also her perfect amiability under adverse criticism. Acknowledging Mr. Clarke's condemnation of her "*Lover's St. Ruth's,*" she answers :

"Thank you for not liking the stories. I hate 'em. . . . You don't know how they (the stories) were dragged out of the obscurity I thought best for them. The publishers, Herbert Copeland whom you never met, and Fred Day whom you did, are great old friends of mine, and simply badgered me into printing them. . . . I ought to have stood fast, and kept out of the wood of fiction where I never can be even moderately skilled."

But though the gift of creative prose of the narrative kind was not among her many endowments (when her fiction is interesting it is for some personal quality other than that of the story), the translation of an excellent French historical novel, "*The Secret of Fougereuse,*" in 1898,[1] was one of the tasks in which her responsive sympathies are evident. Set in the days of 'good King René,'—whose Book of Tournaments and frank delight in poetry and pageantry made him more popular with his beauty-loving people than many a more strenuous monarch,—Monsieur Louis Morvan's story, in which a vocation is sought and found, and victory won by renunciation, was rightly praised at the time and is undeservedly neglected to-day. The same year that "*Fougereuse*" appeared in America, a London publisher [2] had brought out a little volume of Louise Guiney's shorter lyrics, "*England and Yesterday.*" The comments in the British press were numerous and varied : "Exasperatingly obscure," complained the *Daily News* ; "pensive and tender," said the *New Age.* "Straight from the heart," remarkable for "grace, feeling and something of magic," said some ; of an "academic stateliness," said others ; while "pedantic," "involved" and "stilted" were the epithets bestowed by the unsympathetic. The verdict seems to have depended mainly upon whether the reviewer's mind was harmonious to the choice of subjects.

[1] See Bibliography.

[2] Grant Richards.

It would hardly be possible to improve upon the following summary : [1]

> " Amid the melancholy dulness of so much minor verse of to-day, I find it a pleasant relief to meet with such uniformly accomplished and distinguished work. . . . Meditation—calm pensive meditation is the characteristic of Louise Imogen Guiney. Not that there is a lack of enthusiasm in her verse. Her loves are many : England, London, Oxford, old institutions, antique architecture, Celtic legends. But her sympathies seem with the quiet cloistral life of a University City or an old Cathedral town. Even her London pictures avoid the rush and hurry of metropolitan existence and fix on some restful sight : the peace of the Abbey, the doves of St. Paul's, the lights of London from Hampstead, the quadrangles of the Temple, Sunday chimes in the city, the reading-room of the Museum. . . .
>
> " Naturally to such a worshipper of fine culture, scholarly leisureliness and old-world loveliness, Oxford makes an irresistible appeal. New College Gardens, the panorama of spires and towers viewed from Radley way, the quietude of Port Meadow, the old dial of Corpus, the undertones of Magdalen, are sketched with most wonderful observation."

Although described by another critic as " scarcely of a kind to catch the general ear or command popular affection," the little volume won lovers perhaps all the more ardent because not overwhelmingly numerous.

Early in 1899 Louise Guiney had the satisfaction of editing, for the Riverside Literature Society, a small but representative selection of the poems of Matthew Arnold.[2] Her deep admiration for the author of *Sohrab and Rustum* finds expression in the preface :

> " His life, which looks busy, brave, happy, was also ' lonely as a cloud.' His real life, his poetic career,

[1] *The Echo*, Nov. 26, 1898.

[2] Houghton Miffin Co., the Riverside Press.

began and ended inside of twenty years. It is all of a piece and all of the first order.

"Despite his wonderfully intimate love of nature, his poems did not and do not appeal to everybody. . . . Intense gravity, restraint, asceticism, concentration, possess his every page; but below them, there is what severe wisdom, what energy, what a glow of ethic and lyric fire! . . . The affinities of Arnold's austere art are with Wordsworth and with Goethe."

In 1900 "*The Martyr's Idyl and Shorter Poems*" [1] yet further increased the reputation already acquired by "*A Roadside Harp.*"

Opinions differed as to the degree of power of the blank verse drama which gave its title to the slender grey and golden volume; but as to the fascination of the lyrics, if there were any dissenting voices their echoes are now inaudible, whereas the testimonies of competent critics ring out with no uncertain note. But what, we may ask, is a "critic," and what is "criticism"?

That the critics are "those who have failed in literature" is an oft-quoted epigram; and if criticism were merely a synonym for fault-finding, a favourite occupation of the unsuccessful, Disraeli's *mot* would be singularly apt. But "the best criticism is enlightened enthusiasm," as was said by one of Disraeli's most brilliant contemporaries, the first Lord Lytton; [2] and this definition recurs to memory in reading Miss Jessie Rittenhouse's "*Younger American Poets,*" [3] in which she who is herself a poet luminously interprets, rather than coldly analyses, the songs and souls of her contemporaries.

"It is the sign of a mediocre mind to measure out praise grudgingly," said a gallant French officer [4] in that Seventeenth Century which was Louise Guiney's intellectual home. Miss Rittenhouse, however, needs no such warning,

[1] Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

[2] This dictum is quoted approvingly by Herbert Paul in "*Men and Letters,*" p. 204.

[3] Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1904.

[4] Captain the Marquis of Vauvenargues.

for—though her innate fastidiousness, her fine culture, her evident and all-pervading zest for beauty of theme and form, make her temperamentally critical,—she is a critic in the positive sense of a discriminator and appreciator, not in the negative fashion of tabulating lists of faults and limitations, as if they alone were representative. Her entire chapter on the author of "*The Knight Errant*" can be read and re-read with enjoyment: it is rich in concise descriptions of the achievements of one who was "not dallying in the scented gardens of poesy, but entering the tourney in valorous emprise," like one of her own warrior heroes.

> "At the outset of her work Miss Guiney sang an electrifying song. . . . It was hight valiantly '*The Wild Ride*' and has the spirit of all the knights and troopers in Christendom packed within its tense and vibrant lines.". . . "Not a man of them who can meet fate in a braver joust than she." "There is tonic in her work for the craven heart, a note to shame one 'back to the ranks.'"
>
> "A Poet's words may be wind-blown feathers, or they may be flint-tipped arrows singing to a mark. . . . To test Miss Guiney's marksmanship with words, one may separate her at once from the class who are flying airy illusions no whither; for she concentrates instead of diffusing, and has, at the outset, a definite point of view."

But, the same critic gently points out, this metaphor cannot be indiscriminately applied, for in several of the sonnets, and in "*The Squall*," and even occasionally in "*The Martyr's Idyl*," "the words are too much weighted"; the reader no longer floats or soars, but pauses to consider the expression and so becomes too conscious of the writer's art. But this happens only in the less felicitous moments. *L'exquise expression d'impressions exquises* was the Abbé Roux's definition of poetry, and such a description fits not only the best heroic poems of Louise Guiney but also her few and very individual love songs.

" Where on the marge of evening the last blue light is broken,
And winds of dreamy odor are loosened from afar ;
Or when my lattice opens, before the lark has spoken,
On dim laburnum blossoms, and morning's dying star,

I think of thee—O mine the more if other eyes be sleeping,—
Whose greater noonday splendours the many share and see,
While, sacred and for ever, some perfect law is keeping
The late and early twilight alone and sweet for me." [1]

There are moments when—her martial music hushed into silence—she enters the charmed region of mystical peace, whence comes strength for the renewal of determined action. We feel this most notably in " *Sanctuary* " already quoted,[2] in " *Deo Optimo Maximo,*" and in the magical " *Borderlands.*" But often there arises a nostalgia for " The time more true and ample," when

" gods in jewelled mail
Through greenwood ways invited.

There now the moon is blighted,
The mosses long and pale
On lifeless cedars trail."

To come suddenly upon a volume of Louise Guiney's verse has been likened to the discovery of " a Greek temple in an American woodland." Though a Latin scholar, she was not familiar with the tongue of Homer and Æschylus ; and whether the temple should be described as Greek has often been disputed. Moreover, what precisely do we mean by Greek ?

" The genius that inspired Greek art," says an English critic who is also an antiquarian and poet,[3] is not to be found in the " vain pretensions " and " empty smoothness " of lifeless imitative efforts. " It is to be sought under new

[1] From "*A Roadside Harp,*" p. 32. [2] Introduction, p. xxiv.

[3] Laurence Binyon, " *The Flight of the Dragon,*" p. 105, London (John Murray).

forms and what seem strange disguises" ; for the "ripe perfection," the "living charm and mystery in simplicity" of classical beauty was born of "a noble way of feeling, thinking, seeing." It was not the outcome of a theory.

Art is, or should be, "the expression of a harmony of life, a fine balance of all the forces of the human spirit. . . . We are accustomed to set the classic in antithesis to the romantic. But what great art lacks romance ?" [1]

Louise Guiney was fond of protesting against that arbitrary theorism which would affix the labels "classic" or "romantic" to poems and dramas which owe their supremacy to the wedding of both attributes. She would take, for instance, as a perfect blend of romantic feeling and classic expression the scene, one of the most poignant in Homer, where Ulysses, after two decades of wandering, returns unknown to Ithaca, his majestic form muffled in beggars' rags ; and not even the devoted wife of his youth discerns in his seared and altered face the once-glorious monarch. But the old hound, lonely and neglected Argus, cannot be deceived. One ecstatic moment is the reward for twenty years of waiting. Then the intensity of joy is too acute, too sudden for the exhausted heart : and the faithful hound's life flickers out at the feet of his King.

> "It would indeed be hard to say with what race-classicism Miss Guiney's work is tinctured. Rather say she is a classic by temperament and has drawn to herself, as by chemical affinity, such things as are rare and choice in the world of books and life, and has fused them in the alembic of her own nature, until the resultant blend is something new and strange, having a racy tang and a flavour all its own, and yet with a hint of all the elements that went to its compounding."

That her '*Alexandriana*' [2] were accepted at first, by certain American professors and others, as genuine translations from the Greek, is perhaps one of the most gratifying tributes paid to her gift of voicing the long past sorrows and

[1] Laurence Binyon, "*The Flight of the Dragon*," pp. 106-7.
[2] Reprinted in "*Happy Ending*" as "Fifteen Epitaphs."

joys of a time and realm far other than our own ; but this was due to instinct or intuition in this instance, rather than to knowledge. Replying to Herbert Clarke, whose astuteness had detected one incongruous word (and whose amendment she accepted), she says, " The ' *Alexandriana* ' are all jokes, each of them founded on the master joke that I don't know *omicron* from *omega*, nor ever did, nor ever shall. . . . However . . . Dr. Garnett likes them : which is glory."

To the same affectionate but exacting critic, she sent the first MS. of her " *Charista Musing*," which might conceivably be mistaken for a rendering of some forgotten tribute of Meleager of Gadara, in an exceptionally subdued and chastened moment, to his exquisite, too-early-lost, belovéd Heliodore :

" Moveless, on the marge of a sunny cornfield,
Rapt in sudden revery while thou standest,
Like the sheaves, in beautiful Doric yellow
Clad to the ankle,

Oft to thee with delicate hasty footstep
So I steal, and suffer because I find thee
Inly flown, and only a fallen feather
Left of my darling.

Give me back thy wakening breath, thy ringlets
Fragrant as the vine of the bean in blossom,
And those eyes of violet dusk and daylight
Under sea-water :

Eyes too far away, and too full of longing !
Yes : and go not heavenward where I lose thee,
Go not, go not whither I cannot follow,
Being but earthly.

Willing swallow poisèd upon my finger,
Little wild-wing ever from me escaping,
For the care thou art to me, I thy lover
Love thee, and fear thee."

Yet no sooner have we lost consciousness of to-day and wandered, or floated, back to the youth of the world, than

we turn the page: the tune changes and we are in New England:

> " The spur is red upon the briar,
> The sea-kelp whips the wave ashore;
> The wind shakes out the colored fire
> From lamps a-row on the sycamore;
> The tanager, with flitting note,
> Shows to wild heaven his wedding-coat;
> The mink is busy; herds again
> Go hillward in the honeyed rain." [1]

How vivid a picture: but the inward shadow rises up out of the deeps:

> " I cry to Thee
> Whose heart
> Remembers each of these: Thou art
> My God Who has forgotten me."

This will speak to all who have known dark moments, hours, months, of that same desolation, when all the external beauty of Nature seems only to intensify the longing for some gracious mortal presence withdrawn for ever from this visible world.

> " Bright from the mast, a scarf unwound,
> The lined gulls in the offing ride;
> Along an edge of marshy ground
> The shad-bush enters like a bride.
> Yon little clouds are washed of care
> That climb the blue New England air,
> And almost merrily withal
> The hyla tunes at evenfall
> His oboe in a mossy tree.
> So, too,
> Am I not Thine? Arise, undo
> This fear Thou hast forgotten me."

But the heavens are brass; the abyss yawns wider; joy is dead, and the pale phantoms of past delights chant a sad

[1] "*An Outdoor Litany*," Shorter Poems ("*The Martyr's Idyl*"), p. 50.

mock requiem in which there is no repose. Terrible is God's gift to man of the power to grieve and to remember! More blessed seem beast and bird to whom each day is sufficient, without thought of the past or dread for the future:

> "Happy the vernal rout that come
> To their due offices to-day,
> And strange, if in Thy mercy's sum,
> Excluded man alone decay.
> I ask no triumph, ask no joy,
> Save leave to live in law's employ.
> As to a weed, to me but give
> Thy sap! lest aye inoperative
> Here in the Pit my strength shall be:
> And still
> Help me endure the Pit, until
> Thou wilt not have forgotten me."

In this cry of sorely tried but unshakable faith we see the same spirit that animates Theodora in "*The Martyr's Idyl*," and wins first the amazed homage and then the deep reverential love of the noble young Roman officer, whose devotion to the Christian martyr-maiden leads him to the scaffold.

Louise Guiney's rendering of the heroic deaths of Saint Theodora and the Centurion will impress us the more when we remember her keen consciousness of the beauties of earth. Hers was not the temperament of the stoic, nor even of the ascetic, but the deep feeling of the high-hearted poet who sees in every perishing beauty the symbol and promise of an immortal ecstasy, a sublime delight, which shall not pass away.

This nearness to the unseen breathes rapturously through "*Borderlands*":

> "Through all the evening,
> All the virginal long evening,
> Down the blossomed aisle of April it is dread to walk alone;
> For there the intangible is nigh, the lost is ever-during;

And who would suffer again beneath a too divine alluring,
Keen as the ancient drift of sleep on dying faces blown ?

Yet in the valley,
At a turn of the orchard alley,
When a wild aroma touched me in the moist and moveless air,
Like breath indeed from out Thee, or as airy vesture round Thee,
Then was it I went faintly, for fear I had nearly found Thee,
O Hidden, O Perfect, O Desired ! O first and final Fair."

" The term ' original ' is one to be used charily and with forethought," wrote the same discerning critic already quoted ; [1] " but it is one that belongs without danger of challenge to Miss Guiney's work. There is a distinct quality, both of treatment and conception, that is hers alone."

This verdict, pronounced eighteen years ago, has never been reversed.

[1] Jessie B. Rittenhouse, " *The Younger American Poets*," 1904.

PART II

AFTERNOON

"A happy genius is a gift of Nature: it depends on the influence of the stars, say the astrologers; on the organs of the body, say the naturalists; 'tis the particular gift of Heaven, say the divines. . . . How to improve it, many books can teach us; how to obtain it, none."

DRYDEN.

CHAPTER IX

A LITTLE ENGLISH GALLERY

"THE flower of art," says Henry James, "blooms only where the soil is deep." "It takes a great deal of history to produce a little literature" and "it needs a complex social machinery to set a writer in motion." [1]

Such also was the feeling, the conviction, of Louise Imogen Guiney, to whom the past could never be spoken of as 'dead.'

> "The air is laden with vibrations of bygone voices" (she says): "the voice of Firdusi, maybe, the voice of Theocritus, or that of both strangely blended; . . . or the rude massive voices of antiquity, re-born so fully and so lately that we swear them young as youth, and sacred only to the morrow. 'In the parliament of the present, every man represents a constituency of the past.'
>
> "We move in the craggy country, whose echoes are never stilled. A horn blows on the hill, clear, thrilling, musical; and we call to the coming huntsman. But lo! it is only the wafted sound of Roland's horn at Roncesvalles. . . .
>
> "We have to remember sighingly that our standards of originality are relative; and the highest praise must be, not that our author is a law unto himself, but that his manner is suggestive of nothing that we can call to mind. But, meanwhile, no one critic carries the memory of all literature in his head, and no writer had ever the benefit of a coroner's inquest of all critics. . . .

[1] "*Nathaniel Hawthorne*," p. 3.

> " The sober truth is that, in a super-Solomonic sense, it is vain to sigh for anything new under the sun. . . . It is a melancholy certainty that as our choicest witticisms were ' old Indian before they were new Greek,' so all fine sayings are fossiliferous—if we but knew it ! . . .
>
> " Our empire over words is like a banner worn to a threadbare fold ; but there is great diversity of character in the handling of it ; and its storied beauty, borne through dingy cities, is, after all, that which keeps a race alive." [1]

Notwithstanding the intense love for America which throbs through poems like " *Memorial Day*," " *To the Outbound Republic*," and the odes to Grant and Sherman, while living in the United States she was seldom free from home-sickness for the ancestral country in which her historic memories were rooted.

From Auburndale, she returned to Boston, and for some time had a billet at the Public Library.

> " It is as beautiful a prison house as can be imagined," she wrote to her English friends Herbert Clarke and his wife : " and, luckily for me, I like, and know, the women and the men with whom I am thrown into association every day. Post Office is a bad dream, to look back upon. . . . My head is always full of London, and of the things I could do if I were only there : nice biographical seventeenth-century things." [2]

Not long afterwards to the same correspondent :

> " I had a good idea, t'other day, which I'll carry out if ever I get back to Lunnon, to wit : a reprint, with a portrait, preface, and notes, of Buckingham's *Rehearsal*. I love it well, and have always thought it full of sublimated sound sense, as well as phosphorus. *He* was a Bad Lot, I'm afraid : a regular brilliant nuisance, like Alcibiades, with not a shred of moral fibre."

[1] "*A Little Treatise on Plagiarisms*" (no date, probably 1888).
[2] January, 1899.

Even readers who have scarcely a bowing acquaintance with Restoration history can hardly forget George Villiers, Second Duke of Buckingham, as long as Dryden is read,—'glorious John' having dipped his pen in vitriol to describe him:

> "A man so various that he seemed to be
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
> Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
> Was everything by starts, and nothing long,
> But in the course of one revolving moon
> Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon:
> Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
> Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking."

Yet if Buckingham was most disreputably infatuated with that handsome harpy, Lady Shrewsbury, he was, with another side of his nature, the friend not only of the gentle poet Cowley, to whose memory he put up the monument we see to-day in Westminster Abbey, but also of William Penn,—as Louise Guiney was to realise when she afterwards had time to study his extraordinary career, elucidated as it subsequently was in Lady Burghclere's temperate and scholarly biography.[1] But the editing of his witty, ironical, and pungent comedy unfortunately never materialised, though Louise Guiney was in the last ten years of her life well qualified to undertake it. She had come to recognise that far from being "without a shred of moral fibre," the tragedy of Buckingham's career consisted in the gradual demoralisation of a nature richly endowed and clearly intended for better things. It is often said that no man is a hero to his valet; but George, Duke of Buckingham, having run through several fortunes in that spectacularly extravagant manner characteristic of his type of prodigality,—and having squandered not only wealth but honour,—nevertheless kept, in his disgraced and broken state, the devotion of his servants; and even after his death, Brian Fairfax, who knew all his faults but who loved him to the

[1] "*George Villiers, Second Duke of Buckingham*, 1628-1687. . . . By Winifred, Lady Burghclere. London, John Murray, 1903."

end, wrote with heartfelt regret of the wreckage of one whose talents might have expanded to the stature of genius had he but possessed " justice," self-control and judgment.

Louise Guiney in her Bostonian days, however, was much more inclined to see the extenuating circumstances in the life-drama of Buckingham's King, to whom she often alluded, and whose portrait she was delighted to possess :

> " A friend of mine, a fresh apple of a girl, who knows a lot about the seventeenth century, and is herself a painter, gave me lately a jolly little portrait on copper of K. Charles II., which she picked up in a sort of junk-shop in Bath. . . . and I daresay it was painted from life. About 1655 seems to be the date, during the exile at Brussels or Breda. We mean to identify it more fully, sometime. A curio of that sort is very rare, and it constitutes at present the chief joy of my life. It is oval in shape, and as big as a big locket would be. The colours are clear, but the copper is flaky with age." [1]

Such a present as this carried her back in thought to a period to which she always had an irresistible attraction. But her daily life continued to be extremely fatiguing : not quite so devitalising as the eleven-hours-a-day drudgery in the Post Office at Auburndale, but sufficiently exhausting to make literary work intensely difficult. Sometimes a note of weariness and sadness sounds through her letters, gay and sparkling as many of them were. Every now and then there was an obvious and definite cause for sorrow, as for instance the early death of one of the best-admired of her colleagues at the Library, Philip Savage :

> " Did you ever run across either of his two slender books ? " she wrote to Herbert Clarke ; " He had a greater intimacy with the open air than anyone I ever knew : a genuine poetic temperament, shy, gentle, brave, positive. His verse was just a bit quaintly scholastic, for all that. It reminded me sometimes of the seventeenth century lyrists, . . . Well, he died

[1] To Herbert E. Clarke, Dec. 13, 1899.

suddenly, went out in three days, quick as a candle, from the full of his life and energy. He was one-and-thirty, the best-beloved of his father's children, and engaged to the loveliest of girls: an exquisite little creature, grey-eyed and gold-haired, who breaks my heart with her tearless courage."

Her ardent sympathies made her feel this tragedy very keenly, and other circumstances further contributed to increase her weariness and inward discouragement. Moreover, the turmoil of a town exhausted her, and to her Irish friend Dora Sigerson, Mrs. Clement Shorter, she occasionally allowed her fatigue to become visible:

"I have no shadow of a head any more, and cannot put two sentences together, in prose even. I envy the lucky souls who can grind away at the sort of labor which seems the duty of the hour, and keep their hold on the abstract world. I know I can't."

Then, with a flash of her characteristic spirit, she adds: "But it is not tragic in the least, and I do not mean to complain. Besides, I like my daily chore, which is in the Catalogue (Department) of our great Boston Public Library.

"Your admired Alice Brown lives nearly opposite me. . . . We both look back to that dear open-air summer in the blessed English valleys as our last oasis. I tell her she is 'in' with the gods, whatever betide; for she can still write!

"You will smile when I tell you that I have a book on the very point of publication.[1] Verses, too. But they date from 1894-96. I shall ask you to put a copy on your shelf, very soon, and mark it 'the dregs and lees of a poeticule.'. . .

"Some day when I am free (*i.e.* moth-eaten and tame with years) I am going to emigrate to some hamlet that smells strong of the Middle Ages, and put cotton-wool in my ears, and swing out clear from this very smart century altogether."

[1] "*The Martyr's Idyl*."

"That dear open-air summer in the blessed English valleys," was a walking-tour she had taken in 1895 with Alice Brown.

> "We were there," writes Miss Brown,[1] "about five months, beginning at primrose tide. Those were Victorian days when it would have been almost actionable to wear a walking skirt of the present brevity, and we devised one with loops and buttons, so that it could be caught up to a convenient height for our stride and let decently down as we reached the habitations of man. We must have looked like two weird sisters, for the dresses were similarly made of a brown serge said to be waterproof, and we wore Norfolk jackets, high brown leggings to match, soft brown hats, and carried shoulder packs slung from a strap. As the miles and days rolled by and our outfit grew more dusty and tumbled, we must have been a sight,—two sights. The youth of England lost no opportunity of showing their appreciation of our general unfitness for the conventional world. Little boys and girls used to leave their play and bend double, exploding over our eccentricities. Once, as we were entering a village in Wales, a child going soberly on in advance of us chanced to turn round, uttered one shriek and fled, and, when we passed through the little street, mothers stood at their doors, children peeping from their skirts, all regarding us anxiously, no doubt pattering a prayer. And as they had thought, so was it unto them. We bent over our staffs and walked witch-like, grimacing horribly. I believe we must be a tradition there to this day. Sometimes they took us for gipsies, sometimes rogues and vagabonds. At Glastonbury, where we were seeking lodgings, a woman exclaimed, as if in sudden enlightenment, the only possible explanation of our rakishness, 'Is there a play to-night at the Assembly Room?'
>
> "At Sidmouth another lodging-house keeper inquired, frowning perplexedly, 'Have you been shrimping in Ladram Bay?'

[1] Letter to E. M. Tenison, 1922.

"In looking over my letters home I find an entry made by L. I. G.: 'You'd give a florin to see our duds. They're wondrous, parti-colored, faded, shrunken, foreign, mystic, mad, colonial, unique, melancholy, soul-subduing.'

"'Even in Gloucester,' I wrote, 'our get-up excites ribald laughter. But we have our remedy. We enquire solemnly of some convulsed soul if a company of ten other ladies in brown have gone that way, and while he expires in amazement over the picture conjured up to him, we slip quietly by.'... But we loved our gipsy uniform, especially when Louise stuck a long pheasant's feather in her hat; ... and at London I wrote: 'Our dear brown dresses are laid sadly away.'

"We were overflowing with life and laughter. The actual record of the trip would be what Valentine of 'Off the Skelligs' called 'an egregious and tender lark.' That was the froth of it, but it lacked not body also. There were serious quests at English literary shrines."

A pilgrimage to the Brecon valley, the ancient Roman 'Siluria,' and its significance, are described elsewhere;[1] but lack of time prevented a visit to Scarborough where these pilgrims would have liked "to see if Anne Brontë's grave was suitably tended."

"From Shrewsbury I wrote: 'Lou keeps finding Coleridge and Hazlitt plums.' It was there she came on the track of an old old woman who was said to remember the Hazlitts; but all the old woman could recall was, 'Billy Hazlitt? Billy Hazlitt? Why 'e used to 'ide under the 'edges and frighten the maids a-going to market!'

"Again there was a lovely lonely walk over Salisbury Plain to the Pheasant Inn, or Winterslow Hut, where Hazlitt loved to write. The old sign had been taken down and we had a characteristically wild desire to buy it and save it from destruction. But it was ironclad and very heavy and we left it mournfully behind. At

[1] Chapter XII., "Henry Vaughan, Silurist."

High Ercall, near Shrewsbury, had lived Lady Danvers,[1] George Herbert's mother, and that was another fortunate pilgrimage. . . . So it went on from the first hunt at Knutsford for traces of Mrs. Gaskell and 'Cranford,' to Llangollen . . . and thence to Dorchester, where my letter says:

"'In front of Hardy's house is a great level field full of cows, beyond it more fields and hills of that frowning livid purple that is Dorset. We walked to Bere Regis where the Durbeyfields moved after Tess lost Angel. At Wareham we asked a native how far it was to Bere Regis and he said: 'Seven long miles through the moor.' The seven miles we made in an hour and fifty minutes. The road was as straight as a pencil over that bitterest, most livid, Hardy moor. The cloud shadows were heavy and the larks sang, but to the spirit it was a frightening way. Clouds began to pile up and thunder to threaten and we walked the last half mile under driving rain, and ran into the church pell-mell—the church lovely, queer, quaint, with two old d'Urberville monuments and a bright heraldic window, old as Time, full of their arms.'

"On the race across the moor Louise found the heads of Roman Emperors in the piled up clouds, and out of that came her poem, "Romans in Dorset." Then from London we walked beside Matthew Arnold's Thames, led by those magic names, Iffley, Cumnor, Bablock Hythe; and one line from my letter runs, 'We are hoping a party of us can walk to Canterbury, along the old pilgrim road, sixty-two miles in these days.'"[2]

That walk was never accomplished. Enough, however, was seen and felt, elsewhere, to enable both pilgrims to return to Boston rich in memories and inspirited to start work anew. Louise Guiney's delight in the English countryside had arisen in the first place from that love for English poetry and history which made her feel the atmosphere and

[1] Subject of an essay in L. I. Guiney's "*Little English Gallery*," 1894.

[2] Alice Brown to E. M. Tenison.

associations with especial poignancy. Original as her own work always is, she never tires of indicating that she drew her strength out of the past :

" Writers give out, in a large sense, what they take in ; and what they take in is as old as the earth," she remarks. " The prime difficulty with a scrupulous poor dog of an author is to be sure he carries off no hat nor umbrella besides his own." [1]

As to her own obligations, nothing pleased her better than to proclaim them :

" I owe much to the minor lyrists of King Charles I.'s time, and to Sidney and Spenser before them, and to Shelley, Wordsworth and Matthew Arnold. The great prose writers who taught me my little prose are Sir Thomas Browne, Jeremy Taylor, Burke, Lamb, Hazlitt, Newman and Stevenson." [2]

Her wanderings on the trail of these much-loved predecessors leave many traces in her poetry. In London she visited the grave of that irascible friend of Charles Lamb, William Hazlitt, one of the figures in her " *Little English Gallery* " and " *London Sonnets.*"

" Between the wet trees and the sorry steeple,
Keep, Time, in dark Soho, what once was Hazlitt,
Seeker of Truth, and finder oft of beauty." . . .

Of the fascination London exercised over her, much has been said elsewhere :[3] Paris she never entirely loved, perhaps because the tragedies of 1793 haunted her even amidst all the modern grace and glitter. Devon and Cornwall, every part indeed of south-western England, wooed her irresistibly ; but her crowning devotion was to Oxford.

This adoration of Oxford, voiced first in " *Nine Sonnets,*" privately printed in 1895, and subsequently amplified in " *England and Yesterday* " (1898), can only be imperfectly conveyed when any one sonnet is detached from its brethren ; but there are two, out of the finally revised fourteen, which

[1] " *A Little Treatise on Plagiarisms.*"
[2] Letter quoted in " *Current Literature,*" May, 1897.
[3] Chapter XI., " England and Yesterday," pp. 135-140.

any habitual reader of her work would know for hers. Take, for instance, "*The Old Dial at Corpus*," *loquitur* :

> " Warden of hours and ages, here I dwell,
> Who saw young Keble pass, with sighing shook
> For good unborn ; and towards a willow nook,
> Pole, princely in the senate and the cell ;
> And doubting the near boom of Oseney bell,
> Turning on me that sweetly subtile look,
> Erasmus, in his breast an Attic book :
> Peacemakers all, their dreams to ashes fell.
>
> Naught steadfast may I image nor attain
> Save steadfast labour ; futile must I grope
> After my god, like him, inconstant bright :
> But sun and shade will unto you remain
> Alternately a symbol and a hope,
> Men, spirits ! of Emmanuel your Light." [1]

Most characteristic of all is the concluding Sonnet of the series, "*A Last View*" : [2]

> " Where down the hill, across the hidden ford
> Stretches the open aisle from scene to scene,
> By halted horses silently we lean,
> Gazing enchanted from our steeper sward.
> How yon low loving skies of April hoard
> A plot of pinnacles ! and how with sheen
> Of spike and ball her languid clouds between
> Grey Oxford grandly rises riverward !
>
> Sweet on those dim long-dedicated walls
> Silver as rain the frugal sunshine falls ;
> Slowly sad eyes resign them, bound afar.
> Dear Beauty, dear Tradition, fare you well,
> And powers that aye aglow in you, impel
> Our quickening spirits from the slime we are." [1]

[1] "*England and Yesterday*," p. 18 ; and "*Happy Ending*," p. 153. An MS. note in the author's copy : " Alas ! I find that the Dial was not built till 1605."

[2] "*England and Yesterday*," p. 27, and "*Happy Ending*," p. 157.

" Dear Beauty, dear Tradition " : in the caressing epithet those who knew and loved the writer still hear her voice.

This devotion to Oxford breathes also through her letters :

> " I had a walk yesterday," she writes one early spring, to Miss Gwenllian Morgan : " Oxford was wonderful in all vistas, partly owing to the floods, every field a great lagoon, where the clear yellow and orange sky lay mirrored, with tumbling violet-coloured clouds riding over and through. Put those spires and pinnacles for a background ; and you see the picture which ' takes the heart of me ' the more, the longer I live." [1]

And again :

> " Professor Napier took us over Merton, into the most secret nooks of the Library, into the Fellows' Garden over the old City wall, and to the top of the tower. It was a heavenly day, pure blue overhead, opalescent cloud and haze all along the horizon on the hills, and every grove and quad below dazzlingly brilliant in scarlet, gold-green, and purple ; and a thousand pinnacles stood up among them like an angelic army's spears ! There never was such a city, except ' Jerusalem which is above, which is our Mother ! ' It takes the very heart of me with adoration. I thought all day of poor Lionel,[2] who loved it too.
>
> " In the evening, though with some reluctance, I went to the tercentenary reception at the University Galleries. . . . Everybody was there, and the scene exceptionally brilliant, with the splendid show of University gowns. . . . Dr. Garnett was there in a corner, as modest as ever. There was a most gorgeous copper silk gown floating about, with very wide fur-trimmed sleeves, absolutely mediaeval, from the

[1] 7th March, 1903.

[2] Lionel Johnson, elsewhere described by her as " a calm Virgilian young person, small and silent, with a knowing sidelong smile, pleasant as a bookish fay's." (Letter to Herbert E. Clarke.)

Sorbonne. I did not see Dom Gasquet. There were a thousand guests to see, though ! . . .

" Not a syllable of that Froude preface is written ! " [1]

This last remark refers to one of the works she had most at heart, a study of Hurrell Froude, lovable and spiritual-minded brother of the entertaining and brilliant but less personally attractive James Anthony Froude (whose lifelike " *Julius Caesar* " she enjoyed, and whose extraordinary attempt to dress up Henry VIII. in wings and a halo astounded her, as well it might).

" It is about frantic I am ! and *not* principally on Hurrell Froude's account, although I give him five hours of every day. That Bodleian is a snare to me ; and I get often and variously beguiled from my proper nineteenth century back to the more delectable seventeenth. . . . And when I most need to settle down to dull copying (for R. H. F.) then a sprite pulls at my elbow, and shows me something which I positively *must* look at, dated, perhaps, 1651 : and then I am lost, and go home, tearing my hair, to interviews with the scavenger and the carpet-man. It seems as if I never could finish with the too-fascinating things in said ' Bibl. Bodl.' There are acres of Oxford Movement books which I have still to read." [2]

Concerning this projected book of hers, she wrote to Mr. Clement Shorter :

" A ' life ' of Hurrell Froude is exactly what the thing will not be ! Gladly would I undertake a brief ' Life,' but there seems to be no fresh material ; and my plan, all along, has been simply to reproduce some of the beautiful marginal sketches (if I may so name them), of R. H. F. by Newman, Dean Church (or rather Lord Blatchford, in Dean Church's book), the Rev. T. Mozley, and others : to quote also in full, some adverse criticisms ; to use a portrait and some illustrations ; to reprint some of his own best verse and prose ; and put with these an

[1] 9 Oct. 1902. [2] To Miss Gwenllian E. F. Morgan.

introduction-study by the editor. A sort of collection of documents, or non-theological memoirs *pour servir*: but not in the least a 'Life.'"

This sounds a comparatively simple task; but many difficulties came in the way: illnesses, delays, personal anxieties, interruptions of all sorts:

> "Indeed Hurrell Froude is anything but done," she wrote in reply to a sympathising enquiry. "I am sending in material for the four illustrations, and part of the MSS. this week; but I have not put together two words of the Preface, as yet! I seem to live in a storm of other things. Did I tell you I had been most cordially invited by his niece (the Baroness von Hügel) to Cambridge, in late October, to hear family legends and read some unknown letters? Of course I long to go.... The Baroness, like all the children of Mr. William Froude (Hurrell's next youngest and much beloved brother), is a Catholic." [1]

On the trail of Froude memories she went to Devonshire in March of 1901, with her much loved 'Aunt Betty,' Miss Elizabeth Doyle. To the friend in South Wales who participated in all her literary and historical tastes, she wrote from Dartmouth:

> "It is colder and damper than I ever knew Devon could be." But "this is a picturesque town, built in tiers, street over street, from the water-side. We see from our quaint windows nothing but Elizabethan and Jacobean gables. The perspective is exceedingly odd and romantic. The Church is close by, with graves all about it; the interior has a glorious Perpendicular chancel-screen of carved and coloured wood, quite unspoiled; and the pulpit is almost equally fine, though later.... King Charles the First was here in 1646; this pulpit, with its arms, devices, and" (here she draws the Royal C. R. with crown above and a rose below) "is one of the memorials of his visit; and the house where

[1] To Miss Gwenllian E. F. Morgan.

> he lodged, a splendid example of a colonaded timbered house, is shown in the Butter Walk. You would like, too, I know, the hilly walks out from the ancient staircase-like streets. I walk, because, so far, I can do nothing else : my brain appears to be paralysed ; I can neither read, write, nor think. But as soon as I can command, ever so little, what Mrs. Browning calls ' the uses of the soul,' I will go up river to Totnes, and call promptly upon my two dear friends Robert Herrick of Dean Prior, and Hurrell Froude of Dartington."

The charm of the past, which she felt vividly around Dartmouth, both soothed and upheld her : and certainly nothing could be more typically English than the scene which daily met her eyes : the placid green hills, the groups of trees, the winding river ; and H.M.S. *Britannia*, standing out black and white against the rose and gold of sunset, the cheery voice of bugles wafted across smooth waters to the shore, with a music which spoke of Nelson and of Nelsons to be ; for not yet had the old wooden walls, which sheltered so many future men-of-action, been broken up, regardless of history or sentiment, and her timbers scattered and sold.

Nelson and the British Navy had thrilled Louise Guiney even in her nursery days ; and at Dartmouth her memories went back to that Sixteenth Century when men of Devon carried the name and fame of England ' over the Ocean-Sea ' to many a far continent. Further yet into the past her thoughts adventured, for she remembered (what many English folk forget) that King Richard Cœur de Lion had been an Admiral as well as a General and military-engineer.

> " This little town is a charmer to me," she wrote again from Dartmouth : " I have discovered that the *Mayflower*, with all the Pilgrim Fathers aboard, lay here a whole week in harbour, anno 1630, quite as the long bright galleys of Richard Lionheart's Crusaders lay five centuries before them.
>
> " I find the Church, too, has a distinct character, and is most lovable on acquaintance. Architecturally, of

course, it is pretty rude, despite the exquisitely elaborate screen.

"It pleased me much on Tuesday to run across another American association at Dartington, whither I walked to see my dear Hurrell Froude's grave. The hall there was the birthplace (as it flashed upon me) of Francis Champernowne, the youngest son of his family, and kinsman of Raleigh and Sir Ferdinando Gorges, to whom was given Gerrish Island, off our Maine coast, which he ruled honourably and well, and where he died, worrying over the civil storms at home, in 1647. When I was a youngster I knew and loved Gerrish Island, and I can see now, in memory, the lonely cairn,—

'Where all the Atlantic shakes the shore,'—

of that Hamlet-like exile of a Francis Champernowne.

"These are the things wh(ich) wake me up, after a long nightmare of practical things, and make me begin to live!" [1]

The sudden and very serious illness of her 'Aunt Betty' was part of the 'long nightmare of practical things' which racked her with distress and anxiety, and delayed the progress of her work. Nor, as she tells Miss Morgan, had she found the information she expected for her Froude book.

"I think seriously of going to Birmingham . . . to call upon Dr. Ryder, (with whom I have had some correspondence,) at the Oratory there. He is a charming old priest, and a true poet, and was Newman's house-mate and intimate for many years. This because I am so baffled here in Devon about Hurrell Froude! It would seem as if that entire family, distinguished as they were seventy years ago, had vanished without a sign or memorial, and 'the place that knew them knows them no more': I mean so far as their old haunts are concerned. I have found at Dartmouth the pathetic graves,—so many died in their youth,—but nothing else, beyond printed records. Of course I am only at

[1] To Miss Gwenllian E. F. Morgan.

> the beginning of a search. The present Mr. Hurrell Froude knows even less than I do. It is my theory that women treasure up souvenirs and recollections of one beloved more than men do, do they not ? and so I mean to try to reach Mr. W. H. Mallock some day, as he was the son of Hurrell Froude's only sister. But also, I hope to be allowed to find some trace of Newman's 'dearest' at the Oratory. Newman was one of the most loyal rememberers who ever lived."

Her wish to start an 'Oxford Movement' Library at Littlemore, and her keen interest in the spiritual life-drama of Newman, may be remembered by some at Oxford even now. In regard to her Hurrell Froude book, the difficulties seemed interminable, and when at last it came out, after some nerve-racking delays, the critics, with few exceptions, appear to have received it coldly. Possibly some may have reviewed it without reading it, for one in particular alluded to it as strained and affected: an unexpected and disconcerting comment on such a labour of love. But individual appreciations made amends: Lord Halifax, she tells Miss Morgan, wrote " a most beautiful letter, saying someone gave him my *Froude* for Christmas, and that it 'goes straight to his heart.' This you shall see. It has rejoiced me beyond measure, because I have always felt that I would rather have his good opinion about that book than that of anybody else in England. . . . He says also that he is coming to see me sometime." As to material profit from all this labour, it was negligible: a ten pound bill for proof corrections, a seven pound bill for indexing, had to be paid out of the author's pocket; and the royalty on the work was only ten per cent. Among Louise Guiney's many charming arts and accomplishments, the art of driving a bargain had never been included; but her chronic impecuniosity distressed her mainly because it so often cramped her powers of accomplishing impersonal aims, to the honour of the dead or for the benefit of the living. To Miss Gwenllian Morgan she wrote at this time, " What would I not give (1) to be rich; (2) to live with you (by way of rivalling the Ladies of Llangollen),

and project our double energy into the business of setting up memorials!"

Like Newman, she was herself a most loyal 'rememberer'; and after the death of her devoted 'Aunt Betty' (who had companioned her in Oxford while her mother went back to see about the sale of a little property in Maine, U.S.A.), she had contrived, in 1903, poor as she was, to have erected in Wolvercote Cemetery a monument the details of which she explains to Miss Morgan:

> "I have just had put up a memorial Cross over my dearest Aunty's grave: it is Galway dark grey marble, very slender, an odd simple Celtic pattern which I adapted from an Isle of Man one! It has a rough-hewn base, and two small rough footstones. I think it exceedingly lovely. On the circle, or disc, of the Cross, I have PAX, but no other word *on* the Cross. Below it, on a tablet-like smooth surface, in front of the unpolished rock, is the inscription, which I put in Latin for the sake of brevity and the significance not possible in English.
>
> ANNO · MCMII.
> DECEMBRIS · XXVIII.
> IN · CORDE · JESU (In the Heart of Jesus.)
> ELIZABETHA · DOYLE.
> DELASSATA. (Very weary, or outworn.)
>
> The maker, Glanville of Dublin, was indefatigably attentive and intelligent, as I hoped he might be. This gratified me deeply. Thank you, dear, for your thought of me these anniversary days, with the light upon them of the Will of God." [1]

At this period of her life, great sorrows oppressed her, and petty yet alarming worries goaded her. Though her "*Robert Emmet*" (another labour of love, elsewhere described [2]) came out in the same year as her "*Hurrell Froude*," it was financially even more unprofitable. Her American friends,

[1] This Celtic cross now also marks her own grave. E. M. T.

[2] Chapter XIII., "Dark Rosaleen."

affectionately and not unnaturally, besought her to return to Boston. This distressed her the more acutely as her point of view was not easy to convey, except to those who understood it already without explanation.

From Oxford early in 1904 she wrote to Miss Morgan of Brecon :

> " Please don't forget to pray without ceasing that I may stay in England. I would be built in, like mortar in a wall ! " *A propos* of some who did not share her feeling, she adds, " I find it difficult to argue with those who cannot conceive your premises, and who have never felt the hold, strong as Life or Death, which the Past gets upon certain temperaments. We have every prospect, every modern convenience undreamed of hereabouts, in U.S.A. ; but, oh, for the
>
> ' old unhappy far-off things
> And battles long ago.'
>
> I belong to them."

To the same ever-congenial friend she wrote,

> " A bit of news lately has given me an absurd twinge. Professor Saintsbury is actually printing with the Clarendon Press a big volume of Carolian Minor Poets : the identical work in scope and tone, apparently, which I have passionately dreamed of doing for a good fifteen years and more. . . . Of course I never could have, as I never have had, the shekels to set an army of copiers to work, or buy up old bookies, bless 'em ! But I used to think that was what I was for. . . . Well : fiat voluntas Dei."

To draw attention to the work of others, if that work satisfied her very exacting standard, was one of her never-failing pleasures : the word ' jealousy ' nobody ever heard her use ; it was, moreover, an emotion she never managed to understand. Of literary egoism she had not a particle. Her eagerness in praise of a certain young American novelist, Beulah Marie Dix, denotes responsiveness all the more

remarkable in that fiction did not as a rule appeal to her. To Miss Gwenllian Morgan she commends this " story of the Civil Wars by a girl I know, which I want you to read. . . . She is a fine taciturn youngster, a good historical student. I was hugely taken with *Blount of Breckenhow*. It seems to me to have enormous merits and few blemishes, and to shine with the honour and loyalty of heroine and hero . . . in all that it sets out to be it seems to me a most gallant book of ' the warres ' and of the human heart."

Again, a few weeks later :

> " I have two books I am crazy to lend you. . . . One is a most noble and remarkable seventeenth-century love-story of ' the warres,' called *Blount of Breckenhow*, written by Beulah Dix, an American girl I know. It is all in the form of make-believe letters, done with a very sure and lightly archaic hand, and at fault in very few particulars, being based on genuine historic knowledge. Macmillan has the book. I mean to praise and commend it on all sides. In general, I despise so-called ' historic fiction,' but this is a magnificent little work, and I went through it prancing."

Replying to Miss Morgan's comments after reading it, she says, " I am perfectly delighted to have you like *Blount of Breckenhow*. I never read fiction either. . . . But I lost my heart to *Blount*."

There was another novel of the Seventeenth Century she subsequently found satisfactory. Set after the Restoration, —its main scenes relating to the Revolution, and the Highland campaign of 1689,—" *The Knight of the Golden Sword* " [1] (by the military historian of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee), appealed to her particularly, in that it depicted England, Scotland, and Ireland in the days of the anti-Catholic Penal Laws, and sketched James II.'s attempt to repeal them : a venture costing the King his crown. These events were shown as from the standpoint of a supposed contemporary Franco-Irish Catholic, who combined Celtic fidelity to the losing side with a French lucidity of expression. This,

[1] Chatto & Windus, 1909. By Michael Barrington.

and A. E. W. Mason's "*Clementina*," "*Chantemerle*," by D. K. Broster and W. Taylor, and Miss Beatrice Barmby's "*Rosslyn's Raid*" (in which last she pointed out some anachronisms, while keenly admiring the force and fire of the neglected story), are among the few historical novels she afterwards read and enjoyed.

She would do much for friendship: even overcome her dislike to modern fiction, and in 1920 she read the MS. of a Twentieth Century novel, giving up to it a couple of hours every evening after her tiring day of work. It was a life-drama in which love and war, heredity and destiny, the clash between good and evil, the mysterious fate by which the innocent suffer for the guilty, were all blended in what she considered a harmonious whole: harmonious to her especially, because the scene was partly laid in Cornwall, where Celtic tradition still lingers, and the hero's ancestors, generation after generation, had been prodigal givers, for God, King and Country, seldom living soft lives or dying in their beds. The high seas, the losing battle, the scaffold, had swept one after another from time into Eternity, leaving to their descendant their gracious chivalry and the stern fatality which predestines such men to be tried and tested to the utmost. In the central figure, a Cornishman,—a British officer in a regiment known in the eighteenth century as "The 60th Royal Americans" and to-day as The King's Royal Rifle Corps,—Louise Guiney saw the spirit of that 'old England' she so loved and prized. "The publisher who could refuse this, will deserve to be hanged, drawn and quartered," was her brief but sufficient comment, after reading to the final page. She had commended also an American novelist who in 1912 had dealt "twice over with true passion," and had made it "stand subservient to the law of honour, as hardly any novelist nowadays dares to make it." [1]

The vexed question of "public taste" was one in which she, who was brimming over with magnanimity, would have liked to take hopeful views, despite the incessant slow

[1] Letter to "My dear Mr. Redfield," subsequently revealed as a pseudonym of Miss Alice Brown.

wearing-down of her personal hopes. "If there were no Supreme Spirit to adore, I should certainly adore human goodness," she wrote to Miss Morgan in 1904: "The thought of it lightens, even in the abstract, very much sadness otherwise almost unendurable."

But 'human goodness,' with its yearnings and aspirations, is apt not to have so irresistible an appeal to those whose business it is to organise the sale of literature. There have been some notable exceptions; but even so far back as 1877, when Louise Guiney, aged sixteen, was still at Elmhurst, George Meredith in his humorous fashion had rebuked the professional critics for being "attached to the machinery forcing perishable matter on a public that swallows voraciously and groans." The arbiters of public taste, he suggested, "might, with encouragement, be attending to the study of art in literature." But

> "our critics appear to be fascinated by the quaintness of our public, as the world is when our beast-garden has a new importation of magnitude, and the creature's appetite is reverently consulted.
>
> "They stipulate for a writer's popularity before they will do much more than take the position of umpires to record his failure or success. Now the pig supplies the most popular of dishes, but it is not accounted the most honoured of animals, unless it be by the cottager. Our public might surely be led to try other, perhaps finer, meat. It has good taste in song. It might be taught as justly, on the whole—and the sooner when the cottager's view of the feast shall cease to be the humble one of our literary critics,—to extend this capacity for delicate choosing.". . .[1]

It may be questioned whether any generality about the "public" can voice the entire truth: for the public is, and ever will be, made up of individuals; and far from all men (and women) being equal,—as revolutionaries so monotonously assert,—experience compels more impartial observers

[1] "*An Essay on Comedy and the Uses of the Comic Spirit*," George Meredith, 1877. Reprinted, Constable & Co., 1897.

to recognise that human beings are all different. (Even with identical heredity and surroundings, a family of half a dozen may each be unlike all the others.) The writer who has something to say, must write regardless of any imagined bogey of " Public Taste," and must address those unknown and yet-to-be-revealed friends who sooner or later rally round the author who gives of his best, and trusts in the hearts and intellects of his fellow-creatures. It is sometimes said that Louise Guiney was neglected and ignored in " English literary circles." But she had the admiration of Andrew Lang, Dr. Edmund Gosse, William Sharpe, Dr. Garnett, Clement Shorter, and others equally unlike the Apostle Paul in the matter of suffering fools gladly ; and Lionel Johnson dedicated to her one of the most poignant, most ethereal, and most characteristic of his poems ; the prayer of the mortal to the Heavenly Hosts, the cry of the earth-imprisoned poet to the minstrels of everlasting harmony :

" Would that with you I were imparadised,
White Angels around Christ !
That by the borders of the eternal sea
Singing, I too might be :
Where dewy green the palm trees on the strand,
Your gentle shelter, stand :
Where reigns the Victor Victim, and His Eyes
Control eternities !
Immortally your music flows in sweet
Stream round the Wounded Feet,
And rises to the Wounded Hands ; and then
Springs to the Home of Men,
The Wounded Heart : and there in flooding praise
Circles, and sings, and stays.

My broken music wanders in the night,
Faints, and finds no delight :
White Angels ! take of it one piteous tone,
And mix it with your own !
Then, as He feels your chaunting flow less clear,
He will but say *I hear*

The sorrow of My child on earth ! and send
Some fair celestial friend,
One of yourselves, to help me : and you will,
Choirs of the Holy Hill,
Help me, who walk in darkness, far away
From your enduring day :
Who have the wilderness for home, till morn
Break, and my day be born ;
And on the Mount of Myrrh burn golden-white
Light from the Light of Light." [1]

From another poet had come in 1896 a tribute which must not now remain buried in the back files of the *Sketch* : " Miss Louise Imogen Guiney is the finest type of New England woman," wrote Katharine Tynan (Mrs. Harry Hinkson). " They taught us, those sisters of ours across the water, long ago, how to become absolutely free women while retaining the most exquisite femininity " ; and instead of " clamouring for forbidden things " they meet the world " with innocent and fearless eyes, and find in their fearlessness their armour."

In her first book of essays [2] Louise Guiney, not thinking of herself, but looking with a boyish admiration upon some of her countrywomen, had claimed for them that " Shakespeare's Rosalind is not very dissimilar to the best type of the much-maligned American girl," who is " full of ' frolic parley,' self-reliant, tender, womanly." Therefore she was gratified by these remarks from a poet, of whose book of country verse, " *The Wind in the Trees*," [3] she had written, " Mrs. Hinkson . . . is of Gaelic blood ; and that she has overcome the ' fatal facility ' of Irish genius, while keeping intact all its young wild quality, is the best leaf in her cap of bays. . . . Many of the little landscapes have a tenderness and dreamy autumnal glamour like Corot's ; the tints are subdued, fondly melancholy, unforgettable."

[1] " De Profundis." 1897. (In " *Poetical Works of Lionel Johnson* " (Elkin Mathews, MCMXV.), pp. 225-226.

[2] *Goose Quill Papers*, 1885, p. 68.

[3] Dedicated by Mrs. Hinkson, " To Alice Meynell, Sweeter than Summer."

Admirably Katharine Tynan sums up the main characteristics of Louise Imogen Guiney:

> "The freedom of the road is in her work, and, blent delightfully with it, is the student air of knowledge and contemplation. Miss Guiney is a classical scholar,[1] and has gained from the classics what so many women of monumental industry miss—the distinction, the clarity, the golden light and colour, which belong to the finest art of
>
> 'The glory that was Greece,
> And the grandeur that was Rome.'
>
> "She carries her learning delicately. . . .
>
> "Miss Guiney is in love with bygone things,—with the wealth of beauty and art which a people old in civilisation has heaped up for itself." She "joins to her Celtic passion for beauty a great love of England. Reading her work, one is often reminded of her countryman Mr. Henry James's '*Passionate Pilgrim*.' Hers is no New World inspiration for beauty vast and shapeless. She is fascinated by old abbeys, old graveyards, old castles and houses; English villages, red-roofed, and embowered in trees. An American poet once wrote to me that we in the Old World could never understand the charm of our mellow landscapes, with their ancient ordered beauty, for those whose world, to quote Joaquin Miller, is 'as new as if smelling of paint.' Certain precious qualities, indeed, come with age and tradition, and these have delighted Miss Guiney. Old conventions of honour and chivalry, old simplicities and adornments of religion, appeal to her, as do the poets who are the English classics. . . .
>
> "Her poetry has the high note of resolve and courage. The heart of a boy, virginal and ready for all hap, is in it rather than a distinctively feminine nature." [2]

[1] In spirit and taste; though a Latin scholar, she read the Greek poets in translations only. E. M. T.

[2] "A New England Poetess," in *The Sketch*, Feb. 12th, 1896.

" Closely akin to Stevenson " in some respects, she has a " tender art and imagination " of her own, through which, in " *A Little English Gallery* " and elsewhere, dead men live again to grow dear to us as helpers and companions.

" With the reticence of the Puritan, and the ardour of the Catholic, she is, indeed," concludes her Irish appreciator, a noble " product of New England life and nature."

CHAPTER X

THE 'SYLVAN'

There's a thrush on the under bough
Fluting evermore and now:
"Keep youth!" But who knows how?

THE 'Sylvan,' "a dear Elizabethan word gone into the dust heap," is a happy being who "has no occasion to grow up." He is "anti-chronological"; years leave no brand upon his innocent soul.

This is the 'Sylvan' of romance. In actual life he has anxieties about the weather and the crops. But Louise Guiney's 'Sylvan' has a heart overflowing with gladness; his peace is untroubled, he takes no thought for the morrow. "It is the shepherd boy in the *Arcadia* who 'pipes as if he should never grow old': it is not anybody in a theatre orchestra! Which, think you, died with her girlhood yet unconsumed within her, Madame Récamier or the Nut-brown Maid? The victory is not with cosmetics." [1]

It would be easy to retort that obsessed by so exacting and *difficile* a lover as Chateaubriand, who was only a degree less tyrannical to his feminine admirers than the arch-egoist Victor Hugo himself, neither Madame Récamier nor any other woman, whether in town or country, could have kept the spirit of girlhood unimpaired. But we should read this delightful essay, "*The Great Playground*," not for argument's sake but for sheer pleasure.

"At Hampton Court, in the Great Hall, in the right lower corner of the rich pagan borderings of one of the

[1] *The Great Playground*, 1895. Reprinted in *Patrins*, 1897 and 1901.

Old Testament tapestries, . . . there is a tiny delicate faded figure of a lad, all in soft duns and dusty golds.

"He wears curious sandals; a green chaplet is on his brows; a hare hangs over his shoulder; he carries a stocked quiver, and a spear. . . . He is centuries old, but to him the same sun is shining in the aromatic alleys of the forest. He does not know there is a very fine Perpendicular roof over him; . . . for him the hunt and the moist morning: for him the immortal pastoral life.

"We used to see him often, and we saw him once again, after a long interval. His charm was all that it had ever been: but at the encounter, he brought hot tears of envy to our eyes. All those years, those years of ours and the world's, wasted in prison or in casuist industries, he had been at large with the winds, he had been playing! How some of us have always meant to do just that. . . ."

But "an indoor demon, one Duty," an "Eden-debarring angel armed with platitudes," intervenes! "Ah, little Vita Silvestris! Blamelessly may we feel that you have found the way, and that we have missed it, growing grey at the silly desk."

This brings back to memory an almost forgotten poem of hers:

TEMPTATION.[1]

"For the Romany under the oak
A tent sprouts over-night!
And sated of books and art,
Thither anew I stray.
Not ever that beckoning smoke
Laughs twice on the morning light
Ere hillo! my heart, my heart
Is out of its leash, and away."

As her gaze meets the gaze of the gypsies, "brown and sly and severe," her fancy paints an alluring picture of the

[1] "*Temptation*," published in "*The Independent*" (*circa* 1886), reprinted in "*The White Sail*" (1887). The above version is from a later revised MS.

joys of a vagabond life. No howl of winter and rough weather sounds in her ear : she sees an Arcadia so delightful that

> " Too poor seem lens and plane,
> And chisel and pen and brush,
> To give for a house of fern
> With little blue eaves upcurled ;
> And lest I follow the rain,
> The twilight and the thrush,
> And, free and alive, return
> Into the old wild world,
> Come wavering wind that bears
> The arrow from its mark,
> The sea-bird from the sea,
> The moth from the midnight lamp,
> O Fate, thou mocker of prayers !
> Whirl up from the mighty dark,
> And even so, even me
> Blow far from the gypsy camp ! "

This frame of mind perturbed some of the critics, who, though able to understand the ' call of the wild ' or the enthusiasm of the scholar, could not reconcile themselves to two such passions combined in the same person. " *The Last Faun,*" in particular, caused one commentator to lose his temper : " Pan is dead ; and, in America at any rate, his remains ought to be put decently out of sight." It would be better, said another, if Miss Guiney let the past alone, and concentrated on contemporary themes.

Apart even from the indisputable fact that the present is sprung from the past as surely as the oak from the acorn, and that the life of a tree is in its roots as well as its branches, it would never have been possible for Louise Guiney's " Roadside Harp " to be tuned to someone else's suggestion : " Little worth is the song that comes not from the heart." But it is useless to point out to a certain type of incorrigible croaker that a poet cannot choose her theme as she would go into a shop and select a hat. The theme chooses her ; or, rather, external sights and experiences evoke what is within. Her ' Last Faun,' though no doubt he would

look odd in Wall Street, is an engaging and pathetic creature :

" How hath he stumbled hither, in search of love and praise,
A tardy comer and goer across the world's highways,
A kind shape from the thicket, a wanderer all his days ?

He finds a rocky seat where the moiling town recedes :
The altered shepherds flout him ; but O he little heeds !
Incredulous he swings there, and drones upon his reeds."...

The last of his race, without playmate or child, alone and without hope—for the nymphs have vanished,—

" from alien air too cold
The Faun with garlands flying, with sylvan ditties trolled,
Being homesick, being patient, regains his greenwood old."[1]

Louise Guiney questions Wordsworth's assertion that the open-air world is dearer to the child than to the man. Possibly " some abnormally perceptive child (like the infant W. W. himself) may have a clear sense of 'glory in the grass, of splendor in the flower.' But the appreciation of natural objects is stronger, let us say, in the babe of thirty ; and so even is the appreciation of the diversions which they provide. Were it not for the prospects of unforeseen and adventurous company abroad, the child prefers to play in the shed." But " the post-meridian child " desires 'the house not made with hands.' " Master Robin Hood, Earl of Huntingdon, probably kept to his perfectly exemplary brigandage because he liked the 'shaws shene' and objected to going home at nightfall."

" The Heaven which lies about us in our infancy is always there afterwards " ; the question is whether we care to take up our heritage ?

It seems that to love the country, one must be, at heart even if not in words, something of a poet. " Aren't you lonely ? " certain townsfolk asked the solitary gardener on a small manorial estate, far from trams, cinemas, motor busses, crowds, and other delights of Demos. And—to the

[1] In " *The White Sail*," 1887.

considerable satisfaction of Louise Guiney—the gardener replied, " It's when I'm in the town I feel lonely. Everything's dead there : hard pavements that tire you to walk on ; rows and rows of brick houses, all alike and ugly ; nothing green or growing anywhere ! But in the country, with the trees and the green grass and my flowers, and the birds and animals all alive and friendly, I'm never lonely. No, I don't feel dull ; except when I go into the town."

All efforts, and they were many, to infect him with ' modern unrest ' he met in the same unruffled fashion. This ' Sylvan ' loved the English countryside the more clearly and consciously in that he had long served his King and country oversea, both East and West. His exploits culminated in the epic days of the Retreat from Mons and the ever-memorable fighting on the Marne. A row of medals beginning with Tirah, 1897, and ending with the much-prized decoration ' for long-service and good-conduct,' bore witness to his erstwhile strenuous life. Stirring events and crucial dangers were among his treasures of memory, but his happy moments afterwards were when he could gather the first shy violets of Spring to send in to the flower-loving ladies who employed him ; or when the lawn—defaced in war-time by crops of weeds, obstinate, thick-rooted, shamelessly flaunting as weeds are apt to be—is commended as approaching once more its old velvety smoothness, thanks to his care.

Even the English country, however, is losing its tranquillity. In erstwhile bowery lanes the hedges too often now are smothered with dust raised by snorting motors ; the air, once sweet with lilac or with hawthorn fragrance, reeks of petrol. Very pungent were the protests of the ' Sylvan ' poet against the desecration of the idyllic countryside ; a desecration she felt as acutely as she had resented the felling of ancient trees.

" A word of grief to me erewhile :
' We have cut the oak down, in our isle.'

And I said : " Ye have bereaven
The song thrush and the bee,

And the fisher boy at sea
Of his sea-mark in the even ;
And gourds of cooling shade to lie
Within the sickle's sound ;
And the old sheep dog's loyal eye
Of sleep on duty's ground ;
And poets of their tent
And quiet tenement.
Ah, impious ! who so paid
Such fatherhood and made
Of murmurous immortality a cargo and a trade.

For the hewn oak a century fair,
A wound in earth, an ache in air." [1]

Not only the summer luxuriance of the woods spoke to her heart; the leafless "Winter Boughs" are touched caressingly :

" How tender and how slow, in sunset cheer,
Far on the hill, our quiet tree tops fade !
A broidery of ebon seaweed, laid
Long in a book, could scarce more fine appear.
Frost and sad light and windless atmosphere
Have breathed on them and of their frailties made
Beauty more sweet than summer's builded shade,
Whose green domes fallen, leave this wonder clear." [2]

" This wonder," the mystery hidden in the things of every day, recurs to her each time as if it were born anew in her soul.

" While in these changing fields is my sojourn,
Needs must I bless the blossomy outbreak
Of earth-pent beauty, and, for old love's sake
Trembling, on-coming April light discern,
And hail bold hyacinth and forward fern,
And clouds that every day defiance make,
And every cracking sheath whence earth can take
Bright waters like a blade. For then in turn
Subjected forces stir in me : I feel

[1] " *Arboricide.*" (" *Happy Ending,*" p. 68.)
[2] " *Winter Boughs,*" octave of Sonnet (in " *Happy Ending,*" p. 46).

All the most sharp unrest of the young year ;
Fain would my spirit, too, like idling steel
Be snatched from her dull scabbard for a strife
With foes unseen : then is the thought most dear
Of supernatural freedom, lasting life." [1]

She had not so much an indiscriminate passion for all nature as a love of what Nature symbolised. Sir Walter Scott (who said that landscapes of the type which appeals only to the eye and suggests no human interest, no association, stirred him less than some lonely moor at sunset or some waving cornfield which covered the site of a bygone battle) would have understood Louise Guiney's joy in wandering through English villages the names of which figure in Doomsday Book, or marching leisurely along historic roads dating back to the Roman occupation.

" What American is to be blamed," she pleads, " if he do indeed go ' abroad,' or stay abroad, so strangely finding, there rather than here, the soul's peace ?

" For the soul has rights which may cancel even the duties of the ballot. Of what avail is Americanism unless it earn for a man the freedom of rival cities, wrap him in a good dream . . . and put him in harmony with all master-events gone by ? The young Republic has children who come into the field of historic Christendom to bathe themselves in the dignity and roominess of life, and to walk gladly among the ever-green traditions which surge like tall June grass about their knees." [2]

In her " *Romans in Dorset*," " *In a Ruin* [3] *after a Thunder-Storm*," " *On Leaving Winchester*," " *The Yew Tree*," and " *In a Brecon Valley*," this consciousness of the past is very vivid : and even in her little lyric " *Sweet Weather* " [4] the Spring touches a note of remembrance, and breathes of bygone ages more even than of coming Summer.

[1] MS. inset into her copy of " *The White Sail* " (1887), where this Sonnet " *April Desire* " was printed differently.

[2] " *Animum non Coelum.*" [3] Rochester Castle.

[4] *Transcript*, November 6, 1891 : never reprinted.

"Now blow the daffodils on slender stalks,
Small keen quick flames that leap up in the mould
And run along the dripping garden walks:
Swallows come whirring back to chimneys old.

Blown by the wind the pear tree flakes of snow
Lie heaped in the thick grasses of the lane;
And all the sweetness of the Long Ago
Sounds in the song the thrush sends through the rain."

In her verse as in her prose, we find two contrasting styles: one as seemingly spontaneous as the skyward flight of a bird, or clear as the voice of 'a trumpet with a silver sound'; the other intricate as some strange mosaic the symbolism of which is not to be absorbed through a mere careless glance, but calls for the attentive eye, the well-trained mind, before it will reveal its secrets.

Sometimes she assumes in others a knowledge they do not possess; and in "*The Cherry Bough*," for instance, there is every excuse for the 'average reader' if he cannot, without explanation, enter into ideas which, to the writer, seemed a perfectly natural sequence. An orchard of cherry trees blossoming snowy white against the tender blue of an April sky, recalls to her the tradition that it was some homesick Roman colonist who introduced the cherry on to English soil. The present is forgotten: centuries roll back; echoes from classic Rome sound in her ears:

"*Si quis adhuc isthic meminit Nasonis adempti,*
Et superest sine me nomen in urbe meum. . . .
Atque aliquis vestrum Nasonis nomine dicto,
Deponat lacrymis pocula mista suis." [1]

[1] From Ovid's *Tristia* (Lib. iii. El. x. and Lib. v. El. iv.). Arthur S. Way, LL.D., M.A., translator of Homer, Æschylus, Sappho and many other classical poets, extemporises a rendering thus:

If anyone still on a far-off shore remembers the poet gone,
And if, in the home I shall see no more, my name yet lingers on,
Ah then, let each one of you, as he thinks of my name, of the dear dead years,
Set down the wine-cup, or ever he drinks of the wine that is mingled with tears.

Her thoughts crystallise into a poem in which "*The Cherry Bough*" calls up memories and images far from here and now: she is no longer Louise Imogen Guiney, wandering afoot through the English lanes, in the time of King Edward VII.; she lives and revels in Ancient Rome, but revels sadly.

"In a new poet's and a new friend's honour,
Forth from the scornèd town and her gold-getting
Come men with lutes and bowls, and find a welcome
Here in my garden,

Find bowers and deep shade and windy grasses
And by the south wall, wet and forward jutting
One early branch fire-tipped with Roman cherries.
O naught is absent,

O naught but you, kind head that far in prison
Sunk on a weary arm, feels no god's pity
Stroking and sighing where the kingly laurels
Were once so plenty;

Nor dreams, from revel and strange faces turning,
How on the strength of my fair tree that knew you
I lean to-day, when most my heart is laden
With your rich verses.

. . . . . .

Alas! When my young guests have done with singing,
I break it leaf and fruit, my garden's glory,
And hold it high among them, and say after:
'O my poor Ovid,

'Years pass, and loves pass too; and yet remember,
For the clear time when we were boys together,
These tears at home are shed; and with you also
Your bough is dying.'" [1]

Whether by the roadside or secluded in some sheltered garden, a flower to her had its personal character, its individual message. Her "*Song of Lilac*," telling no story, and

[1] "The Cherry Bough" in "*Happy Ending*," pp. 70-72.

yet symbolising many a hidden romance, breathes in its simplicity an illusive charm which is felt rather than defined.

"Above the wall that's broken,
And from the coppice thinned,
So sacred and so sweet
The lilac in the wind!
For when by night the May wind blows
The lilac-blooms apart,
The memory of his first love
Is shaken on his heart.

In tears it long was buried,
And trances wrapped it round;
Oh, how they wake it now,
The fragrance and the sound!
For when by night the May wind blows
The lilac-blooms apart,
The memory of his first love
Is shaken on his heart."

This lilac might grow on either side of the Atlantic; but her "*Yew Tree*" belongs to England, and actually existed near Iffley, Oxford. Despite her adventure-loving spirit, her resolute cheeriness, there were times when Louise Guiney withdrew into the fastnesses of the spirit and dwelt aloof: times when everything in the universe seemed dim, except the eternal star of faith and the august companionship of the dead who could not fail nor disappoint her.

"As I came homeward
At merry Christmas,
By the old church tower
Through the churchyard grass,

I saw there, circled
With graves all about,
The yew-tree paternal,
The yew-tree devout;

Then this hot life-blood
Was hard to endure,

O Death ! so I loved thee,
The sole love sure.

For stars slip in heaven,
They wander, they break,
But under the yew-tree
Not one heart ache.

And ours, what failure
Renewed and avowed !
But ah, the long-buried
Is leal and is proud.

. . . . . .

At eve o'erlooking
The smooth chilly tide
With age-hidden meaning
The yew-tree sighed,

As I came homeward
At merry Christmas,
By the wise grey tower,
Through the short grey grass." [1]

A yearning for the realms of more than earthly beauty,—the " exile's pain " of a soul debarred from Eden,—sighs at the heart of some of her tenderest Nature poems. But several written in her girlhood were exuberantly joyous. Even the fierce autumnal gales were given a ' frolic welcome ' :

" When down the filmy lanes
The too-wise sun goes grieving,
A wake of splendor leaving
Upbillowed from the ground ;
When at the window panes
The hooded chestnuts rattle,
And there is clash of battle
New England's oaks around :

. . . . . .

[1] In " *England and Yesterday,*" p. 44 ; and (as here quoted) " *Happy Ending,*" 1909, p. 37.

When dappled butterflies
Have crept away to cover,
And one persistent plover
Is coaxing from the fen ;
When apples show the skies
Their bubbly lush vermilion,
And from a rent pavilion
Laugh down on maids and men.

. . . . . .

When pricks the winy air ;
When o'er the meadows clamber
Cloud masonries of amber ;
When brooks are silver-clear ;
When conquering colors dare
The hills and cliffy places
To hold, with braggart graces,
High wassail of the year :

Oh then we knights of weather,
We birds of duller feather,
Fill up the woods with revel
That summer's pomp is slain ;
And make a mighty shouting
For King October's outing,
The Saracen October
Astride the hurricane ! " [1]

Contrast this with the dreamy and mystical "*Autumn Magic*" of many years later :

" Soon as divine September, flushing from sea to sea,
Peers from the whole wide upland into eternity,

Soft as an exhalation, ghosts of the thistle start :
Never a poet saw them but ached in his baffled heart.

Gossamer armies rising thicker than snowflakes fall,
Waken in blood and marrow, aware of the unheard call,

[1] " Knights of Weather," from " *The White Sail*," 1887.

Oh what a nameless urging through avenues laid in air,
Hints of escape, unbodied, intricate, everywhere.

. . . . . .

Flame goes flying in heaven, the down on the cool hillside :
Earth is a bride-veil glory to show and conceal the Bride."

Not always is Nature's face veiled and mysterious ; and in one of the songs of the ' Sylvan,' not long before her lute was broken and her pen was laid aside for ever, we feel once more that sense of inner relief, of peace and consolation, which is part of the heritage of an immeasurable faith, a faith that emerges only the stronger after suffering.

" The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday,
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play ;
Among the lowing herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing birds,
The humming of the bees.

The fears of what may come to pass
I cast them all away,
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay ;
Among the husking of the corn
Where drowsy poppies nod
Where ill thoughts die and good are born,
Out in the fields with God."

CHAPTER XI

ENGLAND AND YESTERDAY

To live in England, as Louise Guiney had done (with her mother) in 1889 till 1891, had been to open a wonderful Book : a Book of Nature, Art, Poetry, Life, Antiquity and magical freshness, never to lose its charm, mystery, and irresistible appeal.

Though the American may be " the brother of mankind and the outrider of civilisation, . . . a child of to-day and to-morrow," yet as this American cannot transfer to his natal continent " the yesterday of his own race, the dark charm of London, the glamour of Paris, the majesty and melancholy of Rome," he must go forth to seek what may only be found through wandering.

> " If he has a nature which looks deep and walks slowly, he shall not pass the image of any old kingdom unbeguiled." And while he still lingers in the land of his birth " either to his living senses, or to his distant and hopeless meditations, that traditional world beyond wide waters will seem to him the fairest of created things. . . . *For Yesterday is ours also,* to have and to hold, though it be an oak which grows not within our own garden walls, and is to be reached only by a going forth, and a wrenching at the heart strings."

Such an emotion is " no vanity, no ambition, no mere restless energy," but " truly the love of man which calleth overseas and from towers a great way off." The shrine may be some mediaeval stair worn by the feet of many pilgrims : for the old stone, with its silent record of " the long procession of

mortality" will speak of human joys, prayers, sorrows that throbbed "ages ere we were born." To have thus come in touch with the past is "to walk Broadway or a Texan tow-path humbler and better ever after." Good Americans "desire and worship" what cannot exist in their own country until another thousand years have slipped through Time's hour-glass, if even then. Are they to be called less patriotic because their natural piety teaches them reverence for that old England dear to them as a well-loved mother?

> "There are thousands such, and blessed are they; for they travel under an innocent spell, and ignobler visions cannot touch them. It is their vocation to live in a spiritual solitude of their own making. Because they are mystics, they cannot always be judged fairly."

In explaining the sentiment and emotion of Americans, the author of "*England and Yesterday*" is giving us the key to her own mind; and we shall prize our rural England all the more if we take her with us for companion, and see through her eyes.

A walking tour in Wales, a pilgrimage to Ireland, rambles afoot in Oxfordshire, Christmas Eve in London, Browning's funeral in Westminster Abbey (early in the New Year of 1890), these were a few of the experiences described by her in a Boston newspaper for which she was a special correspondent.

A visit to Cobham and the Dickens country was among her experiences; but in Rochester the Dickens associations apparently meant less to her than the majestic ruin of the Norman Castle, from the Keep of which had floated in the old days "the banners of Stephen and Gundulf, of John, and the victorious Barons, of the Crusaders, and the Dauphins of France."

"The interior, entered through what was the dungeon,—and not over the drawbridge,—up the stairs so hollowed that they arrest thoughtless feet as with a music of remembrance," pleased her the more in that the walls, twelve feet thick, are "so steadfast in every part that the Archangel's

trump is likely to be the first interference that shall harm them."

> "All along the upper stories runs an open corridor, with an incomparable outlook from the sills. The Medway flows in a silver tidal loop about the town, and a panorama gleams beyond, of limitless knoll and meadow, cloud and sea. The Cathedral bells ring far below; the houses are nested in trees; between the battlemented height and the sheer channel, are the gardens with children running over the grass. Up here, too, there is life; thousands of pigeons bred in the shady crevices for generations, never hurt, never affrighted, watch you,—turning their glossy purple throats for possible crumbs and caresses. One wants no better affidavit of English gentleness than this, that, the whole island over, wild creatures, and tame in the cities, look on every comer as a friend."

Our climate treats her gently, and wins in return this lavish praise: "Let Jacques keep his song of 'rough weather' in Arden," but American visitors will smile "at the insular thermometer all the year round."

> "Scorching nor congealing touches us any more. Winter in northernmost Scotland is a mild sort of ogre: winter in the Isle of Wight is a season of enchantment. . . . Even the sulphurous winter of London had her soothing amenities, as in the phenomenal fog-and-freeze of 1891, when an American who had his sleigh stored there, got out, in all the pomp of bells and runners, upon amazed Piccadilly, and so north over five inches of miraculous snow. . . .
>
> "Spring begins, albeit amidst much local ridicule, in February; and you may pluck many a March daffodil. And four long pensive months attend the sweet transition which with us is a business of thirteen days. June enters unaware; July is of civil behaviour; and August, with all her flare of poppies, kind and retiring. All summer, O martyr inured to a fiery

> furnace! may you wear a thick jacket, and walk and ride, . . . and feel not ungrateful to Heaven that you are yet in the flesh."

Even the rain woos and pleases her: "this gentle, fickle, sunshot rain, spinning itself out of an undarkened sky."

> "Consider the mannerly vertical showers. . . . They whisk not, neither howl, nor pounce upon you at an angle and make you wish you had never been born; but they fall sudden and silent, like unbidden tears, while you look forth from the wild purple coast of Ireland at the slant and tawny fishing sails, or lean against the wall of a ruined abbey in the fold of the Mendip Hills. . . . You reach, before long, to a full comprehension of what good Bishop Jeremy Taylor had before him when he drew his simile of 'a soft slap of affectionate rain.' It is the rain of the Plantagenets, Tudors, Stuarts and Hanoverians,—the immemorial lawgiver and the oldest inhabitant of the isles. Wheresoever it descends, there are perpetual freshness and peace." [1]

Earth, Water, Air, Fire, the primal elements, have their own rites and mysteries, which throb, gleam, float, and burn through the song and speech of poets. Louise Guiney's "dear and difficult star," her inner vision, never blinded her to the beauties of earth. Of English landscape it is impossible for her to write other than tenderly.

> "The little rivers in England are as smooth as glass. . . . The vast trees are one solid dome of green, with never a broken nor shaken rafter; the vistas end in a silver haze of lanes, or in the dim blue reaches of the ocean capping the downs. . . . Patience and a dogged delay characterise the climatic conditions, and they breed their like in whomsoever dwelleth with them; they encourage red cheeks, and restrained emotion, and slow and sure mental processes. . . .

[1] "A Defence of British Weather with some Remarks upon the Goodly Influence thereof," *Pilgrim's Scrip*, No. I., Nov. 1892.

"Blessed be the faint affable sunshine, the big blundering clouds, the humorous frost and snow, the monotonous year-long fragrant breath of Great Britain and Ireland! Let that 'She' seek them who is weary of being flooded at Johnstown, earthquaked in Charleston, blizzarded in New York, thundered at in Florida, and water-spouted in Colorado!

"Battle, murder, and sudden death verily inhabit our domestic elements. In the still house of weather yonder it is good to abide awhile, mellowing to the core like a peach on the garden wall. . . ."

Not only amidst scenes of rural beauty do we feel the outflowing of her ardour. "*In a London Street*" she has still the same deep sympathy:

"The tragic gleam, the mist and grime,
The dread endearing stain of time,
The sullied heart of man,"

affect her profoundly, and a picture is imprinted on her memory of

"The bells, the dripping gable, the tavern's corner glare;
The cab in firefly darting; the barrel-organ air,
While one by one, or two by two
The hatless babes are waltzing through
The gutters of the Square." [1]

Of her "*London Sonnets*" we have already made mention; they are an expression of the same feeling she has so clearly described in prose.

"An American usually has a wide, assertive, and exceedingly jealous knowledge of London, if he cares for it at all. Citizens who cannot name the Signers, and who wonder sometimes if Copp's Hill be in East Boston, rise in a divine wrath because Goldsmith's house in The Temple lacks a tablet, and wonder how anybody dare unearth a pagan pavement without bidding them behold and permit it. And those

[1] In "*England and Yesterday*," p. 46, and "*Happy Ending*," p. 77.

> Republicans who do not know their own history are splendidly solicitous, too, and take extra thought on behalf of the dear brethren whose ideas are usually primed and loaded after the event. Much talk goes on about the Americanization of London; but it is the Americans whose paradoxical hearts are always breaking when, for the god Trade's sake, Charing Cross Road cuts through antiquities, and Sir Paul Pindar's house is taken down; when The Cock is sliced away from the Strand, and Temple Bar, a grim old incubus, is carted off to the country; and when the Christ Hospital boys discontinue their picturesque customs, and the nine widows get fed no more at the doors of Great St. Helen and St. Catherine Cree. Countless eyes from over-sea watched suspiciously the late porch-restoration at the Abbey. Innumerable critics from the Aroostook and Kalamazoo felt a holy joy in reading the newspaper report how the Parliament of 1892 opened with a thorough cellar-hunt after Guy Fawkes. C'est notre affaire à nous. Utility and rapid transit and sanitation, and such fooleries, are our accidents; but our real civic business, you are to know, is the preservation of things venerable, the loyalty to things beautiful. Nobody alive would guess it from our conduct at home! but, then, we are not to be judged until we stand in the fairy-ring of England, where we suddenly speak our minds, and put on airs, and come forth champions of the unfriended past which we met last week, and loved at sight." [1]

The contrast is startling, between the London of to-day and the "*Quiet London*" of 1890.

(To those to whom Louise Guiney's prose is new it should be explained that the following tight-packed sentences, with their frequent intricacies of thought and manner, do not come from conscious artifice or deliberate subtlety, but from the fullness of a mind so crowded with images, impressions and memories that to compress them into one short essay was well-nigh impossible.)

[1] "*Pilgrim's Scrip*," May 1896.

The thronging recollections from a stirring and deathless past shed a magical light over the orderly, calm, multitudinous activities of the swiftly ebbing present :

> " At certain hours, the City is tenantless, . . . At such a time you may wander in the very luxury of loneliness, from London Bridge to Lambeth, watching the long yards swing at their moorings by the palace wall, and Thames running tiger-coated to sea ; and from the Gray's Inn limes pass on to an unvisited and noble old bronze of a Stuart in Roman mail, lustrous from the late shower, beyond whom are the forgotten water-stairs of Whitehall, above whom is his own starlit weather-vane, with ' the Protestant wind still blowing.'
>
> " Roman Baths, in strange exchanges of chronology, where, in a twinkle, the merchants and journalists shall be, are the de-populated presence-halls in which you are
>
> *' In dreams a King ; but waking, no such matter.'*
>
> All that was temporal in them has been swallowed by the wave of the generations of men who are no more. Poet by poet, from the beginning, has known the look of London's void heart at night, and has had, next it his keenest gust of sovereignty, on jealous marches when his own footfall is soft as a forest creature's, for fear of man and of mortal interruption. The living are gone for the moment : the dead and their greatness are ' nearer than hands and feet.'
>
> " The divine quality of this colossal calm, ' mirk miles broad,' is that, to the sensitive mind, it is a magic glass for musings. In such a mysterious private depth Narcissus saw himself, and died of his own beauty. The few who have had eternity most in mind, have worshipped London most, and their passion, read of in biographies, has expanded insensibly the imagination of the many." [1]

And again :

> " At the angles of the grimiest places, choked with trade, we stumble on little old bearded graveyards,

[1] " Quiet London," in " *Patrins*," 1897 and 1901.

pools of ancestral sleep; or low-lying leafy gardens where monks and guildsmen have had their dream: closes inexpressibly pregnant with peace, the cæsural pauses of our loud to-day. Nothing in the world is so remote, so pensive, so musty-fragrant of long ago, as the antique City churches where the dead are the only congregation; where the effigies of Rahere the founder, Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, John Gower, and our old friend Stow are awake, in their scattered neighbourhoods, to make the responses, and where the voices of the daily choir, disembodied by the unfilled space about, breathe ghostly four-part *Amens*, to waver like bubbles up and down the aisles. And to go thence into the highway creates no great jar. The tide there is always at the flood, and frets not. The perfectly ordered traffic, its want of blockade and altercation, the sad-colored, civil-mannered throng, the dim light and the wet gleam, make it as natural to be absent-minded at Charing Cross as in the Abbey. Shelley for one, must have found it so; else whence his simile,

'The City's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.'

"There is no congestion of the populace; yet the creeks and coves of that ancient sea remain brimmed with mortality, hour after hour, century after century, as if in subjection to a fixed moon.

"It is the very poise of energy, the aggregation of so much force that all force is at a standstill; the miraculous moment, indefinitely prolonged, when fruition becalms itself at the full, and satiety hesitates to set in.

"A certain subdued mighty hum, as of the loom of time, London lacks not; but a crass explosion never breaks it. The imponderable quiet of the vast capital completes her inscrutable charm. She has the effect of a muted orchestra on ears driven mad with the horrible din of new America."

Rapturously, again and again, it is the quiet of the regal capital in which she revels. Those born too late to remember the conditions described, may doubt that any such peace

could ever have been found in the modern world of cities. Yet nineteenth century London was even as Louise Guiney has mirrored it, in the halcyon days ere hissing taxis, snorting motor-buses, and evil-sounding and worse-smelling motor-cycles had combined to make that fret and jar, that perpetual pother and pandemonium we euphemistically term " progress."

Put back the clock again, and take another glimpse into the nineties :

> " With perfect skill, with masterful rapidity, the wheels slide over surfaces smooth as an almond-shell, in a mere ballroom jingle and rustle. Cabs are dragon-flies by day, and glow-worms by night : they dart, noiseless, from north to west. Even the tuft-footed dray-horses vanish with such reverberation as might follow Cinderella's coach.
>
> " Exquisite voices of children, soft and shy, fall like the plash of water on the open paths of the Parks. In the viscid openings of alleys off the Strand, in the ancient astonishing tinkerdom of Leather Lane, where villainous naptha torches light up the green lettuce on peddler's carts, the pawnbroker's golden balls significant above, and a knot of Hogarth faces in the Saturday evening flare—there also are the cockney gamins with honey-bright hair : profiles which corroborate Millais' brush, and illustrate a lovely phrase of Mistral in *Mireis*, ' couleur de joue ' ; flushed little legs, in ragged socks, which have piteously set out on the dark thoroughfares of life ; voices, above all, which have often a low harp-like tone not to be heard elsewhere out of drawing-rooms. It is as if tremendous London, her teeming thoughts troubling her, said ' Hush ! ' in the ear of all her own. Hyde Park orators are seldom brawlers ; immense crowds, out for sight-seeing, are controlled by the gentlest of police, who say ' Please,' and are obeyed. Few stop to salute or exchange a word at the shelters.
>
> " This is no experimental or villageous world : one man's affairs are in India, another's on the deep sea,

and a third's in a cradle three stories up. Sidneys and pickpockets intermingle, each on a non-communicated errand. Here whisks a Turk, in his extraordinary unnoticed dress; and yonder, a sprout of a man who might have been bow-legged, had he any legs at all: nothing new goes at its value, nothing strange begets comment. The long-distance ironies, or intelligential buzz of street-life in New York, where folk go two and two, are here foreign and transatlantic indeed.

"The even pavements drink in all that might mean concussion, the soft garden air deadens it, the preoccupied seriousness of the human element contradicts and forbids it. An awful endearing melancholy stillness broods over the red roofs of High Holborn, and hangs, like a pale cloud, on the spires of the Strand, and the yellow-lustred plane tree of Cheapside: gigantic forces seem trooping by, like the boy-god Harpocrates, finger on lip. The hushing rain, from a windless sky, falls in sheets of silver on gray, gray on violet, violet on smouldering purple, and anon makes whole what it had hardly riven: the veil spun of nameless analogic tints, which brings up the perspective of every road, the tapestry of sun-shot mist which Theophile Gautier admired once with all his eye. The town wears the very colour of silence."

Among the special experiences chronicled from this London of 1890 was a visit to the Tudor Exhibition: and no one who is interested in history or human nature could be other than entertained by her remarks:

"The new Gallery, in Regent Street, filled, at this time last year, with the graded grace of Vandyke and Lely, has taken a step backward . . . to show us a hardier and less enchanting society."

The Stuarts, "everlastingly dear—as Chopin cleverly said of his own music,—to the '*cognoscenti*' and the poets," were much more to Louise Guiney's taste than the Tudors, "who destroyed, annexed, altered" at will, but "were deposed from nothing except the Lord Pope's opinion of some of

them." The men and women of the Tudor era " are neither sophisticated nor complex. They are vehement in oath as in compliment, and hit at Fate straight from the shoulder. The best among them had a certain fierceness of habit. Sidney and Sir Thomas More " (two especial favourites of hers), " each in his stainless soul, would have put the other in the pillory for blunders of piety."

She took a certain deliberate pleasure in the thought of other eyes which had gazed upon these pictures: " Old friends these painted folk! You look at them on canvases which Evelyn admired at Weybridge; which Pepys longed to buy; to which Horace Walpole provided a date and a name; . . . which have seen change and the shadow of change, and are themselves ever richer for the remembered eyes which have looked up at them during three hundred years."

We need hardly emphasise that it was not the Tudor Royalties themselves whose images attracted her; the much-married Henry VIII.—reputed to have been comely in his youth, when he wrote devotional essays, composed music and verse, and jousted in tournaments,—is not alluring as shown by Holbein in his middle life, not even though arrayed like a Renaissance Solomon in all his glory. Nor do the English ladies who sat to the great Hans Holbein appear to have been lavishly endowed with charm: " The dearth of female beauty, from 1509 to 1547, was truly extraordinary, if we are to believe the believable pigments before us." Though the subjects of Holbein's brush have the " fullest possible representation, with the adjunct of exceptionally picturesque though stiff attire," it would be " a hard task to bestow the apple upon the belle, for a reason quite other than any known to Paris on Ida. . . . It is small compensation that most of them were learned."

Whether the fault was in themselves or in Holbein, who shall say? but they are mostly

> " Elisabeth-Schmidt-like, tinctured with reminiscences of the artist's muddy-tempered Hausfrau at home in Basle.

> " The one quality they cannot convey is breeding, social distinction. Holbein's women may have youth, goodness, capacity, even authority; but—' *Was* the lady such a lady ? '
>
> " You miss the aroma of manners. The mystery of sex is absent, too; a thing the Florentines never missed," which " Gainsborough and Romney found it impossible not to convey."

Possibly the few " she-visionaries, if there were any rich enough " to pay Holbein's fees, disliked and avoided him: perhaps he was more able to depict the new rich of the time, —among whom (despite their exalted pedigree) the Tudor Monarchs themselves might be not too arbitrarily classed. But the fact remains that as judged on the walls of the Tudor Exhibition—with a few notable exceptions, Lady Surrey, Lady Lister, and a couple more,—their American critic found them " flat and dozy."

The pictures which most won her heart were the series of gallant Howards, from ' Jocky of Norfolk ' to Philip, Earl of Arundel and Surrey, " who died for conscience sake in the Beauchamp Tower."

Whereas the upstart Thomas Cromwell and his friends flattered King Henry VIII. " by fat approximation," the Howards, with their " lean, tense, greyhound personalities " stand out " firm-chinned " and soldierly, " thin and bright as their own swords."

> " As you glance from the entrance of the New Gallery, this London January of 1890, the first thing to take the eye is a loan from Hampton Court, the full-length of the pioneer poet, Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey: a young powerful figure all in red, poised on a hill-top. . . . He steps forward there, as if in dramatic confirmation of his proud, obstinate, disinterested career, straight through love, scholarship, adventure, to the Tower axe.
>
> " One can hardly look at this stripling, with his jewelled cap's white-blown feather, and hands laid airily but meaningly on hip and hilt, without remember-

ing the most jocose and off-hand of his verses, written in the Spring :

'When I felt the air so pleasant round about,
Lord! to myself how glad I was that I had gotten out.'

. . . What a daring bugle-blast of color" this picture is! "Masterfully does it light the room, and call you into the Tudor company, and make you glad, likewise, that you have 'gotten out.'" [1]

Some years previously her warm interest in the ill-starred but ever-charming 'Poet-Earl' had crystallised into a Sonnet, an appropriate frame in which to set her tribute to the first Englishman (or one of the first) who introduced the *sonnetto* into his native tongue from Italy where it so long had flourished luxuriantly.

To Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.[2]

"Young father-poet, much in you I praise
Aventure high, romantic, vehement,
All with inviolate honour sealed and blent
To the axe-edge that cleft your soldier bays ;
Your friendships too, your follies, whims, and frays ;
And most, that verse of strict imperious bent
Heard sweetly as from some old harper's tent,
And clanging in the listener's brain for days.

At Framlingham to-night if there should be
No guest beyond a sea-born wind that sighs,
No guard save moonlight's crossed and trailing spears,
And I, your pilgrim, call you, Oh, let me
In at the gate! and smile into the eyes
That sought you, Surrey, down the abysmal years."

[1] "Some Impressions from the Tudor Exhibition," final version in "*Patrins*," 1897 and 1901. First written in 1890 for the *Providence Journal*.

[2] *Atlantic Monthly*, March 1886, and there beginning

"High-heated Surrey, I do love your ways,
Venturesome, frank," etc.

Here quoted from the revised form in her own copy of "*Happy Ending*," 1909.

Contrasting the Stuarts and Tudors in one of her letters, " As to ' moral standards,' " she says, " poor old Charles II. never failed to honour goodness wherever he found it . . . whereas Henry VIII. battened on cruelties and tyrannies of all sorts, and took infinite pains to clear the kingdom of every high-minded head which he could reach. I think my beloved Surrey, his victim of 1547, very like in character to your Edward, Duke of Buckingham (Surrey's grandfather) his victim of 1521. Both were proud, clean, artistic, munificent men : the sort who had to be cleared away if a being like Henry VIII. was to make his will the paramount thing in the universe. I often thank God I didn't live in that unutterable reign ! " [1] And again, on another occasion, as to the Tudors and their iconoclasm :

> " About superstitions . . . A popular religion, old as the race, almost, clung to and grown about by the common people, must necessarily be misconstrued to some extent at all times and by some individuals, groups, or even nations : *e.g.*, we English-speaking Catholics consider the Italians superstitious ; all Orientals are so ; most Irish and Welsh are. Superstition, after all, is too much faith, an excrescence on true faith . . . the Reformers never in the world measured it unexaggeratedly or checked it legitimately, as the Council of Trent did, but brought it forward as a pretext and a catchword when they were set on destroying the POETRY and ROMANCE of Catholicism. The Church really did, and does, intend that blessed palms, ashes, candles, water, etc., should have a special accidental objective value, apart from their symbolism ; her liturgies express this in passing, and all R.C.'s are brought up to believe it, and never treat these things breathed upon and blessed by Holy Church without reverence. . . . You can see how easy it is for certain minds to go too far. . . .
>
> " The Reformers did away ruthlessly with all the touching and beautiful ' sacramentals ' ; not one did they spare save the royal sacring, as you say, and that

[1] To Miss Gwenllian E. F. Morgan of Buckingham Place, Brecon.

only because it was royal. They wanted everything prosy and practical, so they called the immemorial loveliness of ritual ' fuss,' and flung it away." [1]

Of all objects of pilgrimage, the one which stirred the deepest feelings of Louise Imogen Guiney was the Shrine of Saint Edward the Confessor in Westminster Abbey.

" To an English-speaking Catholic there can hardly be a more touching and attractive spot than the Confessor's chapel, bound up as it is, by visible and invisible links, with the poetry of human history and surcharged with ' the imperishable aroma of the Catholic past.'

" The high Shrine in the middle, as everybody knows, is ringed with the six royal tombs. . . . Over them is no roof proper to an enclosure, but only the lofty vaulting of the aisles or ambulatories, a dusky heaven of masonry, braided far up with the amethystine London light, the most beautiful light in the world.

" East is the stone screen separating the Shrine from the High Altar and the sacrarium ; north and south runs a converging pageant of apsidal chapels (overcrowded and spoiled with intruded monuments) ; westward, and encroaching on the more ancient burial-places of Eleanor and Philippa,

—' Queens
Whose names are written up in gold '—

rises the H-shaped Perpendicular chantry of the dear soldier who was once Holinshed's and Shakespeare's wild Prince Hal. From top to bottom it is one blossom of elaborate sculpture, every figure in its place, except the altar Crucifixion which is gone. Full length figures in their lonely niches look gravely down, and on a tie-beam, above them all, hang in full sight the saddle, helmet, and shield, not indeed of Agincourt, as is commonly said, but of the funeral of seven years later when

[1] To Miss Gwenllian E. F. Morgan.

> 'Harry the Fifth, too famous to live long,' was borne to his rest—aged thirty-three—' to the great grief of all good men.' " [1]

Although each detail of this is, or ought to be, already imprinted on the memory of every Briton who has seen it, who should need no reminder of its beauty, yet just as we enjoy a skilled picture of some well-remembered landscape, so the familiarity of the subject in this case also enables us the better to appreciate the firm and loving lines in which the American pilgrim draws her sketch.

Unknown to English readers, and in America out of print for the last fifteen or sixteen years, this masterful while tenderly affectionate article, with its blend of antiquarian lore and vivid freshness of human feeling, deserves reprinting as a booklet; and some such possibility may have crossed its writer's mind, for a number of MS. notes were found with her own copy of it, and a treasured picture of the Shrine as decorated on the eve of the crowning of King Edward VII., " the first reigning Edward not Catholic born." " A most graceful golden Rood, a lovely bit of work, having the attendant figures of Our Lady and St. John, was this King's gift to the Abbey (in 1902) and replaced the symbol of our redemption in a spot whence it had been absent more than three hundred years."

> " The time of all times to see the Confessor's chapel, and to feel to the full the mystery, romance and sanctity of the whole environment, is on St. Edward's Day. Catholics have always found their way to the Shrine on October the 13th; even through penal times it was so; very noticeably has it been so for the last fifty or sixty years, since the Oxford Movement. . . .
>
> " The Abbey authorities never have opposed in any way these annual gatherings; and gradually, culminatively, they have taken on a definite form and come to be one of the striking though unadvertised sights of London.

[1] " The Shrine of Saint Edward the Confessor," *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, July 1906.

"It is wonderful to watch thousands of people quietly and recollectively pouring into St. Edward's chapel, mounting and descending by two small ancient staircases, as oblivious of everything outside their pious purpose as if Protestant occupation were a dream, and exile and persecution had never driven their forebears from home. For this is indeed home: this is the very quick and lodestar of Catholic England."

With the throng of Catholics, mingle devout Anglicans who remember that their ancestors, too, were Catholics. "Whether Protestant or Catholic," says Louise Guiney (ending with a quotation), "'these people *care*. And care is love; and love is service; and service is Salvation.'"

CHAPTER XII

HENRY VAUGHAN, SILURIST

It sometimes happens that an invisible magnetism draws the booklover to the destined book; and, by happy chance or blessed destiny, in a fortunate hour, even the impecunious have been known to purchase some treasure which wealthy men and famous Libraries have striven in vain to acquire.

Among rarities of the period Louise Guiney best loved, there are few more difficult to find than "*Thalia Rediviva: The Pass-Times and Diversions of a Country Muse,*" printed in London in 1678, just eighteen years after the ever-memorable day when the reign of gloom was ended, and King Charles the Second, at the invitation of his people, rode into London through "a lane of happie faces . . . the ways strewn all with flowers; bells ringing, steeples hung with tapestries, fountains running with wine"; as one of his welcomers relates, amidst "trumpets, music, and myriads of people flocking; and two hundred Horse and Foot brandishing their swords and shouting with inexpressible joy."

For a long while the British Museum boasted possession of what was believed to be the only specimen of *Thalia* time had spared. Subsequently Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson, the ever-delightful singer of "*London Lyrics,*"—connoisseur, bibliophile, wit, and (in the old and literal sense of a once-respected word) *amateur* of letters,—could point to another copy in his famous library at Rowfant: that library of which even to scan the catalogue is to be at the same moment fascinated and tantalised.

As Vaughan's poetry began coming slowly into its heritage,

antiquaries and collectors sought assiduously for the elusive "*Thalia*." Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, St. Andrews, Dublin,—none of these University Libraries could run to ground even one copy. It was in the British Museum that Louise Guiney had made acquaintance with the precious volume; that she herself would ever possess its double was far, very far, from her mind. Yet whenever she saw some small old book, bound shabbily in time-worn calf or sheep-skin, she would touch the waif and stray tenderly, and open it gently, thinking of dead hands that might have held it, and of vanished souls to whom the now-neglected work—be it poetry, divinity, or what used to be called 'natural science,'—had erstwhile been dear.

One day in May of 1899, the 26th to be precise, she was looking haphazard at a few such books at Goodspeed's shop in Park Street, Boston, when suddenly she came upon one which immediately arrested her attention.

Not "*Thalia*,"—as well hope to pluck the "Blue Flower" of a famous allegory! Not *Thalia*, but something only a few degrees less pleasing.

"*Olor Iscanus*
A collection
of some select
POEMS,
and
Translations,
Formerly written by
Mr. Henry Vaughan, Silurist.
Published by a Friend.
Virg. Georg.
Fulmina arno. Sylvasa Inglorius

London,
Printed by T. W. for *Humphrey Moseley*,
and are to be sold at his shop, at the
Signe of the Prince's Arms in *St. Pauls*
Church-yard, 1651."

Its dedication to Kildare, Lord Digby, dated "Newton by Usk, this 17. of Decemb. 1647," was familiar to her, as also its contents; for this was a work of which, in her "*Little English Gallery*" (1894) she had written sympathetically, commenting especially upon the way the "warres" had deprived the poet of friends whose memory lives in his pages. "'R. Hall'... slain at the siege of Pontefract," (she had said) "won from Henry Vaughan a passionate requiem beginning

'I knew it would be thus!'

as affecting as anything in the early ballads; and the battle of Rowton Heath took from him 'R. W.,' the comrade of his youth."

The American visitor to Chester even now, walking round the walls of that historic city, pauses a moment in the little tower whence King Charles the First sorrowfully watched that disastrous fight.

Vaughan says of 'R. W.,' "a soldier and a saint,"

" Like Jewels in each part
He wore his friends, but chiefly at his heart...
Conscience and honour ruled him...."

And the poem ends with the poet's exposition of his purpose in writing it:

"As some blind Dial, when the daye is done
Can tell us at midnight 'There was a Sunne,'
So these perhaps, though much beneathe thy Fame,
May keepe some weake remembrance of thy name,
And to the faith of better times commend
Thy loyall upright Life and gallant End."

In the same book, also, is the touching tribute to the child Princess Elizabeth, imprisoned in Carisbrook Castle, heartbroken by her father's terrible death, and destined soon to follow him.

"Thou seem'st a Rosebud born in snow....
Others, ere their afflictions grow
Are timed and seasoned for the blow."

General Guiney's death, a loss his daughter never ceased to feel acutely, had opened her heart and mind to be afflicted in the afflictions of others; and part of her attraction to Vaughan was based on the great sympathy she felt for him in his sorrow over calamities public and private. It was well said long ago, "Where there is most power of feeling, there of martyrs is the greatest martyr." Louise Guiney and Henry Vaughan had in common the capacity for deep anguish, from which a flame of faith, phœnix-like, burnt the stronger after joy had died to ashes. Of all Vaughan's elegies, the one she prized the most was where sorrow and lamentation end with a vivid consciousness that death, which seemed like dark night to the bereaved, has been a veritable sunrise for the delivered soul. So even the title of the poem forecasts: "*To the pious memory of C. W. Esquire, who finished his Course here, and made his entrance into Immortality upon the* 13 *of September, in the year of Redemption* 1653."

Regarding this, Louise Guiney had written in 1894,

> "It was in one who bore his Sovereign's name (hitherto unidentified, though he is said to have been the subject of a 'publick sorrow') that Vaughan lost the friend upon whom his whole nature seemed to lean. The soldier heart in him spoke out firmly in the cry he consecrated '*To the Pious Memory of C. W.*' Its masculine dignity; the pride and soft triumph which it gathers about it, advancing; the plain heroic ending which sweeps away all images of remoteness and gloom, in '*Good-morrow to dear Charles; for it is day,*' can be compared to nothing but an *agitato* of Schubert's mounting strings, slowing to their major chord with a courage and cheer that bring tears to the eyes."

But this poem was in *Thalia*. However, she bought '*Olor Iscanus*' for four or five dollars, and, as she carried it home, it seemed to bring around her echoes of the west wind in the yew-tree over Vaughan's grave,—that grave she herself rescued from desecration (as will be related hereafter);—and the shining waters of his beloved Usk (the

Roman 'Isca') shimmered alluringly in memory's enchanted mirror.

Her thoughts were of

> "Garlands, Songs and Roundelays,
> Mild dewie nights and sunshine dayes";

and in her private 'den,'—with its rows of much-used books, its portraits of poets major and minor, her father's sword and scarf, and the casts of Apollo and the nobly calm Greek Venus as mute witnesses,—she turned the time-yellowed pages, and rejoiced in "the odours of the Scatter'd Spring," and

> "Noons as mild as Hesper's rayes,
> Or the first blushes of fair days."

Very lovingly she re-read her poet's praise of

> "Honour, Beautie,
> Faith and Dutie,
> Delight and Truth,
> With Love, and Youth";

and, for the moment, she was able to forget "lowd anxious Cares," and give herself up to sheer enjoyment. Not often could she afford to indulge in such a purchase!

> "I wonder, James, through the whole Historie
> Of ages, such Entailes of povertie
> Are layd on Poets,"

says Vaughan, lamenting his own afflictions, impecuniosity included; but ending with characteristic cheerfulness,

> "It matters not; we shall one day obtain
> Our native and Celestiall scope again."

The last words may have seemed like a good omen; and so Louise Guiney, whose keenest literary wish was for leisure and peace in which to complete her Vaughan researches, felt almost as if such leisure might be hers in the near future. Musing on her unwritten book, she caressingly turned the pages of *Olor Iscanus* printed in the dismal year 1651, when

all England was ground down under the iron rule of the 'Lord Protector'; and when the contumacious, who had refused one guinea a year ship-money to King Charles, were obliged to pay without a murmur eight times as much to Cromwell, who, to his credit be it said, kept up an excellent Navy and employed some of the best and most efficient Admirals to maintain the honour of England at sea,—albeit the honour of an England no longer possible to be described as "Merrie." No more Maypole dances, no festivities (except an execution now and again); not even music and song at Christmas: the Anglican clergy banished or imprisoned; the churches empty and neglected, or, worse still, filled with "Ironsides" who insisted on remaining seated, smoking their pipes, all through the service. These and other pictures rose in her mind as she handled "*Olor Iscanus.*"

> "All that e're
> Thou pray'dst for here, was Peace. . . .
> . . . Thy Course in Time's long progress fell
> On a sad age when Warr had open'd Hell."

But to whom was Death

> "But a kind Usher of the Good to blisse"?

After the "thick black night" of Vaughan's gloom and weariness, with what vigorous courage and hope he ends a poem which began by deploring "publick sorrow" and "the tedious Reign of our Calamity":

> "The next glad news (most glad unto the Just!)
> Will be the Trumpet's summons from the dust.
> Then I'le not grieve; nay, more, I'le not allow
> My Soul should thinke thee absent from me now.
> Some bid their Dead 'Good night,' but I will say
> 'Good morrow to dear Charles,' for it is Day!"

Surely this had never been printed in *Olor Iscanus!* Yet Louise Guiney read it now from the book she held in her hand. But perhaps she had wandered into some dream-paradise where all the rare and precious volumes longed-for on earth may be at last possessed and enjoyed! She turned

back a few pages, and then her glance fell upon something seen only once before, just once, in the British Museum :

" *Thalia Rediviva :*
The
Pass-Times and *Diversions*
of a
Country Muse.
In Choice
POEMS
On several Occasions.
WITH
Some Learned *Remains* of the Eminent
Eugenius Philalethes.
Never made Publick till now.

—Nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia. *Virgil.*

Licensed, *Roger L'Estrange.*

London, Printed for Robert Pawlet at the Bible in *Chancery-lane,* near *Fleetstreet,* 1678."

Hardly able to believe the evidence of her own eyes, she looked onwards to the next pages. Yes, there was the dedication " To the most Honourable and truly Noble Henry, Lord Marquis and Earl of Worcester " ; the commendatory lines by the " Matchless Orinda " (Katherine Philips) " to Mr. Henry Vaughan, the Silurist : upon these and his former poems,"—beginning

" Had I ador'd the Multitude, and thence
Got an Antipathy to wit and sence,"—

and there also was Vaughan's own poem " On Sir Thomas Bodley's Library ; the author being then in Oxford " ; and his lament to " Etesia absent,"

" Love, the World's Life ! what a sad death
Thy absence is."

Yes, here was *Thalia* !

Some early votary of the poet of the Usk had bound within one cover "*Olor Iscanus*" and "*Thalia Rediviva*"; and, in faded brown ink, tokens of the former possessor's ownership were perceptible: the misprint in the Dedication, "insipid friends," for instance altered to "inward friends"; and on the title page an inscription, "By Mr. Henry Vaughan the Silurist" added.

Henceforth it could not be said "There are only two copies extant of *Thalia*," for here was the third,—come as if by predestination into the hands which best could prize it.

Those who are not Vaughan experts may naturally ask, "But why is *Thalia* so scarce?" The only suggested explanation is that Vaughan, as his life advanced, wrote fewer and fewer secular verses; his thoughts centred more and more "on the supernatural world":

> "As his corporeal sight is always upon the zenith or the horizon, so his fancy is far away, with his radiant ideals, . . . He takes his harp to the top-most hill and sits watching
>
> 'till white-winged reapers come.'
>
> . . . To read him is like coming alone to a village churchyard with trees, where the west is dying, in hues of lilac and rose, behind the low ivied Norman tower. The south windows are open, the young choir are within, and the organist, with many a hushed unconventional interlude of his own, is rehearsing with them the psalm of 'pleasure for evermore.'" [1]

And in the calm sunset of his life, even his songs to 'Amoret' and 'Etesia' may have seemed to contain perhaps too much of earth, too little of Heaven; and so he is believed to have bought up and destroyed these "*Pass-Times and Diversions of a Country Muse.*"

Yet there is not a word or line which a nun need blush to read: for "the Fire of Love doth fall like Snowe."

[1] L. I. Guiney. Henry Vaughan, in "*A Little English Gallery*," 1894.

In *Thalia* also is his praise of " Retirement " :

> " Fresh fields and woods ! the Earth's faire face,
> God's foot-stool and man's dwelling place.
> . . . . . .
> With flying meteors, mists and show'rs,
> Subjected hills, trees, meeds and Flow'rs ;
> . . . . . .
> If Eden be on Earth at all,
> 'Tis that which we the Country call."

How could any poet, we wonder, destroy such innocent and fragrant " Pass-Times " ?

One of Louise Guiney's Anglo-Irish friends, the brilliant, gifted, and fastidious Lionel Johnson, wrote in 1896 of Vaughan as " that poet of a magnificent imagination, often of a magnificent expression, who has met with such love from a few, with such neglect from the many."

> " Vaughan's work recalls Spenser's careful and authoritative definition of poetry : it is ' a divine gift and heavenly instinct, not to be gotten by labour and learning, but adorned with both, and poured into the witte by a certain enthousiasmos and celestiall inspiration.'
>
> " When those partly fail Vaughan, as fail him they often do, he is attractive, enjoyable, interesting, but not astonishing " ; but " when ' the good spirit ' as Herrick has it, is upon him in plenary power, he ' towers in his new ascension to delight.'
>
> " Imagine Wordsworth retaining his impassioned Platonism of contemplative thought, but enriching it with something of Crashaw's or of Miss Rossetti's refulgent religious raptures. Vaughan, at his noblest, is something like that." [1]

Perhaps, said Louise Guiney, it would be more just to assert that Wordsworth is something like Vaughan. A copy of

[1] Review by Lionel Johnson (in the *Daily Chronicle*) of " The Muses' Library " edition of Vaughan, edited by E. K. Chambers. Laurence & Bullen, 1896.

Silex Scintillans was in Wordsworth's Library; and that it influenced him, whether consciously or unconsciously, will be evident to anyone who compares the "*Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*" with some of Vaughan's utterances, especially

> "Happy those early dayes, when I
> Shin'd in my angell-infancy,
> Before I understood this place
> Appointed for my second race,
> Or taught my soul to fancy ought
> But a white celestiall thought,
> While yet I had not walkt above
> A mile or two from my first Love, . . .
> When on some gilded Cloud or flowre
> My gazing soul would dwell an howre
> And in those weaker glories spy
> Some shadows of Eternity." [1]

And of "*Childhood*," Vaughan laments,

> "I cannot reach it; and my eye
> Dazzles at it, as at Eternity."

Again, in "*Corruption*":

> "Man in those early days
> Was not all stone and earth;
> He shin'd a little, and by those weak Rays
> Had some glimpse of his birth."

a glimpse which

> "Made him long for home, as loath to stay
> With murmurers and foes;
> He sigh'd for Eden, and would often say
> 'Ah! what bright days were those!'"

Or

> "I saw Eternity the other night
> Like a great Ring of pure and endless Light";

[1] "*The Retreate.*"

and

" He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown ;
But what fair Well or Grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as Angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes
And into glory peep."

To bring out the obligations of Wordsworth to Vaughan was among Louise Guiney's intentions ; but more especially she wished to investigate Vaughan's own life through the scattered allusions in his work, both prose and verse ; and she followed up every political reference with the combined zest of an antiquary solving a problem and a friend receiving messages from the beloved dead.

It was generally assumed that Vaughan, though a Royalist, had not drawn sword during the Civil War (or, as he would have called it, the Great Rebellion). Imaginative modern commentators painted idyllic word-pictures of his supposed tranquil existence ; and one even built up the theory that the writer of *Silex Scintillans* was a Pacificist,—forgetting, presumably, his soldierly vision of " Peace " :

" My Soul, there is a Countrie
Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd Centrie
All skilful in the warres."

Pacificists do not see the Archangel Michael in their dreams, nor do they thus realise that peace is won through valour. Vaughan, as Louise Guiney more than once remarked, showed scant sign of hoping for a permanent peace on earth : but he never doubted it could be found in Heaven :

" If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flowre of Peace,
The Rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress and thy ease.

Leave then thy foolish ranges ;
For none can thee secure
But One Who never changes ;
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure."

Vaughan's references to himself as free from blood-guilt have been taken by various critics as an assertion that he kept his sword sheathed. But the more Louise Guiney thought about it, the more convinced she felt that no Cavalier gentleman, of devout and ardent knightly temperament, could have considered it blood-guilty to defend his King and Church, nor would have been proud of keeping his own skin safe ! Lord Falkland whose cry was ever for " Peace, peace ! " had sought and found peace only in the midst of battle : and not pacificists' peace, but warrior's peace breathes through Vaughan's verse. Moreover, the Silurist came of a notable fighting ancestry ; two of his forebears were among the heroes of Agincourt. King Henry the Fifth, ' Harry of Monmouth,' be it remembered, was Lord of Brecknock through his mother ; and when so hard-pressed in the battle that a jewel had been struck from the crown which he wore around his helmet, it was three Brecknockshire gentlemen, leading their contingent of Welsh, who came to his rescue. All three were mortally wounded ; and the victorious King knighted them as they lay dying on the field, *pro Rege.*

Thus—in the days when Knighthood was an honour princes were proud to receive, a distinction no man could hope to attain without risking his heart's blood,—Sir Roger Vaughan, Sir David Gam, and Sir Watkyn Lloyd won their spurs on Saint Crispin's Day, in a fight which shall be remembered as long as England is England.

Sir Roger Vaughan was a direct ancestor of the author of *Thalia* ; so was Sir David Gam. It is not of such a breed as this that pacificists come into being ! Louise Guiney's instinct was justified : the references to the fight on Rowton Moor, obviously those of an eye-witness, proved to be those also of a fighter, for in her researches she discovered documentary evidence that young Vaughan was then a Lieutenant

in Colonel Sir Herbert Price's Horse. But when in 1895 she had made her pilgrimage to his grave, only a few facts about his life were known ; no manuscripts or letters of his were thought to have survived ; and much of his career was still veiled in obscurity.

The companion of that pilgrimage to Llansantffread, Alice Brown, writes now of the events of twenty-seven years ago :

> " Louise was deep in Henry Vaughan editing, and we went down into a part of Wales hardly touched by tourists at that time, before the ubiquitous motor car had breathed petrol over the known world. At Llansantffread we found his grave horribly neglected, near a little coal shed. Coal, dumped close by had fallen on the stone and there were, item : a rusty barrel hoop ; item, a broken lamp chimney ; item, cans, bottles and a nondescript disorder, to mark the spot. We cleared the stone with our hands and our walking sticks, and then went to talk it over with two men working near. One was a Hendrick Hudson creature, short, fanged, blear-eyed, and we got him all nerved up by preaching Vaughan, and telling him the poet was the greatest man the place had ever had. We didn't realise he was moved till suddenly he smote his leg and cried :
>
> " ' Dang it ! he'd ought to have a better place.' Dogberry in the flesh." [1]
>
> And Louise Guiney " stayed not in her doing, but called later upon England and America for a fund to put the grave in order and suitably commemorate the poet." [2]

Her appeal took the form of a letter to the *Athenaeum*, dated from Boston in the autumn of that year (1895), October 1st, two centuries after Vaughan's death :

> " I devoted some memorable days of my vacation to the Usk Valley in Breconshire, a beautiful region, lovely as Eden, and unexplored even by coaches. I went into

[1] Alice Brown to E. M. Tenison.

[2] Alice Brown's "*Louise Imogen Guiney*," p. 80.

it and over it with a single mind to Henry Vaughan, the Silurist, a favourite old poet of mine, who thought himself co-eternal with its hills and waters, and who is most successfully forgotten in his own Wales and elsewhere. I walked to Llansantffread, and found his grave, and, a mile west, the house, 'Newton-on-Uske,' where he was born in 1621, . . . The house is a fine one, now used by a farmer, . . . in its own ample acres as heretofore, it is well preserved and in no danger. But the grave! It occupies an extreme north-east corner of the Llansantffread churchyard, where there is not a thing else of any age or interest whatsoever. The slab of the tomb is broken; the Latin inscription is getting dim; under an old yew tree, probably planted there to keep the poet's dust company, and heaped all about the stone, are dead boughs, nettles, bricks, rotten wreaths, fragments of crockery, dirt, and confusion unspeakable; and the parish coal-shed is so placed against the neighbouring wall that the operating genius with the shovel must stand on Henry Vaughan's burial place, and shower it with slag and soot, *oculo irretoro*. Since the new church was built ten years ago, and the coal-shed set up, that has been the order of the day. By a common irony of fate, every other sleeper in that God's acre has a cleanly grassy bed, except the one precious to England and most worthy of peace. Now —and this is why I write—cannot something be done? Will you not say an efficient word for one of the best men and sweetest minds of the seventeenth century? Of course, Vaughan cannot, with his peculiar and recluse genius, be known to the many; but it is safe to count upon the response of those who are already his lovers. There must be fifty of us, else have our Palgraves and Grosarts and Lytes and Dr. John Browns been in vain. Will you not find out, by a public appeal, whether a few pounds cannot be put together and devoted to having the coal-shed moved, clearing the rubbish from the grave, planting a small grass plot, and keeping the spot for ever in decent and fitting condition?

> I am poor as 'they that have not patience'; but you may set me down for the first sovereign. Vaughan being a Welshman, and a high Churchman, and a man of letters, ought to win recognition from three camps. Surely this generation owes tardy thanks to the Silurist, —thanks 'loaden with the rich arrear' (in his own phrase) of the centuries which preferred to him the wooden worthies who shall be nameless.
>
> Louise Imogen Guiney."

This appeal was answered by Miss Morgan of Brecon,[1] a Vaughan expert and enthusiast, whose father had been Rector of Llanhamlach, the next parish to Llansantffread. She thus had grown up from childhood amidst localities linked with Vaughan and with those dear to him.[2]

From the correspondence started in 1895 there ensued a great and lasting friendship, the opening chapter of which begins with Louise Guiney's eager reply to "the most-pleasure-giving letter" she had ever received in her "much lettered life."

Dated October the 19th, sent care of the *Athenaeum*, it was forwarded by the Editor to Dr. Edmund Gosse; and only reached Auburndale after six weeks of adventure. In answering, Louise Guiney explains that she had asked her old friend Herbert Clarke "a minor poet worthy of the fame he has missed, and a most loving student and critic of our old English writers, to take charge of the contributions to the fund," and to go in person, later, to Llansantffread, and see that the tomb was made seemly and the coal-shed moved away. All of which I hope he may yet be able to do for our poet."

It was tantalising to think that at Brecon she had unconsciously been so near a fellow Silurian. To her new and unknown friend she gives an account of her pilgrimage.

[1] The "Gwenllian E. F. Morgan" to whom in "*England and Yesterday*" Louise Guiney subsequently dedicated "Lines on Various Fly-leaves."

[2] For instance (as Miss Morgan explained), the "C. W. Esquire," of Vaughan's loving memorial poem described before by Louise Guiney (p. 151) as *unidentified*, was Charles Walbeoffe of Llanhamlach, whose family (of Norman origin) had been settled in that district for six hundred years, and whose tomb is in the chancel of Llanhamlach Church.

After alluding to Miss Alice Brown, in America " a very well-known writer," but " a pilgrim new to Wales though not to England," she says,

> " Of all the sweet places I ever saw or dreamed of, commend me to the country between Brecon and Abergavenny ! Miss Brown and I walked. We are good walkers, and being poor authors, we found it economical. We each wore one brown gown (with buttons to shorten it, on occasion), one pair of gaiters, one aged felt hat, one belt with hooks for books and drinking-cup, with one stout stick and patient pack, for ten or twelve weeks in the open air. Then we went up to London and reluctantly sank into civilised habits. . . .
>
> " The day we struck Llansantffread . . . was the anniversary of the Restoration, May 29th, and I wore a big oak sprig in my hat through the many lovely lovely miles of our march, chiefly, I think, to please Henry Vaughan.
>
> " I was in North Wales a good deal while I lived with my mother in London, 1889-1891. But there is nothing like Siluria ! I pray that modern progress may never cross those hills, or pollute *' Isca parens florum '*. . .
>
> " I browsed a good deal about your noble old Priory Church,[1] often reading names and comparing dates on the flaggings in the north chapel, and the transepts, and pleasing myself with thinking : ' These were dear H. V.'s friends and neighbors.' In short I am always thinking of him. Of all the old lyric poets of whom I am fond he comes first. . . . I am so glad to have you say Mr. Arnold[2] appreciated his verse. But of course he would ! I wish he had said so from his critical throne : and Vaughan would be in his right place to-day." [3]

In the joy of discovering one who cared for Vaughan in the same personal way as she did, one who was actually

[1] Now Brecon Cathedral. E. M. T. [2] Matthew Arnold.

[3] To Miss Gwenllian E. F. Morgan, Buckingham Place, Brecon. Letter dated " Auburndale, Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.A., 26th November, 1895."

collecting material for his possible biography, Louise Guiney longed, more than ever, to return to England, live within easy reach of the Bodleian Library, and concentrate every thought upon the Seventeenth Century, until she and Miss Morgan together might achieve their monument to Vaughan : for " there is neither picture, nor image of marble, nor arch of triumph, nor pillar, nor sumptuous sepulchre, can match the durableness of an eloquent biography, furnished with the qualities it ought to have." [1]

What made such a project difficult of attainment was lack of money. Research work is long, laborious, and uncertain ; and in the meantime the author, be he or she never so ascetic, must have a roof overhead, and, alas, cannot live on dreams nor pay butcher's and tailor's bills with fairy gold.

Acknowledging to Miss Morgan another letter on the well-loved theme, " every word and page of it so stimulating, so satisfying," her delight scintillated in thanks. Such sympathy was like

> " an irresistible voice calling me over to England, and back to what Kipling calls ' the old trail, the out trail, the trail that is always new ! '
>
> " I know not what I am doing here, save bridging the time, until I can get away again, and into the Seventeenth Century ! It is a question of pure finance for Mother and me. Sometimes we dream of getting our house rented or sold next Spring. . . . But I mean to be content and thankful, and believe that the best thing to happen will be the thing that will happen, whatsoever it be."

" I am drowned entirely in P(ost) O(ffice)," she wrote to an English poet friend after her return to Auburndale : " on deck every day some eleven hours, and frequently getting nothing to eat between eleven at morn and nine at night. It is not always quite so bad as that." She cheered herself with the thought that though her own progress in work for

[1] Amyot, the French translator of Plutarch, as quoted by Sir Sidney Lee in his " *Principles of Biography* : the Leslie Stephen Lecture, May 13th, 1911."

her favourite seventeenth century poet was impossible in such circumstances, yet "Henry Vaughan's crony, Miss Morgan," ("a genius" in her understanding of that subject,) "is making genealogical and topographical discoveries all the time"; and she "is having the grave sodded from the hill over Vaughan's own house, and planted with spring flowers from 'the primrose'd way.'" [1]

Again, to Herbert Clarke at the end of the year (1895) she comments warm-heartedly on Miss Morgan's efficiency and sympathy:

"She is an astonishing antiquary, . . . thoroughly generous and likable; has written much in local journals, too, of Vaughan, his times, and his family; reads his verse with inevitable intelligence, and has made more genuine discoveries and versifications, it seems to me, than Grosart, Lyte, Tutin, L. I. G. *et al*: all rolled together."

In a "Descriptive List of Publications of Messrs. Copeland and Day" of Boston, for 1896-1897, on page twenty-four appeared the following announcement:

> "*Vaughan, Henry. The Silurist. The Poetry of. With a critical study, a biographical-topographical essay, and notes, by the editors, Louise Imogen Guiney and Gwenllian E. F. Morgan. In Preparation.*"

And the publishers added alluringly:

> "The first American edition of one of the very finest and least-known of the English poets of the seventeenth century. The editors, who are both Vaughan specialists, have had the book in preparation for several years, and have brought to their task unique knowledge and enthusiasm. Only a limited number of copies will be printed."

But, alas, no copies at all were printed. The book could not be completed: dreary duties and necessary but unloved tasks intervened, and it seemed as if a goblin fate militated always against the fulfilment of the aim nearest to Louise Guiney's heart.

[1] To Herbert E. Clarke (Aug. 1895).

" I am well, busy, and deadly dull," she reported to Mrs. Clement Shorter (Dora Sigerson) from Boston in the spring of 1900: " always dreaming of going back to England, and editing my beloved of the Seventeenth Century. I am afraid that is the only Paradise I hunger for, now that I live in a world underground, where no fine arts nor belle-lettres grow, and where one's chief business is

> ' to come it brave and meek
> On thirty bob a week ! ' "

This was when she was still in the Catalogue Department of the Public Library.

Very warmly she welcomed any progress made by Miss Morgan towards the end they both had in view :

> " It is fine news that you are collecting drawings and photographs. . . . We could have many views of H. V.'s places and associations, as well as copies in facsimile of old register entries. Is it not maddening to think that there must be somewhere a portrait of him ? How could *he* have escaped the engraver, he alone, of all that poetic time ? Is there not a triple veil of mystery even yet, over his whole personality ? "

After her return to England, when in 1902 she was living at Oxford with her aunt Miss Elizabeth Doyle, obstacles continued to stand in the way of the Vaughan researches, but his name recurs again and again in her correspondence :

> " Easter was gloomy, was it not ? But to-day is a pure jewel, all sky and inspiration. I went out in the afternoon, . . . and met a Vaughan lover in the person of the President of Magdalen, T. Herbert Warren, a youngish man, with a dark vivid face, who has published some first rate poetry of his own.
>
> " . . . My mother . . . is worried over our Auburndale property, on which her income depends. It is tenantless just now and out of repair. I fancy you can feel for her. What a debasing thing it is to be subject

to money plagues! . . . You see I have been, with all the goodwill in the world, a dead failure at wage-earning. . . . I am set on staying here for ever, D.V." [1]

But again for financial reasons she had to go back to America. At last, in May of 1910,—just after the death of King Edward VII., which she deplores,—one of her letters from Boston concludes on a happy note: "By October, please God, I shall set heartily to work on H. V., and do no other work but that the whole winter through. I sail on the 25th. . . . You may imagine my joy and comfort in the prospect." [1]

October of that year saw her at Bruges, whence she wrote,[1]

> "Here is my Milton article. . . . I have no idea who would print it. . . . Tell me if you think it calculated to stir up interest in our handling of H. V. The Cromwell one I haven't finished. The bust of Charles II. here in the Archers' Hall (St. Sebastian, Rue des Carmes) has a delightful Flemish inscription, A.D. 1656, explaining how he had been hounded out of England 'van't Duyvels Cromgeweldt.' I am told this means 'by the devil Cromwell'!"

The Bruges visit was not a very happy one, chiefly from "want of sleep, and other fussy circumstances"; and she returned to England gladly.

From Ramsgate (October 25) to a younger poet in New York, Thomas S. Jones, Jr., who, with her old friend Clinton Scollard, had dedicated to her a charming book of country verse "*From the Heart of the Hills*," [2] she wrote:

"Little Brother in Apollo. . . . Did I tell you I am going to Cornwall, in order to finish editing Vaughan, and to keep out of the way of social distractions. There will be no one there to talk to but mermaids."

[1] To Miss Gwenllian E. F. Morgan.

[2] New York, 1910 (long out of print). Dedication: "To L. I. G. 'Good poet and gentle reader.'"

From Falmouth, in the New Year, " Jan: 30th, King Charles his Daye," to the same correspondent she refers to his later volume and her projected one.

> " Fratellino. . . . How is this that you never got thanked for your charming little gift, '*On the Road of Song*'? Surely I wrote: then what can have happened? Does Davy Jones, who ought to have some feeling for you, dine in his cool caverns on that belated envelope? I am quite crestfallen that your courtesy should thus seem to have gone unacknowledged. . . .
>
> " I shall rejoice for you if you strike these ancient isles next summer. Imagine *me* knowing Iona! I who never get anywhere, but just have to snuggle down and be happy on twenty-two shillings a week. . . .
>
> " I am working mightily on my Vaughan, so must end. Fare you ever so well."

But again (after her mother's death) came interruptions, trials, sorrows, disappointments. Yet she would not give way to despair, or even doubt: " We'll just do it yet, please God!" she wrote to Miss Morgan, " despite your blessed mayoralty year looming ahead,[1] and my own well-nigh incredible distractions."

But Peace and Leisure seemed to recede ever farther away; yet she kept up her determined hopefulness. When some well-intentioned acquaintance spoke of her pityingly as " lonely," she wrote to her ever-sympathetic and understanding friend Miss Morgan, " I don't know—don't dare let myself know,—what it is to be lonely. If everyone's life was as crowded full as mine is (for in my hole-and-corner way I keep about as busy as you do), there would be much happiness in the world. . . . May H. V.[2] come into his own, by our united zeal, in 1912." [3]

[1] Miss Morgan was elected Mayor of Brecon on Nov. 9th, 1910, for the Coronation year. In this and other public work in Wales she is described as having " displayed conspicuous ability, great business aptitude, skill in organisation and promptness and thoroughness in action." She is now (1922) a magistrate for the Borough of Brecon, and was the first lady magistrate sworn.

[2] Henry Vaughan.

[3] Letter dated Dec. 18, 1911.

But in 1912 those old hags the Fates were still hostile ; and in 1913 obstacles multiplied. Not only tasks but illnesses were afterwards to break in upon the time that should have been dedicated to Vaughan.

" Had I but life enough and time ! " [1]

she might have cried with a Seventeenth Century singer.

One thing she had already done in Vaughan's honour ; and that was to part with the greatest treasure in her library, that it might be housed where many could see and prize it. Though she could have got its weight in gold for " *Thalia,*" she could not bear to sell it ; but she had presented it to the Bodleian, at Michaelmas, 1902.

" Dear Mr. Madan," she wrote to the Librarian : " Here is a little birthday gift for Sir Thomas Bodley, which a grateful undergraduate of his eternal college is glad to pass over to better keeping than that of the owners. . . ."

On the fly-leaf she had inscribed above her own name the name of the much-loved friend in South Wales :

" This book belongs to
Gwenllian E. F. Morgan
and
Louise Imogen Guiney
and it was given by them to the Bodleian Library
as a small Tercentenary gift, in October, MCMII."

Early in the same year she had edited, for the Oxford University Press, Vaughan's prose works, " *The Mount of Olives And Primitive Holiness set forth in the life of Paulinus, Bishop of Nola.*"

Her preface, describing Vaughan as " a man of letters, a recluse scholar, and a patrician with a formed philosophy," —one who " bore his loyal part in the Civil Wars," and paid the price in grief and poverty, but by " proud sincerity " and " intense religiousness " learnt " content under the conditions of a changed and circumscribed lot,"—is, within the brief space allowed her, the model of what such an introductory note should be.

[1] Andrew Marvell, " *To his Coy Lady.*"

Summarising his later life, when he was a " home-keeper, a Welsh country physician," she says

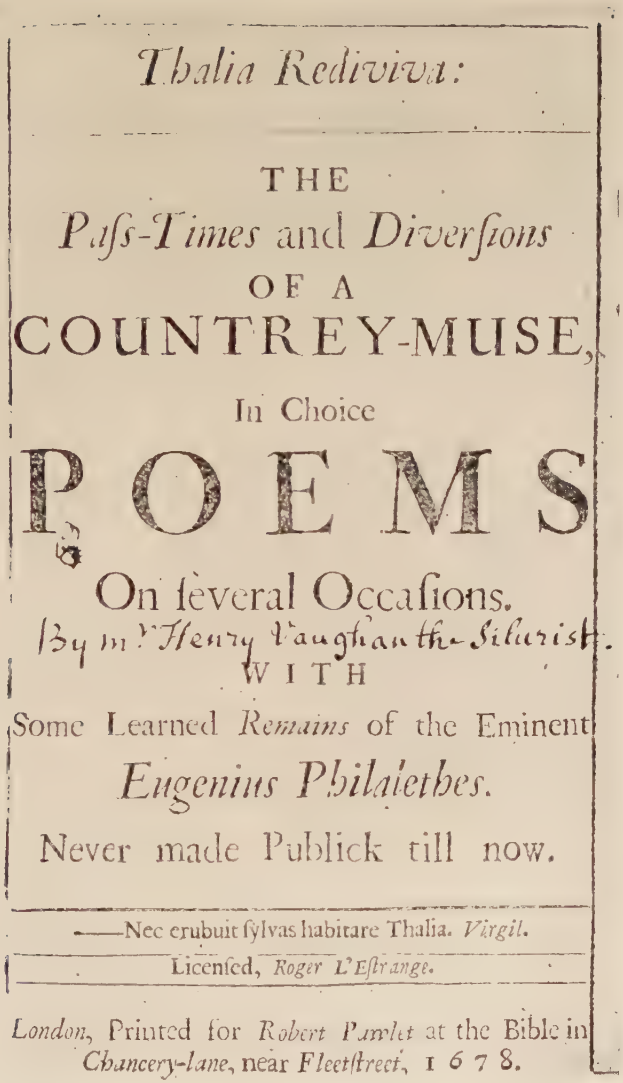
> " There among his majestic native hills, Vaughan had at least, to keep his poet's soul alive, a full measure of natural beauty, and the glorious Usk for a daily regeneration. Indoors it seems plain that he had domestic happiness, and a library. He lacked altogether those good exterior encouragements, wealth and fame ; instead he had to accept what in these isles has so often meant a spur rather than a curb to literary effort : ' a peevish inconstant state of health.' The affliction so characterised in his own words was usual to him, and under its shadow most of his happy labours were done."

Then follows her analysis of the devotional works he translated, and her charming character-sketch of Paulinus with his " genius for friendship, . . . writing and the fine arts " ; and a significant reference to the beautiful and noble story of the wedded lovers " Paulinus et Therasia," who " prius uxor et maritus, deinde soror et frater, *cor unum et anima una.*" She touches very sympathetically upon Therasia's part in the soul-drama of that scholar afterwards to be known as " that Bishop of Nola in Campania, who has found in modern days his enthusiastic editors and annalists among French and Italian scholars."

" These twin ascetics [Paulinus and Therasia], following the religious precedent of their pre-conventual day, never separated. Paulinus became a priest, a monk, a Bishop, with his holy widow and helpmate always at his side."

Concerning the prose style of the translator, Miss Guiney concludes :

> " It is believed, on the whole, that the dissertations by Henry Vaughan, thus commended, for the only time since their inception, to the general public, will not lack their welcomers. Happy is the man, then or now, who with a heart set solely upon giving a good example, cannot help offering us unmistakable literature ! As



Thalia Rediviva:

THE

Pass-Times and *Diversions*

OF A

COUNTREY-MUSE,

In Choice

POEMS

On several Occasions.

By m^r Henry Vaughan the Silurist.

WITH

Some Learned *Remains* of the Eminent

Eugenius Philalethes.

Never made Publick till now.

——Nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia. *Virgil.*

Licensed, *Roger L'Estrange.*

London, Printed for *Robert Pawlet* at the Bible in *Chancery-lane*, near *Fleetstreet*, 1678.

Title page of the copy of Vaughan's *Thalia* presented to the Bodleian Library, Oxford, by Louise Imogen Guiney, 1902. Only three copies of this work are known to be extant.

(*Photographed by the Bodleian Library specially for this biography.*)

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such it falls into line and has its affinities with the tribes and heads of tribes: There are thoughts in its bosom which 'call cousin' with Bacon, with Raleigh, with Fuller, Donne, Burton; and especially with the Silurist's fellow physician, whom we cannot now prove that he had read or knew, Sir Thomas Browne. Like theirs, his is a style of the splendid transition. . . .

"Vaughan's is a singularly mobile vocabulary; for a certain ornate compactness and sombre serenity in the use of words it would be hard to match him outside the classics. . . . He who has left us no portrait looks forth once again, and sweetly, from a small book of abstinent English prose."

CHAPTER XIII

DARK ROSALEEN

" Apollo has a class of might-have-beens whom he loves ; poets bred in melancholy places, under disabilities ; with thwarted growth and thinned voices. . . . The making of a name is too often like the making of a fortune : the more scrupulous contestants are

> ' Delicate spirits, pushed away
> In the hot press of the noonday.'

Mangan's is just such a memory, captive and overborne. . . . One can think of no other, in the long disastrous annals of English literature, cursed with so monotonous a misery, so much hopelessness and stagnant grief."

Thus, writing, be it remembered, primarily for an American audience, Louise Imogen Guiney in 1897 introduced the shadowy and elusive poet whose sorrowful life-story, so well-remembered in Ireland, was practically unknown in America except to those who had some ancestral link with ' hapless Innisfail.'

As regards her " *James Clarence Mangan : A Study*," prefacing her selection of his poems,[1] Mangan's biographer, Mr. D. J. O'Donaghue, is the best witness we can call :

> " Let me say at once," he wrote to her, " that all my expectations of the work were fully realised ; I think it a fine book and a worthy tribute to Mangan. It is produced in a beautiful manner, and so far as your part

[1] Lamson, Wolffe & Company, Norwood Press, U.S.A., 1897. John Lane, London.

of the work is concerned I like it immensely. I think, too, that you have given the *crème de la crème* of Mangan's verse, and though I regret the absence of some favourites of mine, I would not dream of questioning your critical capacity in the matter. Your Introduction is quite admirable, luminous and appreciative without being gushing, and on the whole I think nothing better if as good has ever been written of Mangan.

" There are errors, . . . and I send you on a separate sheet or two a few corrections which you may think well of using if (as is certain) a second edition is called for. In spite of these errors, I think you are astonishingly accurate, everything considered. Nearly everybody who has written about him has fallen into numerous mistakes. . . .

" It would be almost impertinent in me to praise your critical power. I will only say I admire it very much, as much as your evident wide reading. Do not think me carping because I call attention to some errors. Some of them I fell into myself at an earlier stage, and I really write them down for your own private judgment. . . . I would never dream of calling attention to them in a journal or otherwise publicly." [1]

The principle that it is unwise to point out the trifling faults of a work to an audience which would be apt not to realise its serious merits, is eminently sound when applied to literature in contradistinction from history or science. Literary criticism should be a summary and interpretation of the outstanding qualities of special writers : not, as it too often is, mere fault-finding, or a critic's mental gymnastic in putting himself between the subject and the reader. We hear on every side to-day that " art is self-expression " ; but the noblest art, in literature as in life, may also be self-forgetfulness. The writer who loses consciousness of himself in his determination to do justice to the cause or individual he is expounding, will nearly always carry his readers with

[1] Letter dated from " Drogheda Lodge, Finglas, Co. Dublin, 10.7.97." Preserved, with the list of corrigenda, in Miss Guiney's own copy of her Mangan.

him ; and though he may reveal his own soul by the incidents and topics he selects, the human and literary value of his work comes from sympathy with the eternal elements which glimmer and gleam among perishable things. So, Louise Guiney concerned herself more to show Mangan's merits than to catalogue his failures, though a warning as to his limitations could not be omitted : much of his output, both verse and prose, was " stumbling, . . . diffuse, distraught," and he had also that fatal facility so apt to " carry a writer off his feet and wash him into the deep sea of slovenliness."

> " From his very first appearance in print, as a young boy, he displays as his essential characteristics, imagination, and the greatest verbal dexterity. . . . As an essayist, despite some fine flashes, he is not worth preserving. Nor can it be denied that the same element of restlessness and strain, a sort of alloy from the frightful poverty and degradation nigh it, gets at times into much of Mangan's poetic work.
>
> " He was poor, infirm, homeless, loveless ; travel and adventures were cut off from him, . . . the cruel necessities of labor sapped his dreams from a boy ; morbid fancies mastered him. . . . He is no subject for biography. Paul Verlaine is his only parallel, were it not that Mangan had no such intense moods of religious mysticism, and none of bestiality. ' No purer and more benignant spirit '—it is John Mitchel who speaks, —' ever alighted upon earth ; no ' more abandoned ' wretch ever found earth a purgatory and a hell. There ' were, as I have said, two Mangans : one well-known ' to the Muses, the other to the police ; one soared ' through the empyrean and sought the stars, the other ' lay too often in the gutters of Peter Street and Bride ' Street. . . .
>
> " ' In his deadly struggle with the cold world he wore ' no defiant air and attitude ; was always humble, ' affectionate, almost prayerful. He was never of the ' Satanic school, never devoted mankind to the infernal ' gods, nor cursed the sun.'. . .

" Worldly wisdom is not a gift left in Irish cradles. . . . It is his chief negative merit that he was duped and driven to the wall. Such weakness—rather than the 'push' which receives superstitious reverence,—is advanced civilisation, yet it must not be recommended in hornbooks."

Those who knew Mangan knew him chiefly through his own poem " The Nameless One," which we must call to mind if we are to see the full bearing of these remarks. He tells how

" trampled, derided, hated,
And worn by weakness, disease and wrong.
He fled for shelter to God, Who mated
His soul with song ;

With song which alway, sublime or vapid,
Flowed like a rill in the morning beam,
Perchance not deep, but intense and rapid :
A mountain stream.

Tell how this Nameless, condemned for years long
To herd with demons from Hell beneath,
Saw things that made him, with groans and tears, long
For even death.

. . . . . .

And tell how now, amid wreck and sorrow,
And want, and sickness and homeless nights,
He bides in calmness the silent morrow
That no ray lights.

And lives he still then ? Yes ! old and hoary
At thirty-nine, from despair and woe,
He lives, enduring what future story
Will never know.

Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,
Deep in your bosoms : there let him dwell ;
He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble
Here and in Hell."

Even had he possessed riches, health, ease, renown, Mangan we may suspect was of those who are fated to be exiles on earth. His " translations " from Persian and other Eastern tongues (which tongues he did not know unless in dreams), are full of this melancholy. " *The Karamanian Exile* " which Miss Guiney selects to open the section of " Original Poems . . . purporting to be Translations from Oriental languages," though based on the visible woes of exile, palpitates also with that sorrow which is neither exclusively of the East nor of the West but throbs wherever the heart of man yearns for the serenity and happiness his mortal conditions deny him.

" I see thee ever in my dreams,
Karaman !
Thy hundred hills, thy thousand streams,
Karaman, O Karaman !
As when thy gold-bright morning gleams,
As when the deepening sunset seams
With lines of light thy hills and streams,
Karaman !
So thou loomest on my dreams,
Karaman !
On all my dreams, my homesick dreams,
Karaman, O Karaman ! "

And from dreams he drew inward sustenance.

" Shapes of pain and peril may appal me,
Agony and ruin may befal me,
Darkness and dismay may hover ever ;
But, cold world, I will not die thy slave." [1]

Mangan and Poe " died, under almost identical circumstances of pain and mystery, in the same year," and in their careers both analogies and contrasts are to be found. After epitomising these, Louise Guiney comments,

" Poe was ever the artist ; his imagination was not only sumptuous but steadfast ; his utterances were

[1] " *Enthusiasm,*" one of his lyrics.

fewer, and had finality. In the moral contrast, it is the Irish poet who gains. Poe, with his manifold gifts," nevertheless " nursed grudges and hungered for homage ; he was seldom so happy as in a thriving quarrel. Mangan was a pattern of sweet gratitude and deference, and left his art to prosper or perish, as Heaven should please. . . . Let him come forward at last in a quieter hour, with his own whimsical misgiving manner. . . . He has been, for a half-century, wandering on the dark marge of Lethe. It will not do, as yet, to startle him with gross applause. Otherwise his gratified editor would like to repeat, introducing Clarence Mangan, the gallant words with which Schumann once began a review of the young Chopin : ' Hats off, Gentlemen : a Genius ! ' "

Her selection opens with " *My Dark Rosaleen*," Mangan's version of " *Roisin Dubh* " written in Queen Elizabeth's reign, in Irish, by one of the bards of Hugh the Red, that Tyrconnellian Chieftain who loved his country with an intensity which made it natural to express such fiery emotion in the guise of adoration of a beautiful ill-fated woman.

" Woe and pain, pain and woe,
Are my lot, night and noon,
To see your bright face clouded so,
Like to the mournful moon.

. . . . . .

Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly for your weal :
Your holy delicate hands
Shall girdle me like steel.
At home in your emerald bowers,
From morning's dawn till e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
My Dark Rosaleen.
My fond Rosaleen !
You'll think of me thro' daylight hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
My Dark Rosaleen."

Too long to quote here in its entirety, "*Dark Rosaleen*" is the age-long cry of patriotism, above and beyond any question of politics; the yearning of the generous soul to lavish heart, spirit, strength, life itself, in that immortal and unconquerable devotion which certain heroic natures feel for their own homeland.

> "I could scale the blue air,
> I could plough the high hills,
> O I could kneel all night in prayer,
> To heal your many ills!
> And one beaming smile from you
> Would float like light between
> My toils and me, my own, my true,
> My Dark Rosaleen!
> My fond Rosaleen!
> Would give me life and soul anew,
> A second life, a soul anew,
> My Dark Rosaleen!"

Such, whether for a country or for a woman, is true love: but it is Love whose Kingdom is not of this world. Despite Mangan's connection with the 'Young Ireland' party, his real Ireland was less the Ireland of political dissension than the Ireland of tradition and poetry. Thus also was Ireland dearest to Louise Guiney. Her character-sketch of Robert Emmet should appeal even to readers weary of the interminable 'Irish question,' for in her picture of the boy "active out of doors, yet full of insatiable interest in books," and of the ardent, sensitive, generous, fastidious youth, and ill-starred unpractical noble-minded man, singularly unfit for conspiracy and for the rough and tumble of politics,—a generous antagonist, courteous, tender-hearted, honourable, impetuous, irrationably hopeful, ever "hungry for the heroic,"—we see the incarnation of that innate unworldliness which seldom fails to charm, perhaps because its catastrophic defeat in Time opens up spiritual vistas of eternity. Moreover, Emmet's love-story must always touch all hearts, save the hardest.

The late eighteenth century affords several dramatic

contrasts between materialism and dreams: powdered, patched, bewigged formalism, and exquisitely spontaneous romance: the lifelong devotion of Count Axel Fersen to Marie Antoinette is of course the most outstanding instance of a transcendental ideal and a great reality fused in one steady white fire of chivalrous constancy and self-sacrifice. Emmet's romance is nearer to earth, for he had human hopes deliberately renounced by Fersen,—who in the vigour of his magnificent youth, decided, with an almost angelic strength of purpose, never even in thought to wish for what fate and his own reverential heart denied him; Fersen who devoted himself silently to the cause of the beloved woman and Queen, in whom he divined the exalted spirit then hidden from the average frivolous courtier, but revealed at last to the whole world at the time of her final agony and martyrdom. Emmet was as sanguine, as impulsive, as ready to expect miracles as Fersen was calmly self-controlled and sadly wise. Soldier, diplomat, and *grand seigneur*, Fersen knew and understood the world as Emmet never understood it. Nevertheless between Emmet the Irish rebel and Count Axel Fersen, champion *par-excellence* of Monarchy, there was just this much in common: both had the instinctive unselfishness and that proud inability to compromise which are the dominating traits of patrician souls. Such also were the characteristics of Louise Guiney through which her work attains distinction; and her craving for the highest is combined with such a warmth of human sympathy that the griefs and joys of the dead, their eager quivering hopes and soaring aspirations, never crumble to dust but ever live and breathe for her. In a few words she depicts for us the unhappy childhood and pathetic girlhood of the first and last and only woman Emmet loved: "Her noble and touching beauty" was "stamped in every feature with irony, melancholy, and fatalism. To her lover, with his head full of all poetic ideas, she must have looked like the very spirit of Innisfail."

A faithful peasant, in the confidence of "Mr. Robert" and "Miss Sarah," said long afterwards that "Miss Sarah's look was the mildest, the softest, and the sweetest that you

ever saw," and her exquisite portrait by Romney—painted prior to her betrothal—endorses these epithets.

For Robert Emmet, youth was pulsing with hope; the glitter of a magical unearthly brightness blinded him to dangers and pitfalls ahead: "His intensely sanguine and resolute nature may have kept him from reading" in the face of his Beloved, the predestined "rune of sorrow."

That her father's best friend was slain by Emmet's partisans, without his knowledge (or possibly even contrary to his orders), was only one of the many fatalities which separated the lives of the lovers, while never alienating their souls. Emmet wrote to Mr. Curran, "I would rather have the affections of your daughter in the back settlements of America than the finest situation this country could offer without them." But it was on something more than personal emotion that this love was founded. Parental displeasure came largely from the fact that "gentle little Sarah, with her sweet eyes and her most harmonious voice, was guilty of doing her own thinking, and doing it, which was worst of all, upon political matters. . . . Emmet's true passion for the girl whose national ideas could so fearlessly keep pace with his own" was part of his patriotism and not a rival to it. "Heart and brain, soul and body, she would have been his perfect mate."

Unlike the traditional Irishman to whom vengeance is a duty, hatred a luxurious emotion, and an eloquent curse a delight, Emmet passed out of life "with sentiments of love and kindness to all men."

"I never saw anyone die like him," declared one of his political opponents admiringly.

After his execution, "the one element needed to perfect Sarah's desolation" was her father's cold harshness.

Not the least remarkable part of the soul-drama of the lovers, is that, as Louise Guiney sympathetically relates, it was in the person of a young English military officer that Sarah Curran—stricken, heart-broken, lingering on in life more like a ghost than a being of flesh and blood,—was destined to meet the compassion and tenderness her own parent obstinately denied to her.

Captain Henry Robert Sturgeon, of the Royal Engineers, was that type of well-bred man-of-action to which reverence for women is as natural and innate as courage, loyalty, or truth. Descended from the "Great Earl" of Strafford, Ireland's Viceroy and Charles the First's doomed champion, Captain Sturgeon was grandson of the first and nephew of the second Marquis of Rockingham.

> "He conceived for Sarah Curran an instinctive affection, ardent and profound. It was as if Emmet, absented for ever, had breathed himself into another for the comfort and protection of the well-beloved. But the well-beloved would not be comforted nor protected: not though she knew, as she knew perfectly, both what her suitor's worth was, and what were his fortune and standing in the great world. . . .
>
> "Two difficult years and more went by for Henry Sturgeon. He never wavered in his purpose: much as society sought after him, there was but one woman in the world to that patient and dedicated lover."

The world of the early nineteenth century was little able to comprehend a devotion of this nature: and even Sarah Curran seems to have been astonished that any man could offer her such deep adoration, when love—as the word is generally interpreted—was not hers to give. Her every emotion was concentrated on the memory of Emmet.

> 'Lovers are round her, sighing:
> But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
> For her heart in his grave is lying.'

In February of 1806 her English friend's regiment was ordered away from Ireland; and he pleaded with her, even if her heart was vowed to the dead, nevertheless to let him marry her, that he might have the "privilege of humblest service, from which otherwise he would be debarred." And so, reluctantly, trusting him in her utter desolation, she consented.

From England his regiment was ordered to Malta, thence to Sicily; and in the Sicilian sunshine a seeming return of

health, and a certain sad tranquillity came to her. But in less than two years, the exigencies of war made Sicily unsafe, and she and her husband set sail for England.

" In a crowded transport, . . . in the course of that most luckless voyage, was prematurely born her only child,"—born only to fade out of life. " The deep-seated sadness of her soul, as if unjustly alienated, returned in all its fulness after his death.

" She settled with her husband at Hythe in Kent, and there she made haste to die. The laburnums were coming into blossom when she entered upon her eternity at six-and-twenty years of age."

Her last request, sent to her alienated father, was that her body might be buried in Ireland, in a garden grave at the Priory, near her old home.

As for Captain Sturgeon, " skilled to excellence in almost every branch of war," he served during the Peninsular Campaign as

> " Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, and later . . . on the Duke of Wellington's Staff ; and Wellington's despatches ring again and again with his commended name.
>
> " Riding across a vineyard during the fight near Vie Begorre " (relates Louise Guiney), " on a March morning of 1814, in the sixth year of his widowhood, and the thirty-sixth of his age, he was shot dead in the saddle."

Though, as one of his comrades said, he had " used his gifts so gently for himself and so usefully for the Service," and though even the Commander-in-Chief had praised him, " the whole army " (to cite the comrade already quoted) had cause " to feel painfully mortified " that his merits never were recognised by the Government.

" This Englishman, whatever his eminence of courage and skill might be, had been the husband of Emmet's sweetheart ; and Emmet was an Irish rebel and felon. The young soldier had probably weighed well what he was inheriting."

Jealousy, selfishness, or personal ambition were qualities from which he was entirely free ; and when his strong calm chivalrous soul was driven forth from his body by the swift

French bullet, into that eternal life " where earthly incidents wither away at a breath, and men of like temper see each other as they are," Henry Sturgeon would have " smiled from the blood-wet Spanish grass straight into Robert Emmet's eyes."

In all this story, from first to last, as Louise Guiney felt, the sorrow and tragedy were noble, consistent, dignified.

> " Perhaps as every soul has a right to its own kind of welfare and happiness, so it has a right to its own kind of sorrow. Emmet and the young creature of his adoration were hardly used ; but Fate chose not ill for them."

Would they live in our memories if they had been ' practical ' and self-seeking ?

> " A *revolution manqué* with an elopement ; expatriation with a marriage certificate ; a change of political front with the parental blessing,"—thus would the worldly-wise have fared ; but such a choice would have been " incongruous and out of key with those sensitive faces elected, let us say, to better things. Their story . . . has already done something to deepen the sense of human love in the world. . . . To be unbiassed and Irish is to love Robert Emmet ; to be generously English is to love him ; to be American is to love him." [1]

In Robert Emmet, in his ardour, his poetic force and fire, his ill-organised political plans, his magnanimous aspirations, —as also in the dramatic elements of his life-story,—we may imagine we see the eternal Celt ; just as in the undemonstrative but deeply loving and chivalrous Henry Sturgeon we see the best type of English gentleman, a type accused so often, by the thoughtless, of ' lack of sensibility,' but actually capable of combining in his single person the vigour and valour proper to manhood with the quiet self-abnegation traditionally feminine.

It was significant that Louise Imogen Guiney could feel, depict, and interpret, the heart and spirit both of the Irish rebel and the British officer.

[1] " *Robert Emmet* " . . . by Louise Imogen Guiney, 1904.

As to England and Ireland, her feelings shine out again through her word-picture of her Anglo-Irish friend Lionel Johnson, poet, essayist and critic :

> " His most conscious loyalty, with the glamour of mediaeval chivalry upon it, was for Ireland. He was descended from a line of soldiers, and from the baronet of his name who, in the ruthless governmental fashion of the time, put down at New Ross the tragic insurrection of 1798." " Study and sympathy " brought Lionel, great grandson of the harsh disciplinarian in question, " to see things from a point of view not in the least ancestral."

He therefore wrote and even lectured as the whole-hearted champion of " hapless Innisfail." His " thought, his time, his purse " were given to Ireland's interests, from a deliberate desire to atone for ancestral injustice :

> " He devoted his lyre to her, as his most moving theme, and he pondered not so much her political hopes, nor the charms of her streams and valleys, as her constancy under sorrows, and the holiness of her mystical ideal. His inheritance was goodly unto him, for he had by race both the Gaelic and the Cymric strain, and his temperament, with its remoteness, and its sage and sweet ironies, was by so much more and less than English. But he possessed also, in very full measure, the basic English traits : deliberation, patience, and self-control. It was owing to these unexpected and saving qualities in him that he turned out no mere visionary, but made his mark in life like a man, and that he held out for five-and-thirty years in that fragile, terribly nervous body always so inadequate and perilous a mate for his giant intelligence." [1]

The great virtue of the Celtic temperament,—as we all know, —is that it feels the reality of the past, has faith in the unseen, and counts no cause " lost " which still owns

[1] *Atlantic Monthly*, December 1902. Reprinted as Introduction to " *Some Poems of Lionel Johnson.*" See Bibliography, p. 317.

devotees and lovers. Yet if this is the "Celtic temperament" many an English Cavalier in the Seventeenth Century was morally and spiritually "Celtic"!

Towards the end of her career, Louise Guiney came more and more to distrust those labels the world affixes to types and temperaments. Each individual soul is a world in itself, and each is related, whether closely or remotely, to the others. Being, as she liked to remember, compounded of English, French, Irish, Scottish and American feelings, inheritances, influences, and aspirations, all fused in the crucible of her ancestral Catholicism, her heart went out to the heroes of all countries, and she could understand in history many who seldom understood each other.

The "gallant thoroughness" she praised in Lionel Johnson, was equally natural to herself; and with her also, friendship was "the grave high romantic sentiment of antique tradition." Of her likewise might be said, as she said of him, that the Catholic faith was her "treasure," and "abiding peace and compensation." Yet her devoted and unwavering Catholicism had nothing of that impedimenta of prejudice by which theological zeal, in every church, is apt to be marred, if the mind is constricted or the sympathies imperfect. In a discussion on the Irish question not many months before her death,—while deploring the drastic methods of Queen Elizabeth's day, the brutality of the Cromwellian army (the sack of Drogheda especially), and the lamentable mistake of "Dutch William" whose revival of the short-sightedly cruel Penal Laws drove the fine flower of the old Irish nobility into the armies of Austria and France and Spain,—she showed herself aware that Hibernian problems are rooted deeper than the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and came into prominence earlier even than the days of the Plantagenets. Long before the streets of Waterford ran with blood while Eva, princess of Leinster, was wedded to English Earl "Strongbow,"[1] King Henry II.'s General,—even before Norman William conquered Saxon Harold at Hastings, and before St. Patrick (an Englishman, or some said a Scotsman) set foot on Irish soil,—the clash in

[1] Richard de Clare, Earl of Pembroke.

Ireland between north and south appears in history, epic and legend. So far back as the Golden Age of the famous Red Branch Champions, there was war, bitter and relentless, between Concobar, haughty Monarch of Ultonia, the Ulster of to-day, and Meave (Mab), Amazonian Queen of the South. In many an irreconcilable enmity of to-day, Louise Guiney came to see a mysterious legacy from the tragic hatreds and clashing enmities of a remote past, as well as immediate obvious results of yesterday's and to-day's unwisdom. Therefore she increasingly revered the memory of Robert Emmet, because when defeated, ruined, and outwardly disgraced, he could say from the scaffold to the crowd that thronged to see him hanged, " My friends, I die in peace ; and with sentiments of love and kindness to all men."

CHAPTER XIV

BLESSED EDMUND CAMPION

We have seen in the case of Henri de La Rochejaquelin,—"dear fellow" and "hard hitter,"—Louise Guiney's ardent sympathy with swift adventurous action, and her delight in the exploits of that spirited young leader, whose choice of a reward, had he lived to see the restoration of the Monarchy, was to have been the Colonelcy of a regiment of Hussars; because Hussars, he remarked, could be "always on the gallop."

To understand Miss Guiney aright, it is necessary to see not only how the temperamentally-dauntless "Henri" affected her, but also how deeply she could feel and enter into the career of a delicate fastidious scholar, "slight in build, and, like many another tireless and quenchless spirit known to history, at no time really strong"; a man of a "nervous Hamlet-like temper, natural to students and recluses, which, by a fatal error, puts endless thinking into what needs only to be done."

Her biographical study of Campion, based in part on Simpson's monograph,[1] reveals (as all interpretations of history must do) something of the character of the writer as well as of the subject.

"It is well to make it plain now and then," she wrote elsewhere,[2] "that the Saints, our brethren, can never be to us Catholics absent or dead. They are too

[1] "*Edmund Campion, Jesuit Protomartyr of England*," by Richard Simpson.

[2] "A Notable Collection of Relics from Oxford," *Ecclesiastical Review*, October 1907.

much tangled up, root and fibre, with the perfection which is our own ideal, and with the fragrance of the nearness of God."

Ardour tempered by reticence, uncompromising firmness as to her faith and principles ; courtesy and patience towards those who did not share her beliefs ; such was her character. But with all her gentleness, she would touch (as a duellist might, with perfect politeness but remarkable dexterity) the weak points in an adversary's argument. In the case of Campion she handled difficult situations with a depth of feeling and an absence of rhetoric which ought to make this biographical study of interest not only to the Catholic reader but to almost anyone who cares to see to what heights a fragile and sensitive mortal can reach when impelled by the urge of his own conscience and a slow but abiding conviction that there could be but one way for him, ' come rack, come rope.'

As to the vexed question of religious persecution, Louise Guiney remarks, pungently enough,

> " People were much of a piece in the Sixteenth Century when it came to holding to the grindstone the nose of the unwilling ! There is this to be said, however : that the Marian courts dealt out death to heretics and malcontents, and candidly stopped there, and were not inspired to any cruelty more subtle ; whereas Good Queen Bess not only dealt out death very much more liberally, but invented a poison for all the springs of life. Her statutes, terribly oppressive from the first, ended in what Burke calls the most hateful code framed since the world began : Penal Laws which, especially from 1585 on, struck without mercy at Catholics in their rights of worship, property, inheritance, education, travel, professions, public service and private liberties of every kind.
>
> " Another point to be noted in passing is that Queen Mary persecuted her subjects for changing their religion. Her more ingenious sister persecuted them for not changing it ! Historians have not dwelt much upon

the difference, but to a reader with some philosophy in him it will have no little weight." [1]

This life-drama of Campion reached a second edition, and —unlike Miss Guiney's other work,—is still accessible ; so a swift survey here should suffice. There is comparatively little controversy in the book. Considering how tangled it might have been in mazes of polemics, it is written with a remarkable self-possession, which certainly does far more to endear the subject to the British mind than if the scenes and events were painted in flaring colours or interspersed with dogmatic theological invective.

One of the first rules of biography is that the writer's style should harmonise with the nature and circumstances of the central figure : the biographer who would write in the precisely same manner about Julius Cæsar and D. G. Rossetti, the Iron Duke of Wellington and S. T. Coleridge, would be distressingly incompetent ; but one of the many merits of Louise Guiney was based on her power to live mentally within the careers of those—often very different one from another—whose lives or deaths appealed to her many-faceted sympathies.

Reticence and frankness, gentleness and suavity of manner, a human charm difficult to analyse but easy to feel, are among the characteristics of Campion's most authentic utterances ; and all these reappear in the biography.

He is introduced first to us in his childhood at Christ's Hospital, " small Edmund, full of life and laughter," running about in " petticoats, and one of the earliest pairs of those historic yellow stockings " ; and we are made to feel the presence of a bright, sensitive, scholarly boy, with that keen mental vitality which so often accompanies a rather fragile bodily constitution.

One episode of these early days stands out prominently :

> " He was thirteen and quite famous already in the schoolboy world of London for his learning and his attractive presence and speech, when Queen Mary

[1] " *Blessed Edmund Campion,*" pp. 37-38. Burns, Oates & Washbourne, 2nd edition.

> Tudor, who had just succeeded to the English throne, entered her City in state. Out of the many hundred eligible youngsters it was he who was chosen to stand up before her on a street platform, under the shadow of the old St. Paul's Cathedral, and shrilly welcome her in the Latin tongue. The Queen sat on a white horse, robed in gold-embroidered dark velvet, crimson purplish, with the great sword carried before her by the boyish Earl of Surrey, with eight thousand mounted lords and gentlemen on either side, all the glittering ambassadors, and a bevy of beautifully apparelled ladies.
>
> " On certain figures in that splendid and noisy pageant the child might have looked with pensive eyes, had he been able to forecast his own future ; as it was, he cannot have failed to observe the Queen's younger sister, the thin, watchful, spirited girl who was known as the Lady Elizabeth."

Thus he first looked upon one who was destined to play a dominant and sinister part in the outer events of a career which from first to last was never dull or commonplace.

The promising boy developed into

> " a famous Latin scholar " ; he was also " a good Grecian and a good Hebraist. Greek and Hebrew were studies newly revived just before he was born. He spoke as well as he wrote. The flamboyant art of oratory, now almost extinct in our more quiet-coloured century, was then much studied and admired ; and Campion was famous for debates and addresses and encomiums. When only twenty, he had been called upon to preach, though a layman, at the re-burial of poor Amy Robsart, . . . in the University Church of St. Mary-the-Virgin ; and this he did with grace and animation."

The process by which—while a student at Douay—he discovered his Catholic vocation, and decided to seek admission to the Society of Jesus, is sympathetically and tersely indicated ; and it is remarked upon, as denoting the practical bent of his mind, that he felt drawn not towards

any of the mediaeval Orders, but to the most recent foundation, through which that vigorous and distinguished Spanish nobleman, Ignatius Loyola, had laboured to re-introduce into the service of the Catholic Church those qualities of unquestioning obedience, eager promptitude, and absolute fearlessness of death, which as an efficient officer he had manifested in earthly and visible conflicts. To the sensitive scholar, the ideal of the soldier had an irresistible attraction. Promptly and with buoyant faith, Campion set out on foot across the Continent on a pilgrimage to Rome.

> " He must have had many strange adventures during that spring journey. We know of one of them, though not from him. At some point of the route, probably on the northern Italian border, he came face to face with an old friend, an Oxonian, and a Protestant. The horseman first rode past the poor mendicant on the highway, and then was prompted by some dim sense of recognition to return and speak to him. On realising that it was really Edmund Campion whom he used to know ' in great pomp of prosperity,' he showed much concern, proffered his goodwill and his purse, and begged to hear how Campion had fallen into that ill plight. But the pilgrim refused aid ; and the other traveller heard something then and there of the ' contempt of this world, and the eminent dignity of serving Christ in poverty,' which greatly moved him : and ' us also,' adds Robert Parsons of Balliol, ' that remained yet in Oxford, when the report came to our ears.'
>
> " A strange tale it must have seemed to those who knew their Master of Arts and all his old fastidiousness ! He was by now a saint in the making, and they were fast losing touch with him. Personal holiness is, so to speak, a mining country ; its progress and its wealth are underground, unguessed at by the careless passer-by. A saint is a mystery because he walks so closely in the shadow of God Who is the Great Mystery."

As a member of the Society of Jesus, some years later,

Campion was sent to Prague and thence to Brünn in Moravia :

> " Meanwhile Rudolph II. had succeeded to the Imperial throne ; and the ' magnificently provided ' envoy who was sent to Prague, bearing the congratulations of Queen Elizabeth, was none other than Sir Philip Sidney. Sidney's mind was set upon seeing his old friend Campion, and talking with him ; but he managed only with difficulty to carry out his wishes."

Sidney, " this young man so wonderfully beloved and admired," went officially in the Emperor's suite to hear Campion's sermon, and had " much conversation " with him afterwards, asking " the prayers of all good men " and giving into Campion's hands some money to be distributed amongst the Bohemian poor. His praise of the sermon, and his personal affection for the preacher, gave an impression of supposed private leanings to Catholicism in one whose political actions were always conspicuously Protestant. At this difficult era of our national history there may have been many men who could not but respect their countrymen of the old faith, but whose political judgment associated that faith with Spain the abhorred, and with Rome the remote, rather than with any heavenly city or eternal supernatural verities. But to Edmund Campion, once he crossed the Rubicon, there were no regrets, no hesitations, no self-questionings : and his single mindedness seems to have impressed alike the worldly and unworldly.

" From Prague to Munich, and from Munich to Innsbrück," he had " the distinguished and very friendly company " of Prince Ferdinand, brother of the reigning Duke of Bavaria. From Innsbrück to Padua he adventured alone on foot ; and then rode to Rome, which he reached in time for Palm Sunday (April 5th), 1580. The Father-General of the Order then told him he was to start for England after Easter. In his subsequent journey,—clad in " an old buckram suit, with a shabby cloak,"—he had for companions seven English priests, two lay brothers and several students. Across the Apennines they travelled, suffering many a hard-

ship which fell heavily on Campion who had never possessed a body equal in strength to his indomitable soul. Through Siena, Florence and Bologna, their route lay; and Campion was invited to preach in Milan before the great Archbishop, Saint Charles Borromeo.

From Turin, by Mount Cenis (which "young, middle-aged and old lustily climbed"), they came down into Savoy, and there at St. Jean Maurienne found the roads blocked by Spanish soldiers; so they altered their course and entered Geneva, "the hotbed of Calvinism."

On the 31st of May they reached Rheims where they met old friends and countrymen, Catholic exiles living in the street still known as the *Rue des Anglais*. Campion, who had spoken little English in private and not a word of it in public for eight long years, was delighted to preach again in the language of his homeland.

These were times when even the most saintly lived (as Montrose was subsequently accused of doing) "as in a romance"; and the severity of the English Penal Laws against the Catholic priests made all kinds of expedients necessary,—one of Campion's spiritual brethren sailing from Calais "got up like a soldier, such a peacock"; and it was in disguise that Campion also returned to England. To follow his adventures has a strong human interest; but a few glimpses must suffice:

> "Day by day, running in and out of all the busy heroic toil, is the fiery thread of danger and alarm. 'We are sitting merrily at table, conversing familiarly on matters of faith and devotion (for our talk is generally of such things) when comes a hurried knock at the door. . . . We all start up and listen, like deer when they hear the huntsman. . . . If it is nothing, we laugh at our fright.' Then there was calumny, a far more difficult thing to accept in the same gay spirit. 'They tear and sting us with their venomous tongues, calling us seditious, hypocrites; yea, heretics, too! which is much laughed at.' And again: 'The house where I am is sad: no other talk but of the death, flight, prison,

or spoil of their friends ; nevertheless, they proceed with courage."

His life in the English country, going from house to house always in danger, but always quietly self-possessed, is drawn in clear simple lines :

" There were then many more Manor-houses, kept up as such, than there are now ; most of those Campion visited had their hiding-place or priest's hole, to which he could always fly when safety demanded it. He settled a host of weak Catholics in their religion, and also received a great many conspicuous converts. It will be noted that the little Jesuit Mission was directed to the gentry. This was not through accident, or partiality, or snobbery. The gentry had most personal weight ; they were better able to protect a hunted man ; and they were naturally supposed to have stricter notions of honour : this last was a point on which everything depended. Moreover, the old spirit of feudalism was not so dead but that through them all workmen on their estates, or connected by interest with them in the towns, could be reached and influenced. In a hurried campaign, every consideration of prudence and forethought would choose them, so to speak, as the outworks of the citadel.

" The country districts north and south were all favourable to Catholicism. London, the University of Cambridge, and some larger towns and seaports, especially in the West, were half Puritan or Calvinistic, half irreligious and indifferent. The ancient Faith, as was well said by Sir Cuthbert Sharpe, for the most part ' still lay like lees at the bottom of men's hearts ; and if the vessel was ever so little stirred, came up to the top.'

" A thoughtful living writer sums it up as his conclusion that England would have resumed the Faith with a sigh of relief, had it not been for the resentments bred by the Catholic ' plotters.' Considering the frightful circumstances of the body to which these men

> belonged, it is putting too great a strain, perhaps, upon human nature to expect smooth behaviour from every individual in it. The genuine 'plotters' were few. Against them stands the passionate loyalty of our persecuted minority, both all along and in the one great crisis. When the 'deliverer' loomed up in the shape of Philip's Armada, blessed and indulgenced like a crusade of old, where were they, supposed to be so sick of Queen and country? Hand in impoverished pocket, strengthening the national defences; cutlass on thigh, manning the English fleet."

And the Lord High Admiral was the Catholic Howard of Effingham, ancestor of the peer of the same name to-day.

Even so far back as the seemingly tranquil time in Prague, Campion had a premonition of martyrdom; and when he was run to ground at Lyford Grange, at dawn of Monday, July the 17th, 1581, he was calm and cheerful. On the way up to London, with other Catholic prisoners, under a strong guard, he was allowed at Abingdon to speak with scholars from his old University. But on approaching London,

> " their elbows were tied from behind, their wrists roped together in front, and their feet fastened under the horses; their leader was decorated with a paper pinned to his hat. . . on which in large lettering was inscribed: 'Campion, the Seditious Jesuit.' And in this guise he was paraded through the chief streets of the great city on market-day. The mob roared with delight; 'but the wiser sort,' says Holinshed, 'lamented to see the land fallen to such barbarism as to abuse in this manner a gentleman famous throughout Europe for his scholarship and his innocency of life, and this before any trial, or any proof against him, his case being prejudiced, and he punished as if already condemned.' "

The long drawn-out mock trial, the political influences at work to brand as a 'plotter' a man with nothing of the

conspirator about him except the fact of having worn a disguise; the meeting of Queen Elizabeth with the scholar to whom her ministers were about to allot the crown of martyrdom, all may be seen through Louise Guiney's clear eyes. Especially she rejoices in his fearless answers to accusers:

> "The only thing that we have now to say is, that if our religion do make us traitors we are worthy to be condemned; but otherwise we are and have been as true subjects as ever the Queen had. In condemning us you condemn all your ancestors, all the ancient priests, Bishops and Kings: all that was once the glory of England, the Island of Saints, and the most devoted child of the See of Peter. For what have we taught (however you may qualify it with the odious name of treason) that they did not uniformly teach? To be condemned with these old lights, not of England only, but of the world, by their degenerate descendants, is both gladness and glory to us!"

To read of the tortures inflicted upon him, is to be ashamed of the human race and its travesty of 'justice.' To be confronted by his courage, courtesy, and patience under the hideous ordeal, is to realise anew the divine magnanimity and superhuman strength of souls conscious of their own loyalty and immortality.

When again and for the last time he was adjured on the scaffold to confess his "treason," he answered: "I am thereof altogether innocent. . . . I am a Catholic man and a priest: in that faith I have lived, and in that faith do I intend to die. If you esteem my religion treason, then I am guilty. As for other treason, I never committed any: God is my Judge."

Required to ask for the Queen's forgiveness and pray for her, he replied, ". . . I have and do pray for her . . . for Elizabeth, your Queen and my Queen, unto whom I wish a long quiet reign with all prosperity."

Then came the moment for the hangman to do his grim office.

'Come rack, come rope,' Campion endured to the end.[1] The felon's death that he faced with so much dignity had an effect precisely opposite to what his judges intended.

> "The populace . . . went home through the winter mists, in tears . . . The Government sent forth publication after publication in lame defence of its action. Soon France, Austria, Italy, were inundated with accounts of the event; these everywhere produced the deepest impression. At home, a great tidal wave of conversion to the old Church swept in. Campion's death, last and best of his wonderful missionary labours, bore the most astonishing fruit. . . .
>
> "No remote mystic was Edmund Campion, but a man of his age. . . . Caring for nothing but the things of the soul, he had yet caught the ear and eye of the nation.
>
> "He had sacrificed his fame and changed his career. He had spent himself for a cause the world can never love, and by so doing he had courted the ill-will of what passed for history up to our own day."

Not till December 9th, 1886, was he beatified by Pope Leo XIII.

> "Blessed Edmund Campion was a 'religious genius.' . . . But in his kinship with his place and time, his peculiar gentleness, his scholarship lightly worn, his magic influence, his fearless deed and flawless word, he was a great Elizabethan too. . . . No serious student now mistakes the reason why his own England found no use for her 'diamond' other than the one strange use to which she put him."

In the Church to which—after hesitation, struggles, and misgivings—he gave himself so wholeheartedly at last, "that name of his will have a never-dying beauty."

[1] At Stonyhurst is preserved the rope with which this martyr was fastened to the hurdle.

CHAPTER XV

HAPPY ENDING

> " Now and then, in portraits of persons unknown to us, we catch a certain impression, or, rather, conviction of reality : . . . The same very singular witness is often borne by a book. It is not a game of mere inferences : the book's secret, rather, is fired at us like a pistol shot. We see as inerrably as the Recording Angel into the author's interior. The metaphysical data are so direct and authentic that the page, like the picture, stands up and blurts out ' *I am true.*' A trained reviewer, if he be worth his salt, must often, perhaps even almost always, be able to tell how much heart's blood went into his author's ink." [1]

This, of course, entirely depends upon whether the critic has blood or ink in his own veins ; for it may be questioned whether such perception is a matter of training at all : it is more a matter of sympathy and heart. A man, be he professional critic or that elusive personage ' the general reader,' sees only what is in him to see. Just as it must obviously be futile to play sweet melodies to the deaf, or show the glory of the summer sunrise to the blind, so to the morally and spiritually blind, so to the unheroic and unloving, the great thoughts, great words, great actions, of the poets, saints and heroes, will be ununderstood, unheard, unvalued. Criticism is oftener the measure of the critic's capacity than any final judgment on the subject criticised.

[1] Louise Imogen Guiney, on " Literary Spying," *Catholic World*, Aug. 1907.

There are, however, natures able to lose themselves in the griefs and joys of others. Who shall say how much of Shakespeare's own heart went into the tragic error and colossal anguish of Othello? who shall tell whether Hamlet's coldness to Ophelia was born of Shakespeare's own disgust with the dark lady of the sonnets? who knows whether it was Rosalind or Cordelia, Miranda, Perdita, or Imogen,—Princesses all,—who embodied Shakespeare's own ideal of the woman he would have sought had he been born a prince instead of destined to meet princes only as a player?

It is the gift of genius to be, for the time, the character it feels. Did we not know Shakespeare's parentage and life, we would say he must have experienced in his own person such warrior-pride as glowed in the heart of Henry the Fifth at Agincourt, such grief as tortured the forsaken and deposed King Richard II., such 'vaulting ambition' as racked and ruined the Thane of Glamis and Cawdor, such madness as overwhelmed King Lear. Moreover, if we were not sure he had been a man, we might assume that only a woman could have understood at the same time Beatrice and Juliet, Lady Macbeth and Desdemona, Constance, Duchess of Brittany, and Hamlet's mother. And as in Shakespeare, so in a lesser degree—even though differing as the candle from the star,—must it be in all dramatically creative temperaments. Therefore it would be a bold critic who could dare to say, "This was the writer's own especial grief; the cry of his baffled ambition or the pang of his martyred love."

But of a lyrical poet there is always an excuse for the belief that he or she is voicing a personal emotion: and in the case of Louise Guiney, whose genius ("*Tarpeia*," "*The Martyr's Idyl*," and King Ægeus [1] notwithstanding) was not primarily dramatic, it would seem as if a great number of the poems were the outcome of some individual impression, experience, preference, or dream. Some appear to have what might be called the unmistakable autobiographic note,—were it not rash, in any art, to use so absolute a word as "unmistakable."

[1] "*The White Sail*," 1887.

Take for instance this remarkable sonnet, "*Friendship Broken*" :[1]

"We chose the faint chill morning, friend and friend,
Pacing the twilight out beneath an oak,
Soul calling soul to judgment ; and we spoke
Strange things and deep as any poet penned,
Such truth as never truth again can mend,
Whatever art we use, what gods invoke ;
It was not wrath, it made nor strife nor smoke :
Be what it may, it had a solemn end.

Farewell, in peace. We of the selfsame throne,
Are foemen vassals ; pale astrologers,
Each a wise skeptic of the other's star.
Silently as we go our ways alone,
The steadfast sun, whom no poor prayer deters,
Draws high between us his majestic bar."

Who was this friend? We do not know. It is not necessary we should know. Few of us have escaped the discovery that not death but life is the separator of hearts. Each one who reads that poem will read with different eyes.

Try again at random, and still the note sounds personal :

"April seemed a restless pain,
June a phantom in the rain ;
Weary Autumn without grain
Turned her home, full of tears.
O my year, the most in vain
Of the years !

While the furrowed field was red,
While the roses rioted,
While a leaf was left to shed,
There was storm in the air.
Now that troubled heart is dead,
All is fair." [2]

. . . . . .

[1] "*A Roadside Harp*," p. 19, and "*Happy Ending*," p. 85.

[2] "*Winter Peace*." (Written in 1902-3.) "*Happy Ending*," page 114.

Who can doubt that "*To one who would not spare himself*" was written to some living mortal, dear to the writer.

"A censer playing from a heart all fire,
A flushing racing singing mountain stream
Thou art; and dear to us of dull desire
In thy far-going dream.

Full to the grave be thy too fleeting way,
And full thereafter: few that knew thee best
Will grudge it so, for neither thou nor they
Can mate thy soul with rest." [1]

Louise Guiney herself could never have been one of "dull desire." But, despite grave abiding griefs and stinging gadfly worries, she attained every now and then an inner peace, a capacity for rest; and by this capacity we may feel and understand the nature of her faith:

"I knew not my wild heart, nor Who with me
Strove masterly, while hidden from my ken;
I knew not, through an age-long famine, when
I hungered for a largeness like the sea,
For space, for freedom, scope, infinity,
Beyond the horizon-line of time and men,—
O Love at home, content co-citizen,
With thankless clay! that all of these were Thee.
Lord, call me in now, that my soul may change
Her folly for Thy rest: what wing can range
If three dear nails of Thine have pierced it through?
Here will I stay, and vying with Thee so
That in Thy greatness great I vow to grow,
And prove, past death, a godlike lover too." [2]

The same spirit breathes through "*Deo Optimo Maximo*." [3]

"All else for use, One only for desire;
Thanksgiving for the good, but thirst for Thee:

[1] In "*Happy Ending*," p. 113.

[2] *Christo Sacramentale*, in *The Crucible*, Sep. 20, 1905.

[3] "*The Martyr's Idyl*," p. 70, and "*Happy Ending*," p. 98.

Up from the best, whereof no man need tire,
Impel Thou me.

Delight is menace if Thou brood not by,
Power is a quicksand, Fame a gathering jeer.
Oft as the morn (though none on earth deny
These three are dear)

Wash me of them, that I may be renewed,
And wander free amid my freeborn joys :
Oh, close my hand upon Beatitude !
Not on her toys."

Fame at this period was hers in her own country : fame of a most gratifying kind, won without concession to that painted syren " Public Taste " (meaning thereby the taste least creditable to the public).

" All true lovers of poetry on this continent are familiar with the rare quality of the verse of Miss L. I. Guiney," a Canadian critic had written in 1896 : " Among the lyrical poets of America she takes a high rank, both by reason of the splendid lyrical spontaneity of her verse and of the high finish of its technical qualities. There is a power and beauty in her work that surprises and arrests the attention. Few writers of to-day have wedded in their genius such noble poetical imagination and such rare and pure English." [1]

This opinion being very general, the question of her Collected Poems came up for discussion. She wrote from Boston to Mr. Clement Shorter :

" My publishers over here, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., are going to publish a digest of my poetic *opera omnia*. . . .

" They want to place about a score of copies for review (in London). . . . Now I have been too long out of London to draw up such a list ; some of my best men-at-arms like Dr. Garnett and dear Lionel [2] are

[1] *The Lounger*, Ottawa, (November) 1896.
[2] Lionel Johnson.

gone; some others I hesitate to suggest as possible victims: *e.g.* Mr. Lang whom I never met but who has been ever so kind to me.[1] You see my point: it is that you should give me some names for H. M. & Co. Nobody will know better than you the men whom the twang of my individual harp can reach. I am quite aware that, for better for worse, I am not everybody's poeticule.

"It is a satisfaction to be let loose on a general revise of one's work. I am gathering only lyrics, and eliminating not a few."

"*Happy Ending*," the book thus alluded to, is of special interest as embodying the writer's mature choice from the accumulation of her own life-work as a poet. But she carried the principle of exclusion too far; and there is room now for a much more widely representative selection, with portrait, bibliography, and critical introduction: a memorial volume, such as might be a solace and delight not only to the few who share her "passion for perfection" but ultimately even to many who as yet are wandering on the outskirts of the kingdom of poetry. There is this about Louise Guiney's verse, that its fascination increases with the mental growth of the reader. Some who call it 'difficult' at first, are haunted afterwards by a dim memory; and they return to the book to find that in the interval the veil between mind and mind has lightened and is lifting.

It is a good axiom, though not by any means universally accepted, that every work of art should contain within itself all things necessary for the understanding of it. There are, of course, degrees of understanding; and when a reader fails to understand a poet whose thoughts and songs have carried joy and refreshment to many different minds, let him pause and see whether the limitation, or obscurity, is not in himself rather than in the poet.

One of the tributes which gave most pleasure to Louise Guiney was from Dr. Edmund Gosse, to whom, long previously, she had dedicated her "*Little English Gallery*,"—

[1] In his praise of "*Patrins*."

he whose " kind, true, and unprofessorial " book of " *Seventeenth Century Studies*," so " clear, suave, and bright," she had summed up as " a lasting treasure." [1]

" 17, Hanover Terrace,
Regents Park, N.W.
3.5.13.

My dear Miss Guiney,

It was a very great delight to me to receive your kind letter, swiftly followed by ' *Happy Ending*,' in which I find much that I knew before and am delighted to recover, and much that is new to me and that I am happy to possess. I have never doubted your vocation as a poet, and I think I am peculiarly in sympathy with your conception and execution of the art. As I read many of these long songs and little odes of yours, I ask myself, how can it be that these will ever lose the charm that I discover in them ? Will not, rather, future readers of them blame me for not being louder in their praise ? It is a queer business, this of poetry, and I begin to think that though I have thought of nothing else for fifty years, I don't really know anything about it. But at least, and quite unquestionably, it is in each generation one of the very clearest ways in which ' the echoes roll from soul to soul ' in sacred friendship. Perhaps this is ' all we know on earth and all we need know ': and, after all, that may prove a ' Happy Ending ' !

Let it not be so long again before we have the very true and very great pleasure of seeing you.

Yours sincerely,

Edmund Gosse."

In *Happy Ending* figure " *The Kings*," " *The Knight Errant*," " *The Vigil*," " *The Wild Ride*," and many other lyrics already quoted. The rearrangement of sequence,

[1] *Bookman*, July 1897. " Mr. Gosse sent me his *Jeremy Taylor*," she wrote on another occasion to Miss Gwenllian Morgan, " and I can't resist lending it to you especially as you will read it thro', as I did, in a couple of hours. It is a bonnie piece of work, and a sort of miracle, I think, when you consider that he had next to no material. Everything he does has a brightness and gentleness which I have always loved."

perhaps, throws some light on the writer's own preferences ; and fifth on the list, straight after Donatello's St. George, comes the ode "*To a Dog's Memory*," [1] the expression of a deep regret for one who ranked amongst the truest of friends.

"The gusty morns are here,
When all the reeds ride low with level spear ;
And on such nights as lured us far of yore,
Down rocky alleys yet, and through the pine,
The Hound-star and the pagan Hunter shine :
But I and thou, field-fellow of mine,
Together roam no more.

Soft showers go laden now
With odours of the sappy orchard-bough,
And brooks begin to brawl along the march ;
Steams the late frost from hollow sedges high ;
The finch is come, the flame-blue dragon-fly,
The marsh-born marigold that children spy,
The plume upon the larch.

There is a music fills
The oaks of Belmont and the Wayland hills
Southward to Dewing's little bubbly stream,—
The heavenly weather's call ! Oh, who alive
Hastes not to start, delays not to arrive,
Having free feet that never felt a gyve
Weigh, even in a dream.

But thou, instead, hast found
The sunless April uplands underground,
And still, wherever thou art, I must be.
My beautiful ! arise in might and mirth,
(For we are tameless travellers from our birth) ;
Arise against thy narrow door of earth,
And keep the watch for me."

As a certain famous Cavalry officer, whose memory was dear to Louise Guiney,[2] had been accused of valuing horses

[1] Published previously in "*A Roadside Harp*."

[2] Grahame of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee.

more than he valued men, so might she have been charged with caring for her dogs more than for the rank and file of her acquaintances. " You know I have a pretty exalted opinion of the brute creation. (' The more I know of men and dogs, the better I like dogs.') " [1]

" Do people remember her Saint Bernards," asks one of her former school-mates, alluding to her visits with these formidable ' Sons of the Thunder ' to Oliver Wendell Holmes, and the conciliatory manner in which he used to ejaculate " Nice doggies ! " while carefully barricading himself behind the library table.[2]

She has left a record of one of these favourites in " *The Puppy : a Portrait* " : [3]

> " He is twenty-sixth in direct descent, and his coat is like amber damask, and his blue eyes are the most winning you ever saw. . . . And with a blessing upon the Abbot of Clairvaux who is popularly supposed to have invented his species, you carry him home from the Bench Show. . . . "

In another sketch, headed " *Reminiscences of a Fine Gentleman* " [4] she describes this same Puppy :

> " It is needless to say I loved and understood him—blond, aggressive, wilful,—from the first. He had then, despite his extreme youth, the air of a fighting aristocrat, . . . the look of one who has a character and a definite part to play, and whose career can never reach a common nor ignoble end. . . .
>
> " His colors were those of the fallen leaves and the snow ; the November auburn falling evenly away on either side from the magnificent brow and eyes, and from the neck in its triple white fold : a head to remind you of Raleigh in his ruff.
>
> " He must have been patriotic, for he revelled in the horns, gunpowder, rockets and smoke of the Fourth of

[1] To Herbert E. Clarke.

[2] *The Signet*, Oct. 1921.

[3] In " *Patrins*," pp. 73-79.

[4] Written in 1889. Republished in " *Patrins*," 1897 and 1901, pp. 139-150.

July. Archery and rifle-practice seemed to strike him as uncommonly pleasant devices to kill time. In all games which had noise and motion he took the same strong vicarious interest. . . .

" He never tried to deceive, nor to shirk, nor to rebel, nor to take what was not his, nor to appear other than he was. . . . Very quietly and consciously, under the most painful conditions," he " laid down his life for a child's sake, . . . the fate one would have chosen for him, and the fittest with which to associate his soldierly memory . . . Such are the only annals of the Fine Gentleman, a Saint Bernard dog."

Among the notes and papers kept all through her wanderings and changes of dwelling-place, are an accumulation of press cuttings relating to dogs: anecdotes, verses, conjectures as to whether this animal which, next to the horse, is most devoted to man,—the beast of whose capacity for faithful affection countless instances give proof,—may not have a soul? Inset in her own copy of *Happy Ending*, is an MS. poem called " Davy," a child's question, put in such a way that we feel what answer she would have liked to give.

" Davy, her Knight, her dear, was dead.
Low in the dust was the silken head,
' Isn't there Heaven ? '
(She was but seven)
' Isn't there,' sobbing, ' for dogs,' she said.

Trusty and brave and true, who could
Match her hero of hardihood
Rancourless, selfless,
Prideless, pelfless ?
How I should like to be half so good !

Firebrand eye and icicle nose ;
Ear enwrought like a guelder rose ;
All the sweet wavy beauty of Davy ;—
Sad not to answer whither it goes !

' Man is immortal, sage or fool :
Animals end by a different rule.'
So had they prated
Of things created,
An hour before, in her Sunday-school.

' Isn't there Heaven for dogs that's dead ?
God made Davy out of His head.
If He unmake him
Doesn't He take him ?
Why should He throw him away ? ' she said."

. . . . . .

In reading her correspondence we become more and more conscious that her poems were the outcome of strong personal feeling : her verse, her prose, her letters, her actions, all were closely related :

> " You will see," she wrote to an intimate friend, " I have been breaking forth on the subject of Vivisection, the public subject in which I am most interested. The Editor of the Cath(olic) Times is a good ' Anti-viv.' and so are the majority of the correspondents, but the others get in their say, and very stridently, too, at times. If I were rich I should pay The Hon. Stephen Coleridge's two thousand pounds for damages, out of hand. He ought not to suffer by one penny for his chivalry . . . sympathising people in general should take it up. What first-rate stuff every Coleridge is made of ! I am proud of them." [1]

. . . . . .

Her " *Happy Ending*," dated 1909, actually appeared in America in the early New Year of 1910. In the same year after the death of her mother, she settled permanently in England,—spending as before, most part of her time in Oxford, within easy reach of the ever-loved Bodleian Library. Difficulties and disappointments pursued her : the very qualities which make her work of permanent interest made it often far from easy to place at the moment. Her health,

[1] To Miss Gwenllian E. F. Morgan.

moreover, was uncertain : and lack of material means over and over again came in between her and some of her most cherished impersonal projects. Had she been possessed of a fortune, she would have spent it, not on herself, but on the neglected dead and on unfortunate or hard-pressed individuals among the living. Her natural generosity was one of the traits which endeared her to all who enjoyed her friendship. To give afforded her more pleasure than most people take in acquiring ; and any who were struggling to excel in art or letters, handicapped by means yet smaller than her own, could rely on her for unlimited sympathy and such limited material aid as her own very cramped conditions allowed. Her gaiety, her good-humour, her ready wit, her charming welcomes, are gratefully remembered by visitors, American or otherwise, who used to seek her in Oxford, either at Longwall Cottage, or in other subsequent quarters, sure always of a delightful cicerone who grudged no trouble and never stinted her kindness. An undercurrent of sadness surges up now and then in letters, and may be a surprise to some of those who saw only her enthusiasm and her brightness.

> " I enjoy," she wrote to one of her best friends, " the almost daily society of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Wilberforce. She is so nice, . . . and he is a priceless creature, all love and wit and justness, like his own father, Newman's dear Henry W(ilberforce). He is getting old : it breaks my heart to have such people age and die in this piggish world. The only comfort is Carlyle's memorable phrase : ' The Heavens stint not their bounty ; they send us generous hearts into every generation.'
>
> " (I wonder if you have ever had my silly sense of personal permanence ? I feel like a spectator in a city balcony, seeing the long procession pass, banners and drums and all. That I am really in it with the rest is a comic, an incredible notion ! ") [1]

This feeling of detachment, however, was applicable only to events of the present when the present was a time of

[1] To Miss Gwenllian E. F. Morgan (undated).

peace. The Great War was subsequently to prove how much inward force and fire yet remained in the heart of one who in her girlhood in America had written "*Memorial Day*," beginning

> "O day of roses and regrets
> Kissing the old graves of our own,"

and ending with a salute to the rapidly lessening ranks of the survivors from the conflict :

> "Hail, dearest few ! and soon alas,
> Farewell." [1]

In a letter to one in trouble she had written, "The only comfort under injustice is that we, as finite beings, cannot possibly see all the bearings of any one circumstance, and that the Hand disposing of it and us does know all the bearings and never blunders." This readiness to face material visible defeat,—the soul maintaining an inviolable fidelity,—is the key to her temperament and the theme of many of her poems.

Though her father had been on the winning side in the Civil War, he was one whose principles would have prompted him to fight with the same devotion even had the cause of the North been doomed to failure. The motto "Do right and fear not" might appropriately have been his and his daughter's ; and, as we have seen, all through history, a certain irresistible attraction drew Louise Guiney towards heroes who had been destined to find honour and profit hopelessly incompatible.

Among the most significant poems in *Happy Ending* is one, less often quoted than "*The Knight Errant*" and "*The Kings*" but equally characteristic, "*The Colour Bearer*" :

> "Thy charge was : 'Hold My banner
> Against our hidden foe ;
> To war where sounds no manner
> Of glorious music, go ! '
> And like Thy word my answer, all joyless : 'Be it so.' "

[1] Reprinted in "*Happy Ending*," p. 15.

Not through fear of God but for love of God are the noblest deeds undertaken and achieved :

" Ah, not to brave Thy censure
But win Thy smile of light,
My heart of misadventure
Will end in the losing fight. . . . "

The day of stress and anguish, the struggle against overwhelming odds, will at last come to its appointed end. And

" . . . when afield Thou comest, and look'st in vain to meet
That eagle of the wartime
That oriflamme, outrolled
With strength of staff aforetime,
With cleanly and costly fold,—
Ride on, ride on ! and seek me with lanthorns through the cold,
And take from me (turned donor
That night on blood-soaked sand,)
The stick and rag of Honour
There safe in a stiffened hand,
Not left, nor lost, nor ever a spoil in the victor's land."

PART III

SUNSET

"A passionate lover of that unspeakable and everlasting beauty, to be seen by the eyes of the mind, . . . cleared by faith."

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, "*A Defense of Poesie*," 1581.

CHAPTER XVI

AN AMERICAN VIEW OF ENGLAND

It has sometimes been asked, both by friends and others, why Louise Imogen Guiney, after achieving success in her native America, turned her back upon her own achievements and chose to dwell obscurely in England?

The answer is to be found in her dislike to what she laughingly called "*Hustlerium Tremens sive Americanitis*." She came to England "not for excitement, not for vogue; but for the velvety feel of the Past under foot, like moss of the forest floor to a barefooted child; or for the hardly less gentle feel of the present whence noise and worry seem miraculously to have vanished away." [1]

Now, in the chaotic year 1922, it may seem strange to read this praise of England "as a heaven for retired and non-rheumatic racers"; but it is well to be reminded of that "quality of the Past and of the Peace" which so many writers, and *soi-disant* reformers, of English birth, are now labouring assiduously to destroy.

> "Oh the grave charm of rural England! Every hedgerow seems to imply a racial age-long deliberate choice of simplicity and sincerity over all which would 'down' them or drive them away. None can know this people at home well enough to poke fun at them, without reverencing them all the while: their moral etiquette is so sure, their standards so disinterested.
>
> "Outside London, loud success is accorded little pre-eminence. All other things being equal, the rich

[1] This and what follows are quoted from her unsigned article "On a preference for living in England," *Atlantic Monthly*, April 1907.

stranger, not the poor one, is put on his social probation. There is extraordinary trustfulness in business relations; fabrics are genuine; street noises come under legislation; a fare in any conveyance (except where Americans are in control) means a seat; the children are wholesomely childish, and the old are fearlessly aged; the decorum and honor of life, excluding sensationalism, rule the national imagination.

"Here are some rather large towns (to say nothing of the country districts) which are no more agitating than a dove's note. . . . you cannot walk through them for three minutes in any direction without seeing something famous and ancient and uniquely beautiful; nor beyond them without meeting a landscape which is almost mystically dreamy. . . . Our imaginary friend, . . . hungry for rest, may attain even that, and a better thing,—anonymity. He may possibly be tired. . . . He may have been martyred, more or less, by the Public Eye; but in England, if anywhere, he may indulge to the full a lifelong passion for silence and seclusion. He will not be asked by an interviewer at 4 a.m. and at the point of the moral bayonet, for his impressions concerning problems fiscal or forensic. If he is understood to have exhibited in the salon, or to have published a sonnet, not a living English creature will think any the better of him for it."

This is not the average American author's notion of an earthly paradise: others have been heard humorously but vehemently to curse what Louise Guiney paused to bless. Insularity, 'aristocratic reserve,' 'chill aloofness,' and a tendency to wall ourselves and our gardens round with haughty seclusion,—such are the national sins for which we have been elsewhere scolded. But listen to Miss Guiney's eulogy of those same walls which one of her fair compatriots bombarded with artillery of flashing eyes and arrowy words:

"Mention was made, a moment ago, of a garden wall: ubiquitous and beloved symbol! Conscious that it is stone, ten feet high, and ninety-one feet in circum-

ference, the American memory runs across, in the wake of ships, to the exquisite suburban streets where the graceful houses with their wooden gables and verandahs, their lilacs and seringas, and wide graveled paths, lie open to one another and to the road. An American feels sure, of a sudden, that the English inclosure gives a freedom that he never knew, and that even a King, in such a fastness, could defy the demon of publicity. Too much praise cannot be given to the universal inviolable regard for privacy in the land of the garden wall. . . .

"There have been two celebrated instances, in our own generation, where real names of English writers, objects of curiosity to the whole reading world, were kept from it through many years, and up to the deaths of their authors, although the secret of identification had been quite casually shared, for long, by scores of discreet friends. Such instances commend the conditions (how unlike ours) which make them possible. Indeed, they arouse enthusiasm in any natural enemy of newspaper headlines.

"A wit once remarked that the English love Americans but not America, and that the Americans love England but not the English. The truth of this discerning remark is obvious, whatever the explanation of it may be. But every day one hears some anecdote or other which makes one feel that shell and snail, at least with them, are inseparable: that an Englishman is just what he is, because England is just what she is."

The illustrative anecdote which follows is too remarkable to be left buried in the back file of a magazine:

"During the August of 1906 a party of three Americans went north from Euston Station in London. The railway porter put them aboard the train, after his wont, observing, as it would appear, the name marking their luggage. The gentleman of the party asked the porter whether he should have to change carriages before

reaching his destination; the porter answered in the negative, the door was slammed to, and the day-long journey began. Hours later, at a station, as the train slowed up, an inspector came along the corridor, repeating in a loud voice a name which the travelers recognised as their own. He held a telegram in his hand. This had been sent to him direct, asking him to find aboard a certain train Mr. ——, bound for ——, and to tell him that he had been misinformed and that he must make a change at —— Junction. Now that London porter must have known that the Americans were mere sight-seeing strangers, that he would never see them or hear of them again, and that the odds were that they would inquire anew about changing on the journey, and find their way to —— as scheduled, or, for that matter, not lose their wits or lives if they did not; in fact, there was every inducement to make him wash his hands of them. Yet it was he who sent the wire, taking all that thoughtful trouble to set his blunder right. Could such a thing have happened under ordinary circumstances in our country? We have heroisms on every side; but we are too busy for contritions. Exercise of scrupulous conscience in official matters is precisely England and the English; the little fortuitous error, the abundant reparation, are not exceptional and individual, but as typical as they can possibly be. Here is a people which fumbles, which drops many stitches, which has its multiform inefficiencies. But it may boast truly that a passion for duty is in its very marrow; it will not in the end consciously go forward with unrepented wrong in its bosom. Is it any wonder if some children of a more heedless and elliptical nation, harassed by rude corporations and their units, think it pleasant to dwell among the million blood-relatives of that unknown adored railway porter? For so soothing a privilege, they will even endure the immemorial cabbage, the sacred Brussels sprouts of Great Britain and Ireland, for three hundred and sixty-five days of the gastronomical year!"

Similarly, at a later date, under vastly changed conditions, when, during the Great War, a seditious plot so far succeeded as to produce a notorious and protracted railway strike, no one enjoyed more keenly than Louise Guiney the demonstration of British efficiency, courtesy, conscientiousness and steady sense of duty, which was afforded by the spectacle of the amateur railway porters, emergency engine drivers, and volunteer ticket collectors, who stepped into the breach and 'carried on' with that unruffled sangfroid, that cheerful but quiet readiness, which, as she said, was 'so delightfully English.' The dashing young cavalry officer on leave, an incorrigible dandy, who in his new rôle of engine-driver still wore an eyeglass in one eye; the retired General, grey-haired and stately, who figured as a most elegant and courtly collector of tickets; the charming railway porters with their faultless manners,—all combined to make a necessary journey during strike-time an agreeable and valued experience. Louise Guiney was wont to declare that it would be a calamity for the entire world if the English character ever became 'continentalised' or changed in its essentials. She could gently 'chaff' her British friends, and her witty words used to hit the bull's eye on the sufficiently large target of English follies and peculiarities; but she had at the same time unwavering faith in English national integrity and vigour, whether in peace or war. "These English, God bless them, are *men*," she wrote to an American friend, *à propos* of the fortitude of friends who were meeting great sorrow and loss in a spirit which won her entire admiration.

Long previously, in her wearisome days of pressure at Auburndale, sometimes in her letters to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Clarke she had contrasted daily life in England and America, —very much to the advantage of the older country, though every now and then she indulged in a little thrust at the proverbial 'Anglo-Saxon' placidity.

> "Your remark to Alice [1] about the general high-strungedness of things American, . . . is extremely to the

[1] Alice Brown, author of "*The Road to Castaly*," poems dedicated to Louise Imogen Guiney,—the dedication described by her as "the very finest compliment I ever got."

> point. It may be a result chiefly climatic ; but everything here is a little exalté, and I wonder that I have always been able to see it plainly. . . .
>
> " On the other hand, you English are scarcely alert and apprehensive enough ; you eat poppy-seeds in your cradles."

She goes on to deplore, and then try to explain, a " collision, born of lack of inter-understanding." " Above and beyond " any mental differences she attributed it to climatic conditions.

> " You can't imagine how dry and pricking this air is, how mercilessly bright the sky, in your soft, kind, drowsy, grey weather. And the people here are certainly a nervous impetuous lot." But " our best spirits and yours never quarrel. It is the rowdies who make the row. . . . The English press, too, behaved, during ' the late unpleasantness ' far better than our own. Hear it, and be not puffed up ! "

Booklover as she was, the human element in her predominated always over the scholastic ; and for this reason her speech, like her writing, on English poets, customs, outstanding heroes and every-day existence, was always vivid and arresting. She enjoyed (as we have seen) writers so different from each other as the transcendental Henry Vaughan and the pungent, ill-tempered, entertaining, unspiritual, and fiercely argumentative Unitarian, William Hazlitt : and in her tenderly humorous and graceful sketch of Hartley Coleridge, her affection for Charles Lamb, her delight in Matthew Arnold and Stevenson, we can trace influences which time served only to deepen. It would be a pleasant task to collect and edit those scattered essays which might well send English readers back with heightened interest to the poets whose lives and works she expounded so successfully to American audiences.

What a writer quotes with approval is often as revealing of personal preferences as what he or she may originate ; and in her essay on " *The Golden Treasury* " and Francis Turner Palgrave, she cites " a half-page from his daughter's

II.

When from the Vista of the Book I shrink
From lauded pens that earn ignoble wage
Begetting nothing joyous, nothing sage
Nor Keep with Shakespeare's use one gold-
en link;
When heavily my sanguine spirits sink
To read too plain on each impostor page
Only of Kings the broken lineage,
Well for my peace if then on thee I think.
Louis, our priest of letters, and our Knight
With whose familiar baldric Hope is girt,
From whose young hands she bears the Grail
away.
All glad, all great! True because thou
were
I am, and must be, and in thy Known light
Go down to dust, content with this my day.

Original MS. of Louise Imogen Guiney's memorial sonnet in "Robert Louis Stevenson, a Study by A. B. [Alice Brown]. With a prelude and a postlude by L. I. G. *Boston. Issued for private circulation.* Copeland & Day, 1895." Only 250 copies of this book printed; the sonnet reprinted as "Valediction (R. L. S. 1894)" in "England and Yesterday," London, 1898.

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memoir" in which those who knew the author of "*The Knight Errant*" will read something of her own literary ideal:

> "Through life, public opinion meant nothing to him; his own judgment was absolutely independent and unbiassed; in everything, the best, and the best only, was his standard. As one well-qualified to speak (Professor Churton Collins) has said: 'It may be questioned whether, after Arnold, any other critic of our time contributed so much to educate public taste where, in this Country, it needs such education. . . . He had no taint of vulgarity, of charlatanism, of insincerity. He never talked or wrote the cant of cliques or of the multitude. He understood and loved what was excellent; he had no toleration for what was common and second rate: . . . In the best and most comprehensive sense of the term, he was a man of classical temper, taste and culture, and had all the insight and discernment, all the instincts and sympathies, which are the result of such qualifications.'" [1]

That Louise Guiney, in various instances, did not agree with Palgrave's choice of poets, and thought him too partial to some and too neglectful of others, did not overshadow her appreciation of his aims and character; and she again contrasted the conditions of English life (which were still, in the Victorian era, favourable to the pursuit of letters as a vocation), with the "loud machinery" of America, where the scholar is too apt "to be broken, like his patroness saint of Alexandria, on some sort of wheel." "England," she says, "obliquely fed by the Celtic stream, has ever been rich in gentle and Catholic scholars. One sees them always passing, from Alciun down, a royal few, moving singly or abreast, 'generous hearts in every generation,' solicitous only for others; they who have worshipped the dead with true selection and lovely rites, and kept the wayside lamps bright for generations yet unborn." [2]

[1] "*Francis Turner Palgrave.*" By G. F. Palgrave. Longmans, Green & Co., New York, 1899.

[2] Essay in *The Conservative Review*, August 1899.

A kindred note was struck by an able transatlantic essayist and verse writer, in an illuminating study of American and English poetry: this analysis of representative poets of her own hemisphere, from Emerson to Louise Guiney, though written twenty-one years ago, is a reminder all in England may with advantage take to heart at a moment when the tendency in popular education is rather towards something of 'everything' than towards a loving and careful assimilation of 'the things that are more excellent.'

> "What," says the American critic, "are the fundamental characteristics of English poetry in which, however, effectively differentiated, our own is necessarily rooted? In the first place, it is eminently cultured poetry: the great poets of England have been, with a few notable exceptions, highly educated gentlemen, many of them great scholars. A carefully graded social system, abundant and long-established material prosperity," have given England the opportunity for "successful flowering of the arts. This culture has been based for generations on the study of the classics; and however great the claims of a modern utilitarian education, which would replace these by a smattering of many sciences and a traveling acquaintance with half a dozen modern tongues, there can be no doubt that a fairly thorough knowledge of what is left to us of the Greek and Latin literatures is a peculiarly formative discipline, a deep-seated controlling influence.[1]
>
> "There goes with such serenity a spiritual poise, a certain happy mental balance, that even if it allow of narrowness, occasionally of dogmatism, has resulted in stamping the finest of English literature, like the finest of English gentlemen, with a mark never quite equaled elsewhere." [2]

[1] So now say the American promoters of that excellent series, the Loeb Classical Library. E. M. T.

[2] Josephine Dodge Daskam: "The Distinction of our Poetry," *Atlantic Monthly*, May 1901.

This discerning critic takes Matthew Arnold, and his "combination of masculine force with exquisite delicacy,"—so dear also to Louise Guiney,—as typically English in temperament, though "informed and irradiated by the very essence and spirit of the Greek," and by that "haunting strain of Celtic pathos" which is part of the inheritance of English poets:

"It is entirely possible to conceive of America's producing a future Swinburne," she says, or a Browning, but "it would be absolutely impossible for anything but ten generations of English life and influence to produce a Matthew Arnold."

To see ourselves as others see us is not always a purgatorial misery: it may sometimes be gratifying; for, indeed, England is seldom fully appreciated by such of her sons and daughters as live at home, and take for granted, or possibly even revile, those signal advantages the value of which is quickly perceptible to Australians, to Americans, or to any Britons who have learnt to love their Motherland by the sad discipline of exile for duty's sake. The picture of "English scenery and climate" painted by Louise Guiney's critic, is just such a vision as rises up before the homesick Briton who is melting in the vapour-bath atmosphere of Ceylon, or flagging beneath the pitiless blare of aggressive sunlight that pours its unwelcome fierceness on the wide expanse of West Australian desert. O for an hour of Old England!—

> "that minutely cultivated land, the gracious parks, the clean-clipped hedges, the old abbeys; the solid, green-lawned houses where domesticity and hospitality have risen through the generations to an art; the evidences everywhere of nature enriched, controlled and enjoyed to the full; the short and lovely distances,—hill and level field, tower and pasture, cliff and beach, and, never too far away, the sea,—these, with the soft moist air, the ever-veiling clouds that protect the eye from the strain of too distant reaches, and frame most perfectly the green and growing England of all her poets since Chaucer,"—

these are the influences, this the environment, which " penetrated and moulded " our English poetry ; this is the " continuous hereditary culture " and " beneficial protection of leisure " which is only possible in its supreme degree in a country ancient, orderly, free, and serene, such as our England, we dare not say *is*, but used to be.

American education, says the American critic, " like that of all Republics "[1] is " scientific, utilitarian, inventional ; sacrificing depth to breadth, preferring definite information to intellectual atmosphere. In such a world, the classic ideal, in anything like the English sense, disappears." Therefore all the more valuable the " new and indigenous element working from within," the American sense of humour, aware of American limitations ; and likewise the American power of taking as a personal inheritance the spirit of English poetry and culture. Not the attempted outward imitation of English models, but the inward appreciation and understanding, the love, the reverence, the delight, which are the best begetters of a true and vivid beauty, born of deep thought, great sympathy, and passionate sincerity : the beauty which is no freak, no sport, no chance, but the fine flower of a glorious mental heritage.

Among poets of America, Louise Guiney was, to her own contemporaries, remarkable for this particular reason, that although her utterances were such as won for her the homage due to an original writer, her ' originality ' was no acrobatic feat of new contortion, no defiance of eternal law, no straining after bizarre and egotistic new effect, but was, on the contrary, a proof that on American soil there could blossom a plant distinct and individual, yet reminiscent of the noble spiritual ancestry whence it sprung.

The poems selected for quotation by this transatlantic appreciator happen to be mostly the same as those cited independently in the character sketch which forms the introduction to the present volume. These are claimed as expressions of " the American spirit ; subtle, limited if you like," but " intense and distinct."

[1] All modern Republics : the ancient Roman Republic, an aristocratic oligarchy, hardly conforms to the above definition. E. M. T.

The American spirit, some may think, is too complex to be thus defined once and for all; but in Louise Imogen Guiney,—rather than in Whitman, with his "sweeping annihilation of all accepted canons," Whitman "unrelated, and voluntarily so, to any school of characteristic or system," —we are bidden to recognise the individual and particular note of "American culture."

CHAPTER XVII

THOSE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY FRIENDS

TIME : A sunlit day in June, 1914.

PLACE : An old English manor house, first built in the Thirteenth Century ; altered about the time the Wars of the Roses ended ; improved during the spacious days when Drake was circumnavigating the globe ; enlarged in the stormy reign of Charles the First. Inhabited without a break from the Thirteenth Century to the Nineteenth ; given over for a while to the bats and owls ; but rescued at last, lived in again, and loved.

SCENE : The hall ; golden sunlight streaming through a large five-mullioned window. Central figure a guest from Boston, U.S.A., reading aloud his tragedy in blank verse, "*Red Wine of Roussillon*," to an audience of three.

Silence at the close : then, from one of the listeners, interested comments on the play itself and on the old Provençal story which suggested it.

"Ah," said the poet ; "you remind me of Louise Guiney."

"Louise Guiney !" The exclamation was one of delighted surprise : "Can you possibly mean Louise Imogen Guiney, of

> 'A short life in the saddle, Lord !
> Not long life by the fire !'— ?

Do you know her ?"

"Of course I do."

"I wish *I* did."

"You shall ! And when you and she get together, you will bewitch the clock. Not 1914, but 1714, or even 1114, will be the date !"

"When can I meet her?"

"In a few days I am to see her at Oxford. She shall hear of you. Then you could write to her. Tempt her to come and see you: she can't resist an old house. The 'most modern' part of this is of Charles the First's day, you said; and the foundations are contemporary with the time when Saint Louis was taken prisoner by the Saracens. Tell her that! But *I* can tell her: and I shan't rest till I've brought you two together."

When, some hours later, the guest took his leave, he said, "You shall meet Louise Guiney soon; and then I'll come down purposely to hear how you like her. Au revoir."

Not for more than six years was this Bostonian to return to Kent; and in the interval the *Lusitania* calamity was to have rent away from him the most beautiful and joyous of his household; his English friends were to have given—*pro Rege et Patria*—the one in whose career had been their greatest pride and delight; and Louise Imogen Guiney was to have been stricken with a mortal illness. But when, on that June afternoon of roses and sunlight, the American was driving away, as he looked back at the house which had survived the changes and chances of so many centuries, no presentiment of sorrow overshadowed him. His "*Red Wine of Roussillon*," his vivid portrayal of "old unhappy far-off things," had been approved, and he was feeling happy.

At Oxford, as arranged, he told Miss Guiney of the admirers who were so eager to meet her. Then a letter and invitation followed. She could not, at the moment, accept the invitation; but it was the prelude to a correspondence destined to ripen into such whole-hearted friendship as the author of "*Red Wine*" had confidently anticipated.

> "What a delightful letter you have given me!" she wrote from Oxford. "When you say 'old manors' and 'Claverhouse' you call me to the portcullis to salute. (I assure you, I live in the cock-loft or the dungeon for the most part, being of a hermitical turn whenever I get the chance.)

" Mr. Lindsey, an old friend, spoke to me of you when he came here. . . . That Sunday he whisked myself, and the nineteen-year-old cousin who lives with me,[1] off in a motor. We went, among other places, to Burford: I wish you might see that dear ex-ruin of a Priory, now for sale again. It has been most sagaciously handled by Colonel Terrier during these last three years, and gives nothing but unmixed joy to one who has loved it, as I have, for half a lifetime. Falkland's memory is more fragrant there than ever. Not many days ago, by way of getting a needed rest, I walked many miles to Great Tew, where Falkland's lovely walled gardens are in bloom, near his unlocated grave! *Oh, those Seventeenth Century Friends*! Of Dundee I know infinitely less than you do, but my feeling for him is only 'on this side idolatry.'. . .

" Mr. Barrington's new book's prospectus (what a vile phrase!) came yesterday.[2] I hope this work is the last word: the Whiggified world needs to have that for the good of its soul.

" I never seem to get to London nowadays, so I hope Oxford may lie in your way. . . . May we meet someday!

" Yours with friendly good wishes."

Her interest in these new acquaintances was stimulated when she heard that their post town was one of the districts in which a favourite Carolian poet of hers—celebrated in his own day as a devoted Royalist, a fearless fighter, a graceful courtier, and 'very beautiful in his person,'—had recruited for volunteers. Every reader of "*Happy Ending*" will remember the "*Footnote to a Famous Lyric*":

" True Love's own talisman, which here
Shakespeare and Sidney failed to teach,
A steel-and-velvet Cavalier
Gave to our Saxon speech:

[1] Miss Grace Guiney.

[2] "*Grahame of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee*, 1648-1689" (a military biography), by Michael Barrington; presumably "new" then to Miss Guiney, but the date of publication had been 1911. "A much-loved book," she called it afterwards.

Chief miracle of theme and touch
That all must envy and adore :
' I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more.'

. . . . . .

Young knight and wit and beau, who won
'Mid war's upheaval, ladies' praise,
Was't well of you, ere you had done,
To blight our modern bays ?

. . . . . .

'Twas virtue's breath inflamed your lyre :
Heroic from the heart it ran ;
Nor for the shedding of such fire
Lived since a manlier man.

And till your strophe sweet and bold
So lovely aye, so lonely long,
Love's self outdo, dear Lovelace, hold
The parapets of Song."

She used to say that Colonel Richard Lovelace's " To Lucasta " on his " going to the Warres," and the ' Great Marquess ' of Montrose's " Dear and Only Love," were " more chivalrous in their thought and expression than any of their kindred in English literature."

Mystical Crashaw and light-hearted Herrick ; Cartwright, Carew, Stanley, Habington, Quarles, Sir John Suckling (of " Why so pale and wan, fond lover ? "), neglected Crompton, Fanshawe, and Sherburne, satiric Marvell, even rakish Lord Rochester, each had his place in her interest or affection. But John Donne, the poet of

" Absence hear thou my protestation
Against thy strength,
Distance and length " ;

and Henry Vaughan, best remembered now for his exquisite elegy,

" They are all gone into the World of Light,"

were her most cherished of the contemplative Carolian singers, while Montrose and Lovelace were her favourites among the soldier-poets.

Of Montrose she says, "Bellona masquerading might have been his Muse. His vocation betrays itself line after line." [1]

Her admiration for Montrose, whom Cardinal de Retz likened to the heroes of Plutarch, did not prevent her from having an incongruous but quite unapologetic penchant for Charles the Second (of whom it was regretfully said, by one who knew him well, that in his disposition there was "little of the seraphick").

Miss Guiney's "*Inquirendo into the Wit and other Good Parts of His Late Majesty King Charles the Second*," is not a complete, serious, judicial argument, but a personal, partial, and frankly amusing conversation. As it comes considerably nearer justice than many a solemn article on the same topic, penned by angry scribes, who

> 'Compound for sins they are inclined to
> By damning those they have no mind to,'

its human interest is considerable.

"He wasn't good, he wasn't beautiful, he wasn't much of a Protestant or a Constitutional Sovereign; but it is my long-standing theory that he was an indolent original genius of the first water, and a fine character spoiled."

So speaks the imaginary American man of letters whom Louise Guiney creates to voice, in a spritely discussion, her own impressions of "this double personality of Charles the Second."

> "It is ludicrous that we should speak of him as The Merry Monarch. He was, in sober truth, under his beautiful manners, a morose, tormented, unhappy man. He had learned small-talk, banter, puns, games and 'dancing rarely,'" as "so many weapons to keep the blue devils at bay. He had to beguile the thing he

[1] Article on English Lyric Poets under the First Charles. *Harper's Magazine*, May 17th, 1890.

was with perpetual cap and bells. Before he became a distinguished actor, he was not ' merry.' The gilded courtiers of France, during his exile, found him a serious and awkward lad.

" He started life as a sweet, slow, attractive, thoughtful child, the sad-eyed child of Vandyke's tender portraits between 1632 and 1642. . . . His mother wrote of him, . . . ' He has no ordinary mien . . . he is so full of gravity.' . . .

" The poverty and inaction of his eleven years' exile, the sickness of hope deferred, the temporizing, the misery of his faithful friends, the wretched worry and privation of the sojourn at Brussels and Breda, he bore passing well : but they spoiled him."

Charles the Second's practical interest in ship-building and the Royal Navy, his energy and valour during the Great Fire ; his genuine respect for individuals, whether men or women, who practised certain virtues he appreciated but would not trouble to emulate ; his liking for music, his wit, his tact, his charm, his popularity,—all were in her mind as she wrote.

" Every street-corner evangelist may harp on the ' rottenness ' of the Restoration : what concerns us is its human sparkle," she makes her American declare : " There was an astonishing dearth of dull people . . . the company reminds one of Aucassin's hell, which, on a certain occasion, he chose with such gusto for its superior social qualities. ' Charles the Second ! ' exclaims William Hazlitt, in his most enjoying mood : ' what an air breathes from the name ! What a rustle of silks and waving of plumes ! What a sparkle of diamond earrings and shoe-buckles ! What bright eyes ! ' "

Whether the larger number of the Restoration courtiers were not more humanly interesting, and even respectable, than the average central figure of a ' realistic ' novel of this year of enlightenment 1922, is not the commentator's business to decide. But Sir George Mackenzie's " *Moral Gallantry*," a

discourse on the text " that there is nothing so mean or unworthy of a gentleman as Vice," went into three editions,[1] which would seem to indicate that the Lord Advocate's plea for the " seraphick " and " heroicall " virtues was by no means unpopular in the " bad and bright " society which surrounded the Second Charles,—that King who, by the way, enjoyed Cowley's poetry, and abolished in England the statute for burning witches.

The aim of the " *Inquirendo*," however, is not to confer on Carolus Secundus a halo, which would have sat awkwardly on his black peruke, but to let him speak for himself every now and then, mostly through his letters to his " deare deare Sister " Henrietta, wife of one of the most disagreeable and heartless of the Orleans princes.

> " Sir George Downing is come out of Holland ; ". . . writes the King : " The States keep a great braying and noise, but I believe, when it comes to it, they will looke twise before they leape. I never saw so great an appetite to a warre as is in both this towne and country, espetially in the parliamentmen, who, I am confident, would pawn their estates to maintaine a warre.[2] But all this shall not governe me, for I will look meerly to what is just, and best for the honour and goode of England, and will be very steady in what I resolve : and if I be forsed to a warre, I shall be ready with as good ships and men as ever was seen, and leave the successe to God."

Here, as Louise Guiney points out, we find " a sort of original for the modern chant,"

> " We don't want to fight :
> But, by Jingo, if we do,
> We've got the ships, we've got the men,
> We've got the money, too."

Perhaps one reason why the author of " *Patrins* " had this

[1] 1667, 1669, and 1685 : all three very scarce now.

[2] A frame of mind not at all typical of the present House of Commons. E. M. T.

liking for Charles the Second, was that he and she had in common an affection for animals, particularly dogs :

> " Early-rising Londoners, like the child Colley Cibber, used to watch him romping with his hounds and spaniels, stroking the deer, feeding with biscuits the ducks and the wooden-legged Balearic crane, or visiting the old lion in the Tower, not the least of his pets, whose death, accepted as a portent, was soon almost to coincide with his own. For birds he had a passion ; he was an unexampled dog-lover. . . . There is a funny little advertisement in *Mercurius Publicus* for June 28th, 1660, the sly good-humour of which marks it as having been written out by none but the King himself. The advertisement was a renewed one. ' We must call upon you again for a Black Dog, between a greyhound and a spaniel ; no white about him, onely a streak on his Brest, and Tayl a little bobbed. It is His Majesties own Dog, and doubtless was stoln, for the Dog was not born or bred in England, and would never forsake his Master. Whosoever findes him, may acquaint any at White hall, for the Dog was better known at Court than those who stole him. Will they never leave robbing His Majesty ? Must he not keep a Dog ? This Dogs place—though better than some imagine—is the onely place which nobody offers to beg.' "

After continuing to quote in this jesting vein, and after many a quip and anecdote, comes the serious summing up of the King's character :

> " Judge him by the old report and general current belief, and he is ' dead body and damned soul.' Examine his own speech and script and the testimony of those who had him at close range from his boyhood : and lo, he has heights and distances, as well as abysses ; he is self-possessed, not possessed of the devil. . . . I know nothing so illustrious of Charles the Playgoer as that he was able to win the strong attachment of Dr. Samuel Johnson, albeit a century of ill-report lay between.
>
> " Our wise critic, though he formulated it not, must

> have seen clearly the duplex cause of the King's failure in life. For half of that failure there is a theological term. Permit me to use it, and to illuminate the whole subject by it: no flashlight is keener. Charles the Second was unfaithful to Divine Grace."

Yet, in spite of this, we need scarcely be surprised that the American apologist—voicing impressions we may assume were Louise Guiney's own—felt more attracted to him than to the 'Lord Protector' Cromwell, who, when the Parliament men waxed contumacious, marched a regiment into the House of Commons, and marched the M.P.'s out. Effectual; but considerably less "constitutional" than any of the Parliamentary procedure of the much-criticised Stuarts!

> Not only was Charles II. "as thorough a sailor as his brother," but it was he who "gave their charters to the Royal Society and the Society of Antiquaries, and founded the Observatory at Greenwich, as well as the Mathematical School at Christ's Hospital. . . . No one followed Wren's labor, after the Fire especially in St. Paul's, with closer attention; and when he had a practical suggestion in mind, no one could have offered it more modestly. . . .
>
> "While in exile he had sold his favourite horses, to provide comforts for his suite; and in 1666, when he was in need of all he had, he allowed nothing to interfere with his lavish and wisely-placed donations to the houseless city. . . .
>
> "When Death gave him his abrupt summons, 'amid inexpressible luxury and profaneness,' on a wintry Monday in his town palace, the poor crowded to the churches, for the whole six days, 'sobs and tears interrupting the prayers of the congregations.' Joy-bells and bonfires bespoke their relief at the mistaken report that he was convalescent. Every schoolboy, prentice, and serving maid in London wore mourning for him; although he had been buried secretly by night, and there was no pageant at Westminster to memorise their grief.

> " Always, and despite all, he was sure of the loyalty of the people. . . . The folk who came to see Charles at his masques and fairs and Twelfth-night dice-throwings and Easter Alms-givings, the two hundred and forty thousand whom, with great boredom, and also with what a contemporary journalist calls his ' princely tendernesse and patience,' he touched for the ' King's Evil ' ; the multitudes who had experienced his concern and practical energy for them during the Fire, when he had done them all manner of personal service,—these were his vassals to the last " ;

a fact perhaps as much to their credit as to his, for to cherish the memory of benefits and love the benefactor is never an attribute of mean souls.

> " Nor had he ever a private enemy. He was popular in the extreme. . . . Though tradition does not aver that he made integrity of living contagious among them, society copied his tolerance and affability, his sense, spirit, and gracefulness."

But he was " born with a surplus " degree of humour, " elf-struck," and prone to lassitude and procrastination ; and moreover his " too mordant and too solvent intelligence " was of the kind to make of him a " philosopher " and an " artist " rather than an edifying King. Yet, pleads his defender, he had much of the " lovableness of English character ; and his Latin vices, large to the eye, are festooned around him, rather than rooted in him."

Whether the Twentieth Century reader will agree or not, this out-of-print " *Inquirendo* " cannot be omitted from any complete and comprehensive survey of its writer's works ; for although her heroes of the Seventeenth Century were not the Stuart Kings themselves but their ablest and most self-sacrificing champions, her human sympathies went out to the sadly humorous " Merry Monarch," whose " morne " and " macabre " countenance, looking forth from Lely's familiar portraits, shows something of that dual nature she so aptly describes.

CHAPTER XVIII

A RETROSPECT

" Be it on my blazon shown
How I fought the fiends alone,
Ere I rose to this content,
Open, true, magnificent. . . .

Not to me hath Love denied
His great star of eventide." [1]

THE question almost inevitably asked about any poet in whom the public comes to take an interest, is whether a personal love-story has inspired the lyrical cry and the dramatic expression of emotion ?

" Story, Lord bless you, I have none to tell, Sir," says the honest knife-grinder in a famous dialogue. And despite the multiplicity of her friends, despite the many American admirers who poured out their homage in no stinted measure, we may doubt whether even in her brilliant youth Louise Guiney ever gave to any one of them the conquering place in her affection.

Though an exile in the modern world, indeed an exile upon earth, she was monarch of an invisible kingdom, where saints and heroes, poets, wits and sages, long-forgotten by the multitude, were to her forever living.

To admire afforded her more pleasure than to be admired ; and although some of her own contemporaries were extremely dear to her, it would seem as if no man of her own day contented her as entirely as those " Seventeenth Century Friends," most notably Henry Vaughan whose neglected

[1] " The Perfect Hour " (" *The Martyr's Idyl*, and Shorter Poems," 1900, p. 69).

grave she had rescued from oblivion and whose poems it was her life-long ambition to elucidate in reference to the history of his time.

It may be doubted if any man of letters could completely have embodied her ideal, unless with the graces of poetry he combined the spirit of a man of action. That Æschylus fought at Salamis, and in writing his own epitaph commemorated his service with his sword and made no allusion to his pen, that Socrates had been a soldier before he was a philosopher, gave her a personal delight. Her intense love of literature was not so much an academic devotion to an art as a deep and constant yearning for a nobler and more splendid life.

Her soldier-father among the living, and Nelson among the dead, had been the most thrilling influences upon her mind in early childhood : and afterwards, despite a warm interest in characters as opposite as the witty, wearily good-humoured Charles the Second and the martyred Edmund Campion,—despite overflowing sympathies and mental kinship with types as contrasted as Hazlitt, vivid, cantankerous, quarrelsome Unitarian, and Dante the stately apotheosis of mediaeval Catholicism,—she kept always a remarkable inward self-possession, not identifying herself wholly with any one school or single individual. Had she lived in the Sixteenth Century and been born a man, it would be easy to imagine her throwing away every earthly prospect of happiness for the sake of some beautiful doomed woman such as Mary Queen of Scots ; in Eighteenth Century France she might have gone gladly to the guillotine for love of Marie Antoinette ; but in the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries, despite her feminine charm, her gentleness, her ecstasies and ardours, she seemed to remain a boy at heart ; and such natures, loyal and affectionate to friends, do not readily " fall in love " with any living man. So at least one of her intimate friends remarked to her in 1919, and was not contradicted. The devotion of Rudel, Prince of Blaye, to his " Love Afar," —not as modernised by Rostand, but as indicated in the original Provençal and expanded by Michael Barrington,[1]—

[1] " *The Lady of Tripoli.*" (Chatto & Windus, 1910.)

she praised as an ideal love, the symbol of eternal beauty. When she herself sang of love, it was of the emotion which contains in itself a spark of immortality. " I cannot reconcile myself to this world as it is," she said in a moment of confidence to one who was very much of her own way of thinking. Michelangelo's adoration of Vittoria Colonna, Marchioness of Pescara, and, later, Count Axel Fersen's selfless consecration to the cause of the most beautiful and most ill-fated of Queens, appealed to her more poignantly than any story of exacting passions, impatient for their material reward.

To love, to work, to aspire, without thought of gain for self, this was her ideal; but the irony of circumstance constrained her all her life to toil for current coin and for daily bread. Too loyal, too courageous, to lower her moral standard, she fought what was in the material sense destined to be a losing battle. Rarely in her correspondence does this consciousness of defeat reveal itself, for she wrote oftener to cheer and delight her friends than to relieve her own emotions. A few letters, however, especially to Mr. Clement Shorter, show how discouraged and depressed she became under the prolonged strain of that dreary struggle which in the end was fated to sap her vital force and quench her creative power.

Longwall Cottage,
Oxford.
Jan. 22, 1913.

My dear Mr. Shorter,

What big pleasure you have given me, in sending me Dora's book![1] I love her wild direct art, as you know, and the opening poem, the Prayer (one of the two which I had never seen before), quite took my breath away with its elemental truth and sadness. . . .

" Now, in regard to the rest of your letter. I am going to tell you frankly that you hurt me very much; and I do not think you meant to do that. Nor do I

[1] Dora Sigerson, Mrs. Clement Shorter.

know why you should recur to the thought of me whenever fickleness is attributed (why ?) to us Americans ; for I am entirely incapable of going back on old friends. I want you, and Dora too, to be gentle with me. You are free folk, happy in being able to work out your ideals, to write, to move about, to keep in touch with life and art. I have gone for the last six years from one disappointment and heartbreak to another ; I have been thwarted in every single thing I hoped to do ; and I have as small a stock of nervous strength to bluff it with as anyone I know.

" When you talk of my ' careering about England,' do you realise that I never go away at all except when I am dead-fagged, or when, to get the merest pot-boiler done, I must escape from interruptive Oxford ?—that I visit no friend's house, but go into humble lodgings where I live for months on end absolutely alone ? If you did, you could hardly reproach me for not having set foot in London but once in the last three years (except for my dear Herbert Clarke's burial [1]) ; and then it was because I was ill, and had to go to a specialist.

" As to my getting ' offended,' what nonsense ! I am guiltless of that, so far, in my career. The gate wouldn't open to me the last time ; but what of that ? I should have tried it again, when the chance came. After all, I have always sent a greeting at Christmas, even this year, when I hadn't the grit for such things, for the most part ; and do you think I make it a grudge that you have not done the same thing ? Oh, no. As I began by saying, I cannot change towards those who have been so kind to me in my happier days.

" I would send you a poem even without asking, if only I had one. . . . Goodbye, and my love to Dora, at the end of a confessional script not very typical of

Yours as ever,

L. I. Guiney."

[1] In January 1912, when she was present by special request of Herbert Clarke's widow and sons. E. M. T.

A gifted English writer,[1] *à propos* of the closing of the New Gallery, deplored that "the cultivation of art, in its higher and more ideal forms, is still felt to be an affair of a strictly limited circle, and attracts not the many but the few." Nevertheless there are natures which, without knowledge of art, without even a conscious standard of grace or beauty, can nevertheless feel and respond to that deep and impassioned sincerity which is the first necessity for a true artist. Many individuals who would have been incapable of analysing Louise Guiney's work, and perhaps not specially inclined to read it, were responsive to her essential sincerity and charm of character: and her character was the key to her poetry. Five years before her "*Songs at the Start*" appeared, certain memorable words were spoken in London, —words which might have been her own:

> "Do not vex yourselves with the question whom you shall follow; for if 'following' means imitation you shall follow none. Study with deep and reverent admiration—and that admiration cannot be too deep or too reverent—the work of the great men who have gone before you; . . . enrich and enlarge your powers by the knowledge and understanding of the means by which they move us. But never forget that the common greatness of them all is their sincerity. . . . Without sincerity of emotion no gift, however facile, will avail to win you the lasting sympathies of men." [2]

And again:

> "Whatever of dignity, whatever of strength we have within us, will dignify and will make strong the labours of our hands; whatever littleness degrades our spirit will lessen them and drag them down. Whatever noble fire is in our hearts will burn also in our work; whatever purity is ours will chasten and exalt it. For as we are, so our work is; and what we sow in our lives, that, beyond a doubt, we shall reap, for good or ill, in the

[1] Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Henry Ady).

[2] Address to the Royal Academy, by Sir Frederick (afterwards Lord) Leighton, 1879.

strengthening or defacing of whatever gifts have fallen to our lot." [1]

In Louise Guiney there was no "littleness," none of the vanity or envy which upsets the balance of the intellect, distorts the faculties of the imagination, and ends perhaps by undermining the entire fortress. Yet she was able to sympathise with, and see the highest in, natures far other than her own; and it was instinctive with her to give of her best, and never less than her best.

"Folk are divided into two kinds," said a gypsy looking at her hand: "the lifters and the leaners. You, Miss, are a lifter."

The path of the 'lifters' is steep and craggy, "uphill all the way"; how rugged, how exhausting, the 'leaners' never know or suspect. Concerning her losses, difficulties, disappointments and sorrows, Louise Guiney was usually very reticent; but while an inherent sweetness of temper, a spontaneous graciousness, a systematic courage, made her appear to carry her burdens lightly, she was paying the price which is exacted from brave and enduring natures. Though in the infinite spirit there is room for infinite aspiration and immeasurable joy or pain, the mortal body falters beneath the weight a strenuous unsleeping soul can carry without murmuring.

Muscular strength and the gypsy-like capacity for enjoyment of "a winding road and a four hours' march to dinner," seem scarcely suggestive of failing strength and exhausted nerves; yet slowly and surely her physical health had been worn down; and the last years of her life were the more dragging and depressing in that there came no compensating revival of creative power.

In the era of her swiftly outflowing fancies and eager energy of expression, she had sung a hymn to Youth, with the recurrent warning:

"Youth is slipping, dripping, pearl on pearl away." [2]

"Hardly to-morrow will a cheek be rounder;
Even a light foot was lighter yesterday.

[1] *Ibid.*, 1881. [2] In "*The White Sail*," 1887.

Spread the full sail, for soon the shallops founder !
Flaunt the red rose, for soon the stalks decay.
Youth is slipping, dripping, pearl on pearl away.

Dials are shifting, birds of night are calling :
Dance, you starry striplings, round the fountain spray.
With that mellow music out of sunshine falling,
With those precious waters trickling into clay,
Youth is slipping, dripping, pearl on pearl away."

CHAPTER XIX

RECUSANT POETS

Much has been said of Louise Guiney's love of " passionate yesterdays " :

> " She was the champion of lost causes, the restorer of names dropped out of rubricated calendars, through sheer inattention of an unlearned world, or rusted by time in chantries no longer visited. She would sail not for those known islands on every map where harbors are charted and the smallest craft can coal and water, but for some lost Atlantis, even if she might only moor in its guessed neighbourhood, and hear, at least, the plash of ripples over it.
>
> " She was always listening . . . to echoes from ' forgotten or infrequent lyres.'. . . She had an inextinguishable love for the ' souls ordained to fail.'. . . It made no difference to her whether a lasting line of verse were hers or another's." [1]

More precious to her it may have been because it was another's. Nor is she alone in feeling that whereas almost any man can fight vigorously when he feels confident of victory, the supreme test of fortitude is how those behave who know, whether in life or letters, that fidelity to their pledged word, constancy to their " dear and difficult star," must spell earthly defeat.

Per aspera ad astra. But one star ' differeth from another in glory ' : and to aspiring souls there comes a night when not even the smallest star is visible to twinkle a friendly

[1] Alice Brown, " *Louise Imogen Guiney*," pp. 37-39.

message through the blackness. Then how hard to persevere, when light is withdrawn : to climb upwards and onwards ; to work resolutely, gallantly, generously ! For such as Louise Guiney there is a sense of kinship with the scattered but dauntless army of those other spiritual warriors, dead or living, who may have met defeat, but who even in their darkest hours believed that although the individual may labour apparently in vain, yet truth will at last prevail.

But " now swarm many versifiers that need never answer to the name of poets," writers who speak much and say little. This protest is not of to-day, or even of yesterday. More than three hundred and thirty years ago it was uttered by Poetry's champion, lover of " wisdom, valour, justice," he who, mortally stricken on the battle-ground near Zutphen, racked with thirst, rejected the longed-for cup of water, to give it to a dying soldier with words that echo down the centuries : " Thy necessity is greater than mine."

Ardent Catholic as she was both by heredity and conviction, willing biographer of the proto-martyr Campion, Louise Imogen Guiney, as we have seen, drew some of her poetic inspiration from the Protestant soldier-courtier Philip Sidney as well as from the impetuous, brilliant, ill-fated Catholic Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, to whose memory one of her most personal and vivid sonnets is inscribed. Sir Philip Sidney was revered by Catholic as well as Anglican contemporaries. One of the Recusants,[1] saluting him after death as

> " Sweet Soul, which now with heavenly songs dost tell
> Thy dear Redeemer's glory and His praise,"

pictures him as fitter for Eternity than for an earthly Paradise :

> " For thou didst learn to sing divinely well
> Long time before thy fair and glittering rays
> Increased the light of Heaven. . . .
> And now thou sing'st with angels in the skies,

[1] Henry Constable.

Shall not all poets praise thy memory ?
And to thy name shall not their works give fame,
Whereas their works are sweetened by thy name ? "

So far as one poet's definition of his art may serve to show the convictions of another, Sidney's "*Defense of Poesie*" (already quoted) comes nearer to embodying Louise Guiney's standpoint than any other poet's confession of artistic faith, unless perhaps, in a different fashion, that of Matthew Arnold.[1] Between Sidney, the portrayer of an exuberant "*Arcadia*," and Arnold with his deliberate austerity, there may seem at first glance little kinship ; yet each was such an influence upon the mind of Louise Guiney that the reader who is obstinately hostile to both or either, must forego the pleasure of completely understanding her.

It has been well said that Religion and Poetry were her two great passions : and these two were intertwined. Even her ' pagan ' poems, her Simoisius, her "*Last Faun*," her Theseus and Ægeus, her "*Tarpeia*," and "*Charondas*,"—with no verbal expression of hope in the mortal's immortality, —cannot justly be taken as a contradiction to that spirit of faith which irradiated her life and gave to her "*Roadside Harp*" a joyousness ringing out above all stress and sorrow. Grief, irony and mystery, may breathe through her verse ; but never the dull muffled note of a non-combatant despair.

When at last a conviction gripped her that her poetic powers were waning,—when the creative vigour seemed nearly spent, although the capacity to discriminate had deepened,—she concentrated contentedly on interpreting the lives and works of others, believing she could thereby serve the cause of Poetry more adequately than by repeating, without the old fire and ecstasy,—ecstasy not to be had for the asking,—the thoughts of her own heart :

"For better than fortune's best
Is mastery in the using,
And sweeter than anything sweet
The art to lay it aside."

[1] His Preface to the Collected Edition of his Poems, 1853.

Just as a true and perfect lover, vigorous in loyalty and self-command, deliberately reverential, may be dumb through doubt not of his Lady's merit but of his own deserving, so in her love for poetry, Louise Guiney silenced her lute as soon as she accepted, once and for all, the belief that it had lost its magic.

We must never lose sight of what poetry meant to her: Poetry the inspirer and healer of souls; for, as Sir Philip Sidney used to say, whereas the physician, by the nature of his calling, is concerned with things material, and the metaphysician wanders in a labyrinth of abstractions, "only the poet, disdaining to be tied to any such subjection, lifted up with the vigour of his own invention, doth grow to another nature."

But if that growth be arrested? As a sentinel at a lonely outpost watches through the black winter night and endures till dawn, so the poet from whom inspiration is withheld may still be loyal to the truths he feels no further power to sing.

> "Blessèd are the Dead in Spirit: our brave dead
> Not passed but perfected:
> Who tower up to mystical full bloom
> From self, as from a known alchemic tomb." [1]

Beati mortui! The wings of death, not metaphorical but actual, were outspread over many a "haunt of ancient peace" in the England Louise Guiney loved. The Great War, so long predicted by the observant, so little expected by the thoughtless, was to prove anew the vigour of Sidney's and Surrey's countrymen. And Louise Guiney, who in her own America had known both the exaltation of self-sacrifice and the heavy cost, she in whom the spirit of her soldier-father still burned steadily, was, like Henry James, consumed with grief over the prolonged neutrality of America. After the tragedy of the *Lusitania*, she chafed and burned for the more chivalrous and clear-sighted among her compatriots to insist on giving to Germany the only answer Germany could comprehend. President Wilson's "too proud to fight"

[1] "Beati Mortui," in "*Happy Ending*," 1909.

filled her with dismay; the word "neutrality" stung her like the lash of a whip.

"It enrages me to be an Alien neutral. . . . Would I were at the front. . . . If England doesn't pull through, no more will liberty and civilisation." [1]

Again: "I have been disappointed over our country's official attitude," she wrote to a compatriot. "There should be no 'neutrality' of opinion where rights and wrongs are as plain as the nose on one's face." And she said she could never get over the "unexpected and staggering" spectacle of her much-loved natal country behaving in what she characterised as "this selfish provincial way, with the masterly vision of a village schoolmaster who sees as far as his village pump, and not one inch beyond it." [2]

Her correspondence at this time languished, partly because she had little to say that was cheerful, until America at last came into the War; but also because her health failed seriously.

For some time there was no answer to letters or enquiries; and then, after a long interval, an explanation:

> "I have been ill, or at least my energies have been, for a whole year, and I am only just back to my ordinary interests, and my desk.
>
> "I am so glad the dear Lindseys are comforting themselves and commemorating Leslie [3] in such lovely ways.[4] . . . I suppose you know that Kenneth is a young officer. . . . The insatiable Minotaur will not, I do hope and pray, swallow him up; but they are full of sound views about the War. What is yet to come? The best, I dare not doubt. . . .

[1] Quoted by Alice Brown, "*Louise Imogen Guiney*," p. 107.

[2] Alice Brown's "*Louise Imogen Guiney*," p. 97.

[3] Their elder daughter, one of the "*Lusitania*" victims.

[4] In giving to the Boston Art Museum a collection of old English musical instruments (formerly in the possession of Canon F. W. Galpin, at Hatfield Regis, Essex) and planning to build in Boston a memorial chapel in which Saint Cecilia, priestess of harmony, and Martin of Tours, soldier and Saint (he who shared his cloak with a beggar), figure in the stained glass windows.

> " I should like to hear that all goes well with you, and your salutary enthusiasms. You have a wider life than mine is : at least wider than mine is now. But I have a book or two in hand, editings of forgotten old English poets. . . .
>
> " Did I live on this hill-top when I wrote to you last ? I have a lease of a funny little old stone cottage, very ' Cotswoldy ' (with a heavenly view from the garden and from every window), until June, 1919." [1]

Here at Grangeleigh, Amberley, Gloucestershire, her book was destined to make good progress :

" It is going to be called ' *Recusant Poets*,'. . . full chiefly of forgotten stuff, most of it good verse and good history," she wrote to an Anglican friend. It " begins with Surrey and ends with Pope, completing a span of just two centuries, with many names between, . . . ' Popishers,' familiar with the prison, exile and the scaffold, as well as with the muse."

The difficulties in the way of completing such a task were many and various :

> " I am very interested in your collections," wrote Father John Hungerford Pollen, apologising for not being able to give as much aid as he would have wished. " The real truth is that the land is very bare. Catholic books were a danger in old times, and always seized in searches, which as you know, went on till after the '45.[2]

[1] To E. M. Tenison.

[2] " None shall bring from beyond Sea, Print, Sell, or Buy any Popish Primers, Ladies Psalters, Manuals, Rosaries, . . . Legends or Lives of the Saints in what language soever they shall be Printed or Written, nor any Superstitious Books written in the English Tongue, on pain to Forfeit forty shillings for every such Book, to be divided as aforesaid.

" Two Justices of Peace, and all Mayors, Bayliffs, and Head-Officers have power to search the Houses and Lodgings of Popish Recusants Convict, and of every person whose Wife is a Popish Recusant Convict, for Popish Books and Reliques, and to burn and deface such as they shall find in their custody. . . . "

" *An Abstract of all the Penal-Laws Now in Force against Jesuites, Priests and Popish Recusants, Collected for the ease of Justices of the Peace, and others who are obliged to put the Laws in Execution.* London. . . . 1679." (Elizabeth's laws repealed by James II. E. M. T.)

> During the period of best poetry (as you know) the searches and destruction were cruel. . . . I found one volume with hymns at Oxburgh,[1] and have not at all given up hopes of more elsewhere : but I fear that there cannot be much surviving in these places." [2]

Such being the impression even of a scholar and archaeologist, still more surprising was it to ordinary mortals to see the portmanteau full of closely written MS. which embodied the results of Louise Guiney's patient researches, and those of her co-worker, Father Geoffrey Bliss, S.J.

" Your letter delighted my heart and pricked my conscience ! " she wrote to the friend to whom she oftenest reported progress : " I do wish I might send you a proper reply, but I was never so busy and hard-worked in all my life. Fr. Geoffrey Bliss (did I tell you ?) is here at the Priory, but stays all day with us, and his speed is something to wonder at when he gets a pen in hand.

" The book we began in a tentative sort of way (in 1913) we are now finishing in two fat volumes ! . . . It leaves me literally not a moment, though, to do other things in." [3]

Hence again the postponement of the oft-delayed work on Henry Vaughan.

In the course of long hunts in the Bodleian Library, British Museum, and elsewhere, both Miss Guiney and Father Bliss had discovered Recusants whose very names, at least as poets, were new to them both.

It is not infrequently said, by way of excuse for ignorance or neglect, that if a literary work were of permanent value, it would not long remain unknown, nor, having been made known, could it fall back into an abyss of oblivion. Such a statement cannot bear even a cursory investigation : for instance, take the *Chanson de Roland*, the greatest of mediæval national epics, " ideal and universal " in its embodiment of fearlessness and faith. With the wane of chivalry it gradually ceased to be read or sung in France, and by the time of

[1] The ancestral home of Sir Henry Bedingfeld, 8th Baronet.

[2] 29th January, 1919.

[3] To Miss Gwenllian E. F. Morgan.

Louis Quinze it reposed untouched in manuscript. Snatches of song lamenting the tragedy of Roncesvalles may have come instinctively to the memory of some elderly unfashionable seigneur in the provinces, or some conservative-minded peasant; but the professedly intellectual bourgeois society in Paris, and even the courtiers of Versailles, would have disdained its antique theme and its impassioned fervour. In and after the Revolution it was, to all appearance, absolutely forgotten; and logically so,—for those regicides who enthroned a prostitute as the 'Goddess of Reason' on the altar of Notre Dame, and worshipped 'the sacred heart of Marat,' were the last people in the universe who would have wanted to remember Roland the ardent champion of Christendom and of "Charles the King,"—Roland the true-hearted, who (Ariosto's "Orlando" notwithstanding!) loved only one woman, Duke Rénier's daughter, 'Aude la Belle,' who died of grief when she heard how Ganelon had betrayed the hero to his doom.

When even this epic, so widely popular for many centuries, not only was neglected for several hundred years but for a while seemed utterly to have vanished, small marvel that lesser gems disappeared.

To assert that a work not yet generally known will never be widely read, is also to generalise most rashly. Remember *Aucassin and Nicolette*! Of that enchanting love story of the troubadour days one manuscript alone survived, a frail little craft in which to carry this forgotten masterpiece down the rushing river of Time. Translated at last in limited editions for the elect, it has since been retranslated into so many tongues that in the whole of Europe there can be hardly one cultured person who has not at least heard the names of those immutably faithful lovers.

These two instances of the power of survival innate in literature born from the heart, delighted Louise Guiney; and her "*Recusant Poets*" were all the dearer to her because so long neglected. Her natural fastidiousness, her trained critical faculty, however, prevented her from over-estimating any of her 'finds.' Discovering them enthusiastically, she then surveyed them calmly.

> " It has been said that the historical must needs outweigh the purely artistic value of this collection. But in respect of the latter a standard not too low has been fixed. . . . Standards, however, are relative, and it must be borne in mind that we are dealing for the most part with minor poets. Happily that name was not used, or not invidiously used, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when even the little lutes could worthily celebrate the old eternal themes of joy and sorrow, love and death. . . . Before 1650 A.D. almost any poet will yield some lines of which no anthology need be ashamed : for a century after that date, such discoveries are a difficult matter." [1]

The reason for this is that as literature tended more and more to sink from a vocation into a trade, it became less humanly interesting, so far as the smaller stars are concerned. Even in the Seventeenth Century, as we have already seen, poets great and small suffered from impecuniosity (we have all been told in the nursery how Milton only got five pounds for ' Paradise Lost ' !) : and literature (to borrow an American phrase of later date) might " make a life," but seldom enabled its votaries to " make a living." Perhaps the charm of many of the poems of the Recusants is that they appear for the most part as if they had welled up irresistibly from strong emotion, deep conviction.

There are a few surprises amongst them : most people would hardly expect to find the satirical comedian William Wycherley in such company ; but it is necessarily a chastened Wycherley we meet here.

As the Preface explains,

> " Profession of the Catholic faith has been made the pass-word to this Chorus Vatum," and " since this is so, it seemed fitting to restrict the contributions to those which may bear in some way upon Christian verities or Christian ideals in the right conduct of life. These, however, are broad and gracious bounds : and the

[1] Preface to " *Recusant Poets.*"

reader will see that lines of personal compliment, and even love poems, may figure within them."

Among the love poems, Beaumont's "Why didst thou die so soon?" has a tender pathos: so also has the "Sleep Song"; both known before to lovers of Elizabethan verse, but hardly realised hitherto as the work of a Catholic.

"Come, Sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving
Lock me in delight awhile; . . .
Though but a shadow and a sliding,
Let me know some little joy.
We that suffer long annoy
Are contented with a thought
Through an idle fancy wrought.
O let my joys have some abiding!"

And again,

"Say lovely dream, where couldst thou find
Shades to counterfeit that face?
Colours of this glorious kind
Come not from any mortal place." [1]

It was during his Catholic years that Ben Jonson wrote the famous *Epode* in which he distinguishes between

". . . blind Desire
Armed with bow, shafts, and fire,
Inconstant like the sea of whence 'tis born,
Rough, swelling like a storm
With whom who sails rides on the surge of fear,"

and

"true Love . . .
That is an essence far more gentle, fine,
Pure, perfect, nay, divine.
It is a golden chain let down from heaven,
. . . and combines
The soft and sweetest minds

[1] Francis Beaumont.

In equal knots : this bears no brands nor darts
To murder different hearts,
But in a calm and godlike unity
Preserves community. . . .

. . . But soft : I hear
Some vicious fool draw near,
That cries we dream, and swears there's no such thing."

In his poem on the death of Venetia, Lady Digby, he bids her husband hope in the world beyond the grave

" to find
That pure that precious and exalted mind
You once enjoyed ; a short space severs ye
Compared unto that long eternity "

in which he will meet her again, " dearer than before." But Ben Jonson, we may object, was hardly a typical Catholic poet ; his Catholicism lasted only a dozen years. The main purpose of the book is not to dwell on such well-remembered names as Jonson, Dryden and Pope, but to draw out of obscurity those who have as yet had scant fame to reward them for their sufferings and sacrifices.

Some of the most appealing are pathetic verses from imprisoned husbands to devoted wives : verses not always technically skilful, but redeemed by notes of courage, constancy, and the tenderness which so often goes with moral strength. The love celebrated in the Anthology, whether the writer be in or out of prison, is oftenest that in which visible beauty is seen as a symbol of the invisible and eternal verities ; a love capable of turning " darkest griefs to brightest joys.'

" Purify all the passions of my mind,
And light my understanding : . . .
Even as Thy Love like fire draws up my love,
Right so, my love like fire will mount above " :

so ends Holland's sonnet " The Eternal Archetype," beginning " Flame of bright Love and Beauty."

The same poet, Hugh Holland, more than once depicts the charm which endeared to the nation Henry, Prince of Wales,—brilliant and lovable eldest son of James the First of England and Sixth of Scotland,—a young Prince whose spontaneous power of winning hearts, alike of the powerful and of the poor, should be readily understood to-day when again a Prince of Wales has merited the affectionate sobriquet of Prince Charming.

In the early Seventeenth Century, admiration, homage and appreciation were expressed much more exuberantly than is now usual, and the Recusant Hugh Holland's poem "*To the Prince,*" extreme as it may sound, voiced a standpoint practically universal in the England and Scotland of his time:

"If every man a little worlde we name,
You are a worlde most like the greatest frame:
Your love of learning spreads your glorie farre,
Lifts you to Heaven, and makes you there a starre.
In active sports and forms of martiall deedes,
Like fire and aire, your nimble courage breeds
A rare amazement and a sweet delight
To Britons who beholde so dear a sight!
In pure and fruitfull waters we may see
Your minde, from darkness clear, in bounty free;
And in the steady resting of the ground
Your noble firmnesse to your friend is found.
For you are still the same; and where you love
Nor absence can your constant mind remove.
Soe goodnesse spreads itself with endless lines,
And soe the light in distant places shines.
He that adventures of your worth to sing
Attempts in vaine to paint a boundlesse thing."

Nor did his "Prince Henry: 1612" [1] seem fantastic or ill-judged in its affectionate hyperbole,—so acute and widespread was the grief felt for the early death of that Heir to the Throne, to whose warm heart and clear vigorous mind

[1] Lansdowne MS. 777, f. 66.

all classes and both Churches had looked for sympathy and justice.

" Lo, where he shineth yonder
A fixèd star in heaven,
Whose motion here came under
None of the planets seven.
If that the Moon should tender
The Sun her love, and marry,
They both could not engender
So sweet a star as Harry ! "

Beginning as the anthology does early in the Sixteenth Century, and ending in 1734,

> " nearly the whole period of religious conflict is included. . . . It is true that though the Recusants were created in the technical sense by the Act of 1559 commanding attendance at the reformed Church services, the word itself was not in use till some years later. But there were Great Refusals long before then, and the first was that of Sir Thomas More and his fellows. From his day onwards, threads of the sad but splendid story may be traced. . . . Quite an appreciable fraction of the poems which follow were written in prison, some in the immediate expectation of death ; while others, again, celebrated the memorable scenes of martyrdom. Campion is sung by one who will follow him to Tyburn. Southwell and Walpole utter in English verse the devout beliefs they are soon to write more imperishably in their blood. Practically every crisis in the post-Reformation history of the religious minority is represented. . . . Poetry of the popular kind covers the Pilgrimage of Grace, the accession of Queen Mary, the Northern Rising, the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, the Oates Plot, the ' Glorious Revolution,' and the passionate hopes which centered in the Chevalier of St. George." [1]

One of the most valuable features of the work is the series of historical essays on different religious and political phases

[1] Preface.

of the period, showing the general situation in such a way that the verse of individuals is thereby the easier to understand. These essays, moreover, gain by being primarily statements of fact rather than expressions of opinion: we find very little in them of the polemical, and nothing at all of bitterness. The book is less an indictment of the persecutors than a revelation of the patience, courage, courtesy, loyalty, gallantry and grace of the noblest among the persecuted.

Of Sir Thomas More we scarcely need to be reminded. Nor could we forget Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, one of the most attractive figures in an age the evils of which few rebuked more scathingly than he.

> " Complain we may: much is amiss;
> Hope is nigh gone " ;

he begins in " The Sick World " ; and in that poem we may observe the original of a phrase which has now become common property:

> " Wily is witty, brainsick is wise;
> Truth is folly, and *might is right* ;
> Words are reason, and reason is lies;
> The bad is good; darkness is light. . . .
> Two things prevail: money and sleight:
> To seem is better than to be! "

Surrey's fiery disdain never ceased to fascinate Louise Guiney. But

> " forgotten names are many here, and familiar names few. Lyrics so famous, so hackneyed even, as ' The glories of our birth and state,' [1] and ' Mortality, behold and fear,' [2] could hardly be omitted when they promised to take on an accidental newness as the work of Catholics. Yet superior interest attaches, perhaps, to a crowd of fresh things not so fine as these: to the cheerful bird notes of Hugh Holland and John Austin, or to the heart-cry of lamentation over the broken shrine of Walsingham."

[1] Shirley. [2] Beaumont.

In this anonymous Lament for the Shrine of the Blessèd Virgin Mary, we can feel a sorrow which though local and personal to the poet, might be at the same time the voice of every grief over the wreckage of beauty, the profanation of holiness.

" Bitter, bitter, oh, to behold
The grass to grow
Where the walls of Walsingham
So stately did show !

. . . . . .

Level, level with the ground
The Towers do lie,
Which with their golden glittering tops
Pierced once to the sky."

" Besides the mere literary men," says Louise Guiney, " we have marshalled among our poets several victims whose stainless honour is now justified in the opinion of all who write and read history, and again, some not unlovable spirits whose tormented patience ended in rebellion and conspiracy and the block,"—such, for instance, as the penitent and remorseful Chidiock Tichbourne, a boy of " extreme beauty," gentleness and sweetness of nature, whose too infatuated devotion to his daring and foolhardy young friend Anthony Babington, brought his career to an end almost before it was begun. One of the very few of the Recusants already known to every reader of Elizabethan poetry, his last poem, on the eve of his execution, naturally recurs to memory :

" The spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung ;
The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves be green ;
My youth is gone, and yet I am but young ;
I saw the world, and yet I was not seen ;
My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun ;
And now I live, and now my life is done."

Babington himself—conspirator certainly, and one who had earned his sentence of death for high treason,—was not more than twenty years of age, and though his proposed methods were deplorable, his motives were devout. It is,

however, remarked by the Editors of the Anthology, that one of the greatest misfortunes of the Catholic cause was the way in which some of its champions, comprehensibly enough but most unwisely, allowed themselves to be drawn into political conspiracy ; the few who were so far provoked affording then and thereafter to the Government a pretext for persecuting and imprisoning many whose tried loyalty to the Crown made such unjust imprisonment doubly ironical and harsh. The case of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel and Surrey, and his ten years' incarceration in the Tower, is one of the most outstanding. His portrait, as we have seen, had attracted Louise Guiney in the Tudor Exhibition. He was grandson of her much-admired Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey ; and his turbulent, wild, and unedifying youth, his remorseful and courageous manhood, his prolonged sufferings as a prisoner,—culminating in Queen Elizabeth's curt refusal to let him see his wife and children when he was dying, unless he would buy the privilege at the cost of abjuration of his hereditary faith,—are summarised with a degree of self-restraint and concentration which makes the narrative only the more appealing. But not all his co-religionists reach such heights. The Anthology

> " is the first muster of English Recusants in this kind, and it brings together an outwardly incongruous army. Here among confessors and martyrs stand some few who lacked their courage." But there is scarcely one of these writers " who did not suffer at some time either in person or in property for his faith, or for his efforts to impart it to his children.
>
> " The very books in which their work first appeared are sometimes of extreme rarity, owing to the destruction of the whole editions by the Government's orders ; or to their having been published abroad, for safety's sake, while the printer, in one case at least, paid the penalty for his bold co-operation by having his ears nailed to the pillory. Censorship in Elizabeth's day was searching and stern, and affected not Catholics alone."

In these present times when sedition is permitted to speak as freely as it pleases, when the British Government apparently makes no attempt to restrain the circulation of newspapers and pamphlets issued by revolutionaries who boast their intention of plotting to overturn all existing religion, law, and order, the average reader is little apt to remember what dire penalties in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries befel the Recusants merely for refusing to attend the Established Church.[1]

King James II. and VII. who subsequently repealed the Penal Laws against the Catholics—laws which might legitimately have driven into rebellion any but the most devoutly loyal and patriotic,—is still held up in many Protestant Whig histories as having richly deserved to forfeit his crown as an abominable 'tyrant.' Nor in those histories is his attempted reform admitted as any the more reasonable in that his most devoted champion was Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, a devout Episcopalian, devoid of any leanings towards Catholicism but fired by an intensely strong realisation of the wisdom of reserving the severest penalties for high treason and for actual crime. If, in the name of religion, acts of sedition, disloyalty, and lawlessness became rampant, the seditious and disloyal, urged Claverhouse, should be sternly repressed; but should be punished for their actual crimes, never merely for their theological opinions.[2] The

[1] A fine of twenty shillings, "for every default" of attendance, had to be exacted by the "Church Wardens and Constables of every Parish" and the same entered on record "on pain of forty shillings for every default."

"The Queen may seize two parts of the Goods and two-third parts of the Lands of such Popish Offenders as shall not after their Conviction pay into the Exchequer Twenty pounds a month." And as for Catholic Church services: "None shall Say or Sing Mass on pain of Two hundred Marks, and suffer one year's imprisonment and not be Enlarged till the Fine be paid. And none shall hear Mass on pain of a year's imprisonment and an hundred Marks. There shall be a third part of these Forfeitures to the Queen, a Third part to the Poor of the Parish where the Offence is committed, and a Third part to the Prosecutor" (thus making the informer's work a profitable trade!).

"*An Abstract of all the Penal-Laws Now in Force against Jesuites, Priests and Popish Recusants, . . .* London, 1679." (Queen Elizabeth's laws, which James II. lost his crown for repealing. E. M. T.)

[2] See Barrington, "*Grahame of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee*, 1648-1689." (Secker, 1911.) Chapter V. pp. 141-161, and VI. pp. 180-184.

Penal Laws against the Catholics in England, Scotland, and Ireland, were infinitely more severe than any measure of Charles the First or either of his sons to restrain the extremists of Presbyterianism from plotting the overthrow of the Crown. Yet the Catholics of England and Scotland, with few exceptions, remained patiently, even enthusiastically, Royalist. Typical of the best Catholic standpoint is the Sonnet "*Royal Godliness*" by Henry Constable,[1] a Recusant who as a prisoner in the Tower, for conscience sake, had "learned to live alone with God": [2]

"God gives not Kings the style of gods in vain
For on their throne His sceptre do they sway
And as their subjects ought them to obey
So Kings should fear and serve their God again.
If, then, ye would enjoy a happy reign
Observe the statutes of your Heavenly King,
And from His Law make all your laws to spring,
Since His lieutenant [3] here ye should remain.
Reward the just; be steadfast, true, and plain;
Repress the proud, maintaining aye the right;
Walk always so as ever in His sight
Who guards the godly, plaguing the profane.
And so ye shall in princely virtues shine,
Resembling right [4] your mighty King Divine."

The most fantastic imagination could not twist into this any rebellious or revolutionary meaning! This Henry Constable, grandson of Sir Robert Constable of Everingham Park,[5] was great-grandnephew of Sir Robert Constable who was hanged in chains at Hull in 1537 for his share in the Pilgrimage of Grace. "Passionately devoted to his religion," he describes himself as "not one of those" who could ever wish "the restitution thereof, with the servitude of his country to foreign tyranny." "Love and loyalty to

[1] Born 1562; died 1613.
[2] Lambeth MSS. Cod: Tenison 708. Vol. 15, p. 125.
[3] (lieutenant) representative: *locum tenens*. L. I. G.
[4] (right) aright. L. I. G.
[5] Ancestor of the present Duchess of Norfolk.

his country," impelled him to abhor the machinations of Spain ; and the Anthology shows many another exactly of this way of thinking.

Even to remember the names of all the Recusant Poets is no light task ; [1] nor can the few cited in the foregoing pages give anything approaching an adequate idea of a book of human interest far too general for its appeal to be restricted to Catholic audiences. It does not stir up rancour, nor renew old bitterness ; but it is a labour of love, an act of justice, to honour the memory of a long procession of gallant and courageous Englishmen, who, with very few exceptions, remained devoted to their country even when the Government regarded them as something worse than felons, and when poverty, torture, disgrace, or death, were the dire penalties for fidelity to the losing side.

When we remember how Henry VIII. treated his series of wives, and how two out of the six, the two he had most exuberantly professed to ' love,' ended on Tower Hill : when we recall Queen Elizabeth's harshness to Lord Essex, for whom she was believed to have had at one time an especial penchant ; when we see what measure was meted out by ' great Eliza ' even to the Royal Navy to which she owed her kingdom's safety,—read, for example, Lord Howard of Effingham's letter to Lord Burghley : " There is here the gallantest company of Captains, soldiers and mariners . . . it were a pity they should lack meat when they are so desirous to spend their lives in Her Majesty's service " ;—when we bear in mind how she and her father ill-treated many even of the professed champions of the Tudor dynasty, can we marvel that the Penal Laws were preposterously severe towards men whom these same Tudors regarded as enemies ? Such, however, is the political way of the world, that the Tudors, cruel, treacherous, arrogant, egotistical and unscrupulous, sat securely on their thrones, and drew vast revenues from plundering shrines and from the private fortunes of their eminent subjects ; whereas the gentle, melancholy King Charles the First, by his arrest of five seditious Members of Parliament, and his demand of one guinea a

[1] See list of unpublished works : Bibliography, pp. 321-323.

year for Ship-money (in a halcyon age when, be it remembered, there was no income tax,) is held up even now as an encroacher on his subjects' liberties ; and his son James II. who " lost three kingdoms for a mass "—or rather for daring to allow the mass to all his Catholic subjects,—is in Protestant histories hardly ever given credit for moral courage. (Macaulay's vociferous vituperation of the last reigning Stuart, and of all James II.'s supporters from Claverhouse downwards, is familiar to the proverbial ' every schoolboy.')

In this year 1922, when international Bolshevism vaunts its ambition to undermine the entire structure of civilisation, and when God is denounced in Russia as the " Slaveholder " of mankind, Heaven as an aristocratic invention, and morality as an outworn prejudice, surely, now if ever, it is time to recognise for how very small an offence (or for how honourable a standard of fidelity to a persecuted faith) the Recusants paid, in exile, prison, and torture, or by the hangman's cord. We are all aware that Spain persecuted heretics even more ferociously than England repressed Catholics, and that the idea of Catholicism in the popular mind came in Elizabeth's day to be associated more with the Spanish menace than with the quiet self-sacrificing lives of the British Catholic nobility and gentry : but, as Louise Guiney more than once emphasises, when their own restoration to wealth and power would have been the reward for aiding or condoning foreign invasion, these Catholics fought as stoutly as any Protestant against " the King of Spain his Navy." Had not the Government been confident of the loyalty of the Catholics as a body, a Catholic nobleman would hardly have been chosen as Lord High Admiral to go out and confront the great Armada. Certainly the most noted strategic and tactical genius was not Lord Howard of Effingham but Sir Francis Drake : yet no student of the tremendous conflict can fail to see how magnanimously the Catholic Lord High Admiral, a patriot and ' a great gentleman,' treated his fiery Protestant subordinate, *El Draque*, the scourge of Spain.

The " *Recusant Poets* " is not a work merely for the theologian or the scholar ; it is a notable contribution to the

history of the British race; and the 'sporting instinct' inherent in every respectable Englishman,—his hereditary love of courage against heavy odds,—should respect such labours to revive the memory of many able and brave men hitherto unjustly neglected.

It has been said that men will fight for religion, scheme for it, lie for it, die for it; but that few will live for it. The originator of this phrase, however, overlooked the life dramas not only of the acknowledged saints, but of countless careers the valiant and patient merit of which cannot but have enriched the world, even though the world's meed to them was persecution, calumny, and ruin.

Thus too in pre-Christian days the noblest of ancient classic patriots and sages were rewarded. Banishment, assassination, the poison cup, slander, envy, hatred, are no new things, nor peculiar to the era of the Catholic Recusants. But precisely because injustice is as old as human nature, all the more reason therefore to value an intellect and spirit like Louise Guiney's, responsive as she was to nobility of soul in whatever age or guise she found it. Herself as devotedly Catholic as any bygone Recusant, yet her best loved poet was Henry Vaughan, an Anglican; and even as she recognised the white fire of faith burning steadily in one who remained outside the ancient Church of all our ancestors, so to-day should those of Henry Vaughan's way of thinking be ready to appreciate such of the Recusants who heroically bore intolerable pains and penalties, and refrained from execration of their tormentors.

The "*Recusant Poets*" is much more than a survey of writers of minor verse; it is a contribution to the spiritual and social as well as the literary history of Great Britain. Its interest, as already said, cannot be confined to readers within the Catholic Church. Its appeal will be to every man and woman who cares for heroism blended with scholarship, and who has a heart to feel the human drama of love, wisdom, valour, death, and everlasting life.

CHAPTER XX

'NIL MEDIUM'

"To speak of her letters," says one of her oldest friends, "is to wonder anew at an imaginative brilliancy even beyond what she put into her work." [1]

That Louise Imogen Guiney's letters were often sparkling, stimulating and heartening, always characteristic, no one so favoured as to be the direct recipient would attempt to deny. But sometimes the very qualities which made them perfect for the individual, tend to bewilder a third person. Many would only be comprehensible if annotated profusely, and the commentary would be of bulkier proportions than the text. For instance, among her friends and correspondents (from 1914 onwards) was one who, although of a younger generation, was treated with especial confidence on the strength of kindred familiarity with the Seventeenth Century, its "warres," its singers, its politics, its tragedies, its "Sir Fopling Flutter" comedies, and its many airs and graces. Though she honoured this friend with what she herself described as "enormous letters," only a fragment here and there can serve the biographer's purpose, for so well did these two understand each other that they could "signal" as by a code. Such letters are seldom apposite to quote, and even the beginnings and endings would be wasted on the uninitiated. Take for example one brief note which opens: "*Dear Nil Medium.*" That is the text; here is the commentary. '*Nil Medium*' was the inscription on a seal designed by the 'Great Marquess' of Montrose for himself when he set out on his fatal last venture (which brought him

[1] Alice Brown, "*Louise Imogen Guiney*," pp. 104-105.

to the scaffold). On that seal is cut the symbolic device of a yawning gulf, and a lion crouched in readiness to leap across. Obviously the lion must at a single bound clear the abyss; or else the end awaits him. It is the same thought as Montrose's famous song,

'He either fears his fate too much
Or his deserts are small
Who fears to put it to the touch
To win or lose it all.'

The reasons why '*Nil Medium*' could be thus applicable to her friend, would require a volume of explanation, and would be irrelevant to Louise Guiney's own career.

Try yet another: "What a sun-shot wind you are!" it opens: "More power to you! I love to hear you slang —— —— —— and Co."

In the original occur the names of certain contemporary novelists who, not even during and after the Great War, starred as it was with countless Homeric deeds, could realise the meaning of the words "patriot," "chivalry" or "faith." Despite the stubborn evidence of facts, these authors continued producing, assiduously and exclusively as before, what a breezy boy crudely but aptly described as "fog-mud-and-worm" stories. When the author of "The Knight Errant" welcomed her correspondent's uncompromising dislike of pseudo-"realists" who remained persistently mole-blind to certain inspiring realities, she obviously did not intend her comments to be quoted in connection with the names of the offenders; for this would draw fresh attention to persons already more than sufficiently persistent in "advertising themselves and their mud pies" (again to quote a spirited subaltern who threw out of the window the much 'pushed' productions in question).

In a general way, however, it gave the "Knight Errant" more pleasure to praise than to denounce: to rescue from semi-oblivion some long dead poet whose mind was in tune with her own, or to introduce the work of one living friend to another.

It was a regret to her that Herbert E. Clarke, author of "*Songs of Exile*," "*Storm-Drift*," and "*Poems and Sonnets*," though a selection from his verse was included in "*Poets and Poetry of the Century*," [1] was not so widely appreciated as the best of his work deserved. She used to show him many of her own poems in MS.; and some of his pencilled comments—personally sympathetic, but not invariably eulogistic towards the manner, if he considered it elliptical or obscure,—were carefully preserved by her. She often spoke feelingly of his lyric gift, the impassioned vigour of his muse, and of the concentrated clarity and high philosophy of some of his sonnets, most notably the one beginning,

"Hold not thy life too dear because of death";

and its sequel,

"Because of Death hold not thy life too cheap;
Plan for the years—found broad and strong—aim high:
Nobly to fail is more than victory
Over unworthy foes";

a "soldierly" thought, after her own heart,—like the concluding lines,

"I charge thee work, and let not Death dismay,
Nor shadow of death, but greatly hope and dare."

Mr. Clarke was of Quaker descent, but his poetry showed no trace of any such ancestry: rather he resembled a fiery-souled man of action denied adequate outlet for his brilliant capacities.

In times of acute depression,—depression more temperamental than personal (for his home was a happy one)—Herbert Clarke wrote in an intensely mournful vein, as in 'Failure" and "A Cry," voicing that age-long protest, against the vanity of all things, which Louise Imogen Guiney never uttered. During her own most sorrowful moments, even when heavy of heart, profoundly discouraged, weary and over-shadowed, there remained with her the hopefulness

[1] pp. 455-472, Vol. VIII.: "*Robert Bridges and Contemporary Poets*," edited by Alfred H. Miles. (Hutchinson & Co., London, N.D., *circ.* 1893.)

of a nature which may doubt itself and the visible universe but can never doubt the majesty of God nor the might of the Heavenly Hosts. She saw more of Herbert Clarke's own personality in his noble monody on Philip Bourke Marston, and in his pastoral verse, like the "Morning Song" and "Autumn Song," or in the exquisite tribute to Sir Philip Sidney,

"O Jewel of the Realm, O all men's praise," [1]

than in the tempestuous, terrible, and lurid themes he was sometimes impelled to paint.

At the time of his death she deplored the fact that no obituary notice, no existing photograph or portrait, conveyed to the outside world the charm and beauty so prized by the few to whom he gave his friendship.

Her affection extended to his wife, and four sons (one of whom was destined to die gallantly in the Great War). The names of the Clarkes recur often in her correspondence; and at the end of 1904 she wrote delightedly from Oxford,

"All last week we had Herbert Clarke's second son, now seventeen, here; he came up to have a try at the much-coveted Brackenbury History Scholarship at Balliol College, though he was under age for it. When the lists were printed and posted up, who should come out the very top dog but Francis! We were in jubilation, and his own people are so happy. He is a remarkable boy, and perfectly open-minded and unspoiled." [2]

Her ready appreciation of the attainments of others, her enjoyment of beauty—whether of character, person, art, or nature,—never failed her. Architecture and music appealed to her scarcely less than literature or history.

In books, as in people, she was quick to discern merit; and she quoted appreciatively the saying of 'Carmen Sylva,' Queen of Roumania, "Many persons criticise in order not to seem ignorant. They do not know that indulgence is a mark of the highest culture." It was a joy to lend or give

[1] Sonnet, "At Penshurst" (in "*Storm Drift, and Poems and Sonnets*," p. 227).

[2] To Miss Gwenllian E. F. Morgan, Dec. 16, 1904.

her a congenial book ; her thanks were a more than sufficient reward.

> " I owe you for so much, I don't know where to begin with acknowledgments. This is the loveliest little edition of *' Saint Paul '* ! I worship that poem these many years now (you first introduced me), and know much of it by heart. . . .
>
> " I have bought and distributed in my day, several copies of the red cloth-covered edition with the black cross. Hardly anybody seems to know what a magnificent thing is this output of Mr. Myers' youth." [1]

In her estimates of the lives and careers whether of poets or of men-of-action, eager to interpret her subject and win honour for those to whom honour is due, she was forgetful of herself. That her individuality permeated every page she wrote was a fact she never realised : her judgment of her own work was severe often to the extent of injustice ; whereas she readily detected and enjoyed any merit, beauty, or charm which might be manifest in the work of others.

But to resume the quest for quotable fragments among the letters to her *' Nil Medium '* friend :

One note, of a few lines only, begins : " Roland is great." Which Roland ? The recipient of the letter replies " He of Roncesvalles, in the old French national epic as rendered in English by Arthur S. Way, LL.D., whose vivid translation was so little valued by his publishers that they advertised it scarcely at all, and, after a while, cast it on the remainder market,—whence it reached at least one appreciative reader, who bought and circulated as many copies as a slender purse allowed."

A later reference is more explicit :

" Roland is utterly satisfactory as an English translation, and glorious in itself. I know no epic from another tongue so good except the Homer of Chapman, of which I (as well as Keats) am a very great lover. Mr. Way is a public benefactor."

[1] 22nd Aug., 1909. To Miss Gwenllian E. F. Morgan. It has since been republished in " *Collected Poems of F. W. H. Myers,*" edited by his wife, Eveleen Myers. (Macmillan, 1921.)

A remark about her father's enthusiasm for "The Last of the Barons," "Harold," and other novels of the first Lord Lytton, prompted the loan of the "*Personal and Literary Letters*" of his son Robert, first Earl of Lytton, Viceroy of India at a very difficult time, and one of the most admired of British Ambassadors to France.

"I have begun the Lytton," [1] she wrote. "*What* a Victorian! so just, so patient, so humble, so sweet-tempered, so simply expressive of his own genius, so rationally spiritual! If I can judge countenances, (and 'I profess some skill therein,' as King Charles II. said once,) the present Lord [2] has all these blessed human qualities as a full inheritance. . . . Would that everybody who attempted biography had your touch: the *Khaki* article on the Lyttons is a model." [3]

More than one of the 'Khaki' miniature biographies came in for praise, especially those of heroes whose services have been less well remembered than they deserved:

"The Sobieski paper is a splendid one [4] and the subject worthy of it. I have often wondered, or speculated, on what we might have had for a royal line out of the Stuart-Sobieski blend; had it come to perfection, it must have produced A MAN made up of every best human quality, and with the Stuart shortcomings 'economised.'"

Even this, perhaps, loses half its interest unless the reader has in mind a glowing picture of John 'the Whirlwind' in his sky-blue surcoat, leading his cavalry to victory, against horde after horde of Muscovite, Swede, Tartar and Turk invaders; and at last swooping down to deliver Vienna from the mighty armies of the Sultan, under Mustapha Pasha, whose encampment extended as far as the eye could see

[1] "*Personal and Literary Letters of Robert, 1st Earl of Lytton*," edited by [his daughter] Lady Betty Balfour. (2 vols. Longmans, 1906.)

[2] Victor Alexander George Robert, 2nd Earl. Born at Simla, 1876, during his father's Viceroyalty. Private Secretary to the late Rt. Hon. George Wyndham, P.C., M.P.; a Civil Lord of the Admiralty, 1916; subsequently Under Secretary of State for India, and now Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal.

[3] "Three Generations of a famous Family" (*Khaki*, August 1916).

[4] "The Conqueror of the Turks: John Sobieski" (*Khaki*, September 1915).

around shattered walls which the gallant but famine-stricken defenders could hardly have held another day.

" I am violently in love with the O'Neill elves and with Shakespeare's Funeral," is the next remark. The first are the *dramatis personae* in an alluring fairy tale, " *The Elf Errant,*" an almost forgotten work of genius, which, with its delicate humour, its pungent irony, its fun, wit, and impish charm, appealed irresistibly to the alert mind of the Anglo-Franco-Hibernian-Scottish-American ' Imogen.' The " Elf Errant," be it explained, was an English Fairy who went over to Ireland between the leaves of a Shakespeare. His impressions of the Irish elves, his bewilderment at their erratic habits, and their plaintive puzzlement over his combined virtues and limitations, is as pretty a bit of satire as can well be found ; or rather as can *not* be found, for it is out of print and very scarce.[1] As for " *Shakespeare's Funeral,*" this was written by General Sir Edward Hamley, of Crimean War days (M.P. for Birkenhead) ; and it appeared three-and-thirty years ago, in a book of essays ranging in subject from " The Slaughters in the Soudan " to Dicky Doyle's Elves.

> " This Shakespeare paper ought to be printed alone, with all sorts of Stratford head-pieces and tail-pieces. It is a classic for feeling, subtle satire, character-drawing, philosophy and literary charm. Also it is ever so dramatic. Why (with due alterations in the constant scene-shifting) shouldn't it be played by Mr. Ben Greet's Company ? They'd love it. So would any *picked* audience.
>
> " Soothing weather at last ! I wish I were out in it instead of pegging away pretty continuously at my desk. I jolly well MUST ! "

References to the combined necessity for work and difficulty of achieving it often recur :

> " I'm rather bothered with an old enemy, neuritis. . . . it will be sure to go just as soon as my mind is

[1] Published by A. H. Bullen : London, 2nd edition, 1902. It is by Moira O'Neill, author of " *Songs of the Glens of Antrim.*"

clear and easy, and the way is open for me to fall to work again. I never can write one line of it [1] while conditions outside are unsettled, and just now we are under some extra financial anxieties. . . . I wish I had control of my pen, as Stevenson had, or Pascal, or Pope, whatever wind might be a-blowing! And I am beginning to be conscious that I am growing no younger."

And again:

"Apart from your Beaufort-Badminton (article), I dare not ask for other books. 'Shades of the prison-house begin to close.' The Lucian [2] is still my delight; I shall quite hate to part with it. It is such an English-gentleman sort of a book, and of the most penetrating psychology. He has one prejudice, has Mr. Traill: he is anti-clerical. This shows plainly in the Pascal, Chambord, Parnell, Wilberforce (conversations). If I had to choose where all are noble, I should say the 'Gladstone and Gordon' was, for subtlety and severity, best; and for lighter qualities I like the Fielding-Richardson. . . .

"I do wish that visit [3] may materialise! But I'm very chary of counting on it. I shall be more at sea, in every sense but the good one, next midsummer, than I ever was in all my life, and with fewer coppers in my wallet."

Some weeks later:

"I'd love to see the Q Boat book.[4] . . . As for Fortescue's Military History,[5] I can no longer live without it, and have ordered a copy: a copy, too, of the Lucian (which I probably shan't be able to get). I must do without clo' and buy these!

[1] Her book, "*Recusant Poets*."

[2] Not Lucian of classic fame, but Mr H. D. Traill's long out-of-print "*New Lucian*": imaginary conversations in the Elysian Fields.

[3] To her friend's home.

[4] "*Q Boat Adventures*," by Lt.-Commander H. Auten, V.C., R.N.R. (London: Jenkins, 1919.)

[5] "*Military History*" (Cambridge Manuals), by The Hon. John Fortescue, 1914.

"*St. George's Day*. . . . Your two letters make me very much your debtor. . . . But do go slowly; spend your beautiful energies with just a wee bit of niggardliness for Brother Body's sake." (Such admonitions, often repeated, were read by the recipient to mean that Miss Guiney's own health was failing. People seldom think of the probable exhaustion of others, unless they themselves are weary.) "I was away three weeks, and during that whole time I did without a fire until evening so that I might buy books; and I captured the ever-so-delightful Wyndham,[1] Allan Fea's '*Quiet Roads and Sleepy Villages*,' and (Oh, lucky me!) '*The New Lucian*' from Blackwell's in Oxford . . . .

"What cold, fickle, unfriendly days these are!

"I have no least idea even yet above an impending domestic débâcle: when, how, or whither! I shall be glad when the scales turn, as I never know what to do unless I am in my natural state of quick decision."

"The house-hunt is driving us wild," she wrote to another friend, on behalf of herself and the cousin Grace Guiney who lived with her: "We bespoke one at Llangorse (about the fifth *accepted* and in hand) and Saturday morning, when I was ready to proceed to the bus in Abergavenny, arrived a wire 'Unexpected circumstances prevent,' etc., etc.

"Add daily long journeys, mostly on foot, hereabouts, and you will see how much chance there is of doing anything I want to do at present!"[2]

And again: "It is a most hopeless business! Unbelievably so. Any number of charming places to be bought, and at low figures; but absolutely nothing to be let" at a possible rent.[3]

House-hunting is at all times a dismal sport: the Irishman who cursed his enemy, "May he house-hunt in the suburbs of Hell for a hundred years," justly believed he had uttered a terrific malediction! And when house-hunting must be

[1] "*Essays in Romantic Literature*," by the Rt. Hon. George Wyndham (Macmillan).

[2] To Miss Gwenllian E. F. Morgan. [3] To the same.

done with relatively few 'coppers in one's wallet,' with health undermined, brain weary, the future dark, the present heavy with anxieties, the need of comfort and quiet increasingly acute, and the likelihood of getting either problematical, the quest is one to strain patience and endurance almost to breaking point.

Interspersed with gently humorous accounts of this rueful hunt, came references to certain solacing books, never out of date and never *mal à propos*.

"Nugent might well make a volume out of the Galahad and Percival chapters in Malory. They must be at least fifteen in number: and a pageant, all along, of youth, valour, and virtue."

'Nugent' was a fancy name for a projected firm of publishers, ready and eager to credit the public with a capacity to respond to vigorous and manly standards. The head of the firm was the '*Nil Medium*' friend, who had drawn up the outline of a plan of campaign; and who lacked nothing,—except adequate means to pay the printers' high rate of wages! This one thing wanting, the enterprise had to be postponed (it would be too final yet to say 'abandoned'); but, in readiness for possible active operations, 'Nugent' asked questions as to Louise Guiney's out-of-print works, and proposed to make a selection, to be produced in large type and elegant garb.

> "As to your generous championship, what am I to say?" (she answered). "Truly, I don't even know who now has and holds a single prose book of mine except Campion;[1] and the Henri[2] and another published by Harper, which are long dead; destroyed, in fact,—as unsaleable,—with my consent. All my verse[3] is in the hands of one good American firm, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. of Boston, and yields me, every July, *nearly* £1!! And I shouldn't wish to have more than half my verse perpetuated. There are various memoirs

[1] "*Blessed Edmund Campion*," 2nd edition, Messrs. Burns, Oates & Washbourne.

[2] "*Monsieur Henri*," see Chapter IV.

[3] Current verse.

and sketches, such as that on my dear Lionel Johnson, enough for a new book sometime.

"Don't work too hard. . . . Prolong those precious energies of yours."

Again the note of weariness; and to the same friend's later letter, deploring that the post-war shrinkage of income was quenching not only 'Nugent Limited' but many another useful project, she answered:

"I do so sympathise with your 'grousings': as if you ever had such weakness of the flesh cum spirit! It is nothing short of agonising to have incomes shaved to the quick like that, in these suffocating days. . . . One does so resent this penal enforced pre-occupation with living, instead of with life."

But there were gay moments, when old books and fresh flowers could still bring something of the former delight.

On a postcard: "Don't be surprised if you get a plant through the post from Peterborough. It is a Thistle from Fotheringay, called the 'Mary Stuart,' and said to have flourished originally only there and at Lochleven. Please grow it. . . . My love with it."

The thistle settled down in its new home, in a small formal garden where sentinel-like junipers flanked a grey stone sundial. It flowered just once: then, unaccountably, drooped, and withered away.

"I wish the thistle hadn't died, poor thing! A Whig worm must have been biting its root," wrote its donor, trying not to regard the fate of the plant as emblematic of her own life, in which so many bright hopes, beautiful projects, and high impersonal aims had shown a flower of promise, only to be mysteriously frustrated in fruition.

"To fear not possible failure,
Nor covet the game at all,"

had ever been her determination; and yet the leaden pressure of seeming failure, the increasing conviction that there was no place now for her work in the modern world,

weighed heavily upon a spirit ardent and dauntless by nature, but sensitive and easily chilled.

Now and then, though rarely, she speaks out, and defines what she supposes to be her position :

> "The British Public values you," she wrote to Mr. Clement Shorter : "But fix it in your kind heart that it does not want me, and that I have stopped appealing to a general public of any sort. You are the only English editor who will look at verse and prose of mine. I have tried them all ; the *Nation* and *Spectator* more than once. . . . Everything comes back with a printed slip. . . . I would rather have written a life of W. H.[1] than had a barrel of apples from the Hesperides, any time between 1885 and 1905 ; but I have long given up the notion, on the ground that there is here no general public for me. . . . I still seem to be good enough for my own country : but of course we are Goths and Vandals ! "

Very seldom did she show such weary despondency. Despite her growing belief that England which she loved so whole-heartedly, the England of her youthful ecstatic adoration and her calm mature devotion, cared nothing at all either for her poetry or essays, she continued to consecrate her time and strength to the laborious task of reviving certain unjustly neglected English poets. Gallantly she remained true to the impersonal principle of hope, though the personal emotion of hope, starved almost to extinction, was only the pale shadow of what once had been a mighty inspiration.

[1] William Hazlitt.

CHAPTER XXI

THE END OF THE FIGHT

"I HAVE no biography except that I was born in war, and hope to die in peace," Louise Guiney had said [1] in the days when an elder American poet [2] had sketched her as "a slight blue-eyed girl, delicate as a wild rose, elusive as a thistledown."

It was usually her way to parry enquiries about herself by some spontaneous epigram or friendly counterthrust; but about a year before her death, when she was staying in an old Kentish manor, the talk veered round to the subject of dreams; and by fire-light and candle-light she was lured into telling a personal anecdote, It came up in relation to FitzGerald's rendering of some lines in Calderon's '*La Vida es Sueno*':

> 'They say
> Dreams are rough copies of the waking soul,
> Yet uncorrected of the higher will,
> So that men sometimes in their dreams confess
> An unsuspected or forgotten self.'

"Obviously," said one of her friends, "there are dreams and dreams: some mere crazy patchwork from the events and worries of daily life; others rising from who knows what of ancestral deeps, and seeming for a while more real than waking life. When I was a child, sleep opened for me the gates of a kingdom where I adventured always as a grown man; usually as a soldier. The mournful thing was

[1] To Jessie B. Rittenhouse (quoted in Buffalo, N.Y., *Express*, June 28, 1896).

[2] Louise Chandler Moulton.

to wake from one of these mature experiences of battlefield or scaffold, and fall back into tutelage and the laborious horrors of arithmetic."

Louise Guiney's eyes gleamed : " Yes, I know ! I also had adventures in dreams, and not long ago I dreamt the identical dream which used to thrill and tantalise me many years back, years before you were born ! "

A chorus of voices pleaded for the story.

" There is no story," she said : " It is a fragment. I used to become vividly aware that I was being chased. That I must be run to ground at last, by troops sent to catch me, I knew perfectly well. I had no doubt whatsoever that the game was up ; but to have one last race—even though the winning post could never come in sight,—seemed worth while. So I ran like a hare. Shots flew past me, and I laughed ; my pursuers were unskilful marksmen. Yet in the dream I always knew that this had happened before, and that no matter how often they missed, they must hit in the end. None the less, I dodged and doubled and ran for the sheer sport of the thing."

She paused. The logs on the stone hearth flared up in a glory of red-golden flame ; then one fell forward with a resounding crash.

It was pushed back into place with the log-fork.

" Well ? What next ? " asked her hostess.

" Next ? Amidst undulating country (English country, I think), I reached a noble-looking Church, empty, desolate, ruinous. It was roofless ; and its many pillars cast deep shadows. My pursuers gained on me ; I was tired ; but in and out of those shadows I elected to play hide and seek with them. They came nearer, nearer ; shooting at random, wasting their powder and shot. Still I dodged them. It had been a good run : but near a certain pillar—always the same pillar—I knew the light would so fall slantwise across me that I should be an easy target. Yet an irresistible fascination impelled me invariably into that fatal patch of light. Then I used to feel a sudden shock,—and waken."

Her hearers speculated afterwards amongst themselves whether her dream might not be the last act in the life-

drama of some forefather, some spirited Recusant, loyal to the old faith, after Henry VIII. had dismantled the shrines, dispersed the religious Orders, and wrecked many of the stately churches. Or perhaps some later ancestor in 1715 or 1746 had given chase in the gay and sporting fashion thus described. But no matter what the explanation, it was a dream which fitted the dreamer.

. . . . . .

The work on the Recusant Poets advanced, but slowly. To pay for typing was now beyond Louise Guiney's resources ; and every page on which corrections or amplifications had to be made, needs must be copied and re-copied : a laborious process for one around whom hovered the goblin Neuritis,— that modern substitute for the rack, which let those regard philosophically who have never felt its tearing violence nor experienced its demoniacal tendency to time its fiercest onslaught just at the moment when some cherished project or long-contemplated labour of love is reaching the crucial stage.

The problem of where to find a home was a continuous worry. A penchant for ' a winding road ' and the joys of uncertainty, appertained to holiday moods. In the throes of a *magnum opus*, she longed for comfort, quiet, a peaceful hermitage.

The biographers of a certain world-famous German man-of-letters pay him the doubtful compliment of stating that he was able to remain engrossed in his literary avocations all through the Napoleonic Wars, unruffled by the rise or fall of Empires, unagitated by the agony and deaths of millions of human ' cannon-fodder.' Unlike the eminent philosopher in question, Louise Guiney had a heart tender for the sorrows of her friends ; she suffered vicariously in the griefs of those who had to give their nearest and dearest to die that the world might be saved from the modern barbarians. Devoted lover of England, it was not she who sat unmoved, feet on fender, sunk in smooth oblivion of the countless fighting men whose life-blood even then was purchasing her safety. When the curtain of secrecy shut

out the doings of the Grand Fleet and its sweepings across the vast North Sea, when no civilian could tell how the Submarine Flotillas were faring on the " front of the Naval front," it was not she who said peevishly, " And what is the Navy *doing* ? " It was not she who could hear with indifference how, when some of the injured British seamen were landed after the tremendous fight off Jutland, certain pacificist loafers, believing the R.N. defeated, hissed and sneered at the wounded !

To the sister of a young officer killed in 1916 after much strenuous service in command of his submarine, she wrote :

> " I am truly distressed that you must face life now without your beloved brother. I can't tell you how it touches me to see the spirit in which you take that loss : the true Christian and heroic spirit about which you have written much with ink, and in which you write ' Fiat Voluntas Dei ' now with heart's blood. I treasure the biographical sketch : it glows with truth and feeling. The portrait shows a grand young head. You are happy indeed, and rich, in such a memory."

When America broke free from the " too proud to fight " of a notorious epigram, Louise Guiney expressed unbounded relief that her country at last was taking a place among the nations warring to save the world from Pan-German aggression and Turkish brutality.

" I shall be proud to see my product in ' *Khaki*,' " she wrote to the Naval and Military Editor of the war magazine of that name, in response to a request for permission to make use of " *The Knight Errant*," her St. George, destined to be warmly appreciated by modern members of St. George's great profession.

When at last the hard-won ' peace ' came, in a fashion less conclusive than her hopes had anticipated, there surged up in one of her private letters a foreboding protest which showed how much soldierly ardour and sorrowful clear-sightedness underlay the seemingly feminine sweetness of her everyday mood :

" Oh, what a rabble of a world it is ! And why did the wretched soft-soapers interrupt Foch by granting that Armistice, when another three weeks of him would have cut the claws of all the Devils forever ! *A bas les civiles* ! " [1]

During the subsequent period of seemingly interminable rhetoric in Paris, she frequently deplored that instead of making speeches about a peace which was no peace, the statesmen who aspired to guard the liberties of Europe did not promptly and decisively combine against the gigantic menace of international Bolshevism.

Three and a half years previously, at the time of the torpedoing of the *Lusitania* by the " godless pirates " (to use her own phrase), she wrote to one who, like herself, had a friend among the victims, " This would be a cruel bewildering world, were there no Hand to draw the ultimate harmony even out of its horrors. I do profoundly pity souls who have no such faith."

Her love of English landscape was intensified by the contrast between the tragedies of the Great War, and the tranquil " ancient peace " which lingered unbroken, thanks to the ever-vigilant Royal Navy, in many a country village even throughout the strenuous years when the fate of Europe and the world trembled in the balance.

Not long after the *Lusitania* calamity, she had reported from Cornwall to a friend, " I am working hard, trying to catch up doctor's bills and ' suchlike fooleries.' Yesterday, however, I saw Fowey : a dream of a little deep-water port, among cliffs and clouds."

To achieve with her friend Miss Morgan of Brecon, the long discussed book on Henry Vaughan, was still her dominating wish ; and she had other well-loved projects : a life of St. Frideswide, Saxon princess, foundress of Oxford city ; a biographical introduction to the Poems of a forgotten scholar and unsteady theologian, William Alabaster ; a Seventeenth Century drama, the tragedy of that Cavalier Windebank who betrayed his trust and stained his honour to dry a paltry woman's tears, yet never ceased loving the King to whom he was in act unfaithful : these were some of

[1] To Alice Brown. Quoted pp. 107-8 of " *Louise Imogen Guiney.*"

the works which had been over and over again interrupted and retarded by the needs of the hour.

She had made up her mind to finish her "*Recusant Poets*," at which she worked as continuously as her impaired health allowed.

"Picture me reading furiously at Bodley, and for slippered ease on my return taking up '*Khaki*' or either of certain recent treasurable letters." [1]

Seven months after the Armistice she wrote from Oxford: "The old town is like itself in 1913 again: but ah! all eternity lies between." [2] What continued to depress her acutely was that the tremendous sufferings and sacrifices of the men-of-action had not been followed by adequate statesmanship on the part of the civilian arbiters of national destinies.

> "I regretted bitterly and still regret, the granting of the Armistice weeks too soon. Marshal Foch would have so crushed the forces of evil in a very brief time, had he been left free, that they never could have attained to their present horrible menace over half Europe. I do not believe in my own President, or any civilian, in such a crisis." [3]

For a while her health improved, and in that spring of 1919 she declared joyously, "I find, to my great delight, that I have all my old power of work back, and can write steadily for four or five hours at a stretch. There is a sting in the tail of that joy, however, as I am bound by every necessity to devote time to reviews and minor magazine (U.S.A.) articles, in the effort to make up in some degree for the long drain (plus no income) on my tiny revenues. Not that I ever forget H. V.,[4] or, in lesser degree, my other unborn books, some of them more advanced in preparation." [5]

[1] To E. M. Tenison.
[2] To Miss Gwenllian E. F. Morgan, Oxford, June 27, 1919.
[3] To Miss Gwenllian E. F. Morgan, March 24, 1919.
[4] Henry Vaughan.
[5] To Miss G. E. F. Morgan.

But soon she was troubled again with neuritis, probably as a result of her habit of skipping meals and dispensing with fires, so as to buy books instead. " Your affectionate but frozen Imogen," was the conclusion of a letter written on one of those fireless days; and often she would plead with her friends to spare themselves, keep a reserve of strength, and take a " stand easy," when such a luxury as rest was very far from her own calculations. The quest for a house, as we have seen, proved nerve-racking and money-wasting; the worry, the fatigues, the fruitless journeys, the frequent disappointments, the enforced consequent delays in the cherished work, were trying even to her cheery temper. But the " *Recusant Poets* " came into their own for a short while, when she and her cousin inhabited congenial quarters, well-warmed, comfortable and harmonious, in Llanover House, near Abergavenny. On Whit Monday, 1920, she wrote to her Kentish friends, " It is such a blessing, on this day so given over to town profanations and outraged country roads, to have this heavenly peaceful park to sun oneself in, with birds shouting *Deo gratias* all day long."

It was from Llanover that she made her second pilgrimage to the grave of Henry Vaughan.

> " I must tell you [1] that I actually got as far as Llansantffread on Monday last, a very showery chilly day. . . . and I walked straight to the grave and back." The countryside was " beautiful and peaceful, exactly as I saw it a quarter-century ago almost to the day. Nor did I feel any change in myself or in my love for H. V. . . .
>
> " I found some ten or twelve forget-me-nots in bloom. One of the Gwynne-Holford graves had taken the hint, and carried it out in a huge blue border of them. The grave (H. V.'s) is in so dark a corner they can't thrive very abundantly. I believe lilies of the valley might do better.
>
> " The fencing wants to be repainted dark green. I should love to do that, but must consult you when we meet. The shed is not so very unsightly, and ivy is

[1] To Miss Gwenllian E. F. Morgan, April 29, 1920.

fast making it less so. The tomb is sinking slightly on one side. It looks as though pilgrims had begun to go there, for inside the iron rings is quite a trodden-looking path. The yew tree should also be cleared of dead twigs and its ivy destroyed.

" Some day I must see it all again."

To finish " *Recusant Poets* " and resume the work for Henry Vaughan, some permanent place of refuge was still lacking. From temporary quarters at Hillgrove, Clytha, she wrote on August the 4th (memorable anniversary !) :

> " This is the remotest spot ; the nearest place is Raglan, four miles. . . . It means incessant travelling on foot, even for water. . . . However the house is pretty, though damp and tumbledown in places. . . . Little Loulie [1] is a real pleasure in the house. She is eight, and already literary to a degree ! I let her play (silently) in my study for an hour each day, and she spends it chiefly in writing or drawing." [2]

Despite the presence of " Loulie," and despite her own habitual courage, many unforeseen and perplexing circumstances combined to trouble and depress her. It seemed as if some fatality were militating against the fulfilment of everything she most wished and hoped to accomplish. To the friend to whom she oftenest wrote her thoughts, she confessed that this 1920 had been " the most disappointing and disagreeable summer " she had ever lived through : " Nothing goes right." But, at last, a suitable house was found, and in the same letter she was able to report, " After the 25th September, and until Lady Day, I shall be at Westcote, Chipping Camden, Glos." [3]

Little did she or any of her friends suspect how she would reach Westcote only after dire illness had laid its inexorable hand upon her.

To live in England and edit Seventeenth Century Poets had been her cherished ambition even so far back as the early days of drudgery in Auburndale, Massachusetts. The

[1] Louise Guiney Martin, Miss Grace Guiney's niece and ward.

[2] To Miss Gwenllian E. F. Morgan. [3] To Miss Gwenllian E. F. Morgan.

reality never equalled the forecast; partly because of uncertain health, but much more from that lack of material means which must always tend to obstruct and retard research work.

"Poverty" is, of course, a word of many meanings: one man who says he is "poor" may merely be endeavouring tactfully to convey that he cannot afford a yacht or a four-in-hand: another means that he does not know where to turn for his next meal. "The Lady Poverty" has many faces; and while to some she may hold out the lure of adventure, to others she is the harsh monitress whose very name is synonymous with a circumscribed and crippled life, with hardships, trials, enforced renunciations, and those daily worries which sap strength, and not only starve the *joie de vivre* but at last kill even the power to produce joy-giving work. Time was when poverty had been no handicap to a poet. In the Troubadour Age in Provence, for instance, the Poet—as Louise Guiney liked to remember,—was sure of his welcome both from high and low. In that "sweet season" of spring which so many Provençal singers have joyously saluted, the maker of melody could wander forth lightheartedly (his gittern slung on his shoulder, his wallet empty of coin of the realm), knowing that whether from the Lord of the Castle or from Mine Host at the village Inn he could count on a meal, and a good one, in exchange for a song; knowing, moreover, that the heroic, the beautiful, the gallant, gracious and graceful, would not merely be tolerated as his themes but were expected from him.

> "In the heroic age there is no very marked difference between the tastes and occupations of the King and his followers. . . . What the Earl likes, the churl can admire in his own way . . . heroic literature, generally, implies not merely certain favourite themes—combats, battles, killing of monsters, escapes, defences,—but a diffused sympathy for the heroic mood among the people for whom the epic is made. . . . The 'multitude' in an heroic age interprets life heroically." [1]

[1] Professor W. P. Ker, "*The Dark Ages*," a book which Louisè Guiney said should be called "The Heroic Ages."

Turn from this picture to the *Writers and Artists Year Book* for the year of progress, 1917, and contrast with it the up-to-date warning and counsel :

> " Few indeed are the books that are produced because they force their own way out as living realities ; and even when they do, some never succeed. The way of true literature is hard.
>
> " On the other hand there are facile successes bringing in much money and notoriety to the producers ; these are probably the goal of seventy per cent. of the writers ; they do not want to produce real art ; they want money. . . . The books that most appeal to the public nowadays are those that are wholly based on the false sentiment and false values of other books. To present this matter attractively in itself is a gift or knack." [1]

The statement that the " public " prefers falsehood to truth and superficiality to sincerity, is discouraging. Whether it be true is quite another matter ; for the public is not a vague abstraction, but a mass of separate human beings ; and though collectively it may be, as an amiable physician and a man of letters [2] said, over three centuries ago, " a beast more prodigious than hydra," individually few would admit an unshakable preference for the debased. If the word " public " denotes only the most unprincipled and inconsequent individuals among the millions who make up the totality of the human race, what author can set himself to please such people without becoming degraded in the process? But surely it is a perverse distortion of justice to use the collective expression " the public " as a synonym only for the mentally diseased or the incorrigibly frivolous.

Yet the author who has sufficient generosity to credit his fellow-mortals with a capacity for truth and beauty akin to the emotion which throbs in his own breast—the writer who maintains a soldierly fidelity to a high and splendid standard, —may need considerable patience. His most individual work may remain unpublished during his life-time ; he may

[1] Article on " Advice to Authors," p. 144.

[2] Sir Thomas Browne, of Norwich.

be told over and over again that the " public " does not want him : " not what we are accustomed to," " not marketable," " not in the line of this firm " : and there may seem to be some logic on the side of the purveyors of printed matter who thus shut the doors in his face. But if the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church, so also in the creative arts he who refuses to sell his soul is not merely saving his own integrity but making the way easier for those who come after. " *Le poète, l'artiste, le saint, disent sans cesse ' Encore plus haut ' "*;[1] and " the quest of high honour," as Sir Philip Sidney used to emphasise, means a journey far from the " smooth ways " of life. When still a young girl, Louise Guiney had eulogised those

> " Who faithful to their fellows' need
> Fling life away for a truth, art, fatherland,
> Like a gold largesse from a princely hand
> Without one trading thought of heavenly meed." [2]

For the creative artist there may be many deaths before the final deliverance :

> It is a steep rugged road, " the road of art . . . and those who serve with passion and longing and increasing labour of inward thought and outward craft are the only votaries who know . . . how many pitfalls have to be avoided or escaped from, how many hopes have to be crucified in slow death. . . .
>
> " And there is so little time at the best, . . . and the little gain, the little frail crown, is so apt to be won too late for the tired votary to care, or to do more than to lie down saying ' I have striven, and I am glad ; and now it is over, and I am glad.' " [3]

> " True and unbought
> If I have fought,
> Now without plaint if I fall,

[1] Abbé Roux, " *Pensées.*"

[2] " Twofold Service," in " *The White Sail,*" 1887.

[3] William Sharp (Fiona Macleod) to a friend (unnamed). Mrs. Wm. Sharpe's " *William Sharpe* (*Fiona Macleod*) : *A Memoir,*" pp. 382-3.

Were it not ill
Weakly to will
Laurels at last for a pall ? . . .
Soldier am I :
How then and why,
Trader-like, haggle for gain ? " [1]

Thus Louise Guiney strove to cheer herself. Yet it was inevitable that in the intervals of the fight there were times of weary dark depression :

" Winter or Spring is fair ;
Thaw's hard to bear.
Heigho ! my heart's sick.

Sweet is cherry-time, sweet
A shower, a bobolink,
And trillium, fain far underneath
Her cloistering leaf to shrink ;
But here in the vast, unborn,
Is the bitterest place to be,
Till striving and longing
Shall quicken the earth and me. . . .
Gone is the strength to sigh
Either to live or die.
Heigho ! my heart's sick." [2]

In this there is nothing cryptic ; few have escaped such a mood. But in her sonnet " *Astraea* " [3] there surges up from the depths that emotion of profound discouragement which is not incompatible with fortitude, rather it may be fortitude's shadow.

" Since I avail no more, O men ! with you,
I will go back unto the gods content ;
For they recall me, long with earth inblent,
Lest lack of faith divinity undo.
I served you truly while I dreamed you true,
And golden pains with sovereign pleasure spent :

[1] L. I. Guiney's " To a Served Ideal," *M'Clure's Magazine*, March, 1907.
[2] " The Still of the Year," " *Happy Ending*," pp. 100-1.
[3] In " *Happy Ending*," p. 35.

But now, farewell, I take my sad ascent,
With failure over all I nursed and knew.

Are ye unwise, who would not let me love you ?
Or must too bold desires be quieted ?
Only to ease you, never to reprove you,
I will go back to heaven with heart unfed :
Yet sisterly I turn, I bend above you,
To kiss (ah ! with what sorrow !) all my dead."

Who shall analyse all that these fourteen lines mean, or might mean ? They are the more impressive from one who in her girlhood seemed to her friends an incarnation of Youth, Joy, and that temperamental buoyancy which radiates hope and delight and brings down to earth something of the fair and pure enchantment of paradise. Yet however dark and heavy the discouragement which weighed on her spirit, she fought her way onwards and upwards ; and out of sorrow came new strength :

" Believe the word our gentle augur spake :
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Sweet ever ; and in naught so sweet as this :
That though the heavens be barred, if we but hold
An equal quiet will-illumined mind,
Such greatness in us, laborless, must win
Great answers : cheer from all created things,
And interchange of love by natural right
With the high few, a kinship not of clay.
Be these thy present comfort." [1]

Such comfort is not dependent on time or place ; and, in discussing the ethics of literature with a friend, Louise Guiney in the last year of her life conveyed very clearly her conviction that the crown of a writer's success is his power to awaken in the reader that same capacity for

" interchange of love by natural right
With the high few, a kinship not of clay."

[1] " In Time of Trouble," " *The Martyr's Idyl and Shorter Poems*," 1900, p. 71.

With all her strenuous aspiration and prolonged toil, she never became hardened or blunted in the conflict. Up to the end she delighted to find emblems of happiness even if only by the wayside at the heart of a wild rose, or in the gleam of a berry, or in contemplation of some bright and beautiful memory. "'Nothing glorifies God so much as joy,'" she quoted: "'See how the perfume lingers in the withered flower: it is the Angel of Joy, who cannot take heart to wing his flight back from earth to Heaven, even when his task is done.'" [1] And long previously she had praised "the deliberately glad."

> "Magdalen of Pazzi, alone in the cloister-garden, rapturously catching up the roses to her face, and extolling Him Who made them fair, signifies much: not only that she was dowered with the keen perception of beauty,—hardly that at all; but that she was at the apex of moral sanity.
>
> "Coleridge, in the *Biographia Literaria*, has a very beautiful theory and a profoundly true one. 'To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood; to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearances which every day, for perhaps forty years, have made familiar:
>
> 'With sun and moon and stars throughout the year,
> And man and woman,'—
>
> this is the character and privilege of genius.'" [2]

This of course is only one of many attributes of genius. It was part of her own endowment. Her joy in the beauties of the English countryside remained vivid up to the moment when the last fatal illness struck her down. This happened in the early autumn of 1920, after much protracted toil at her "*Recusant Poets*," by which she hoped to win recognition for many a forgotten or neglected singer. Believing that the book had been accepted by the publisher to whom the scheme had been submitted, she pressed herself beyond her

[1] The words of Father Faber, cited by Miss Guiney in a letter.

[2] *The Great Playground*, 1895. Reprinted in "*Patrins*," 1897 and 1901.

strength, feeling all the while as if she were running a race against Time. When it was within measurable distance of completion,—finished "all except a few loose threads,"—her overtaxed powers gave way.

At last the time had come when she who had stood up to Fortune after many blows, risen from many illnesses, battled against many obstacles, and forced herself to work assiduously despite failing strength, was now to work no more. The indomitable will, the loving and ardent spirit, had never surrendered; but the mortal body could no longer carry the burden imposed upon it by its stern taskmaster the soul. But she believed her collapse the result only of temporary exhaustion: "My love! and I will write soon," was her message to her '*Nil Medium*' friend, who received at the same time, from another, the tragic news that the end was approaching, with the *magnum opus* still lacking its final touches and the monument to the fame of Henry Vaughan still unaccomplished.

The devoted kinswoman and friend watching beside this fighter whose fights were finished, hesitated to tell her that, barring a miracle, there was no hope. Her friends, dismayed, bewildered,—tormented by the thought of one who had been so full of life now scarcely able even to speak her wishes,—turned for comfort to the faith she herself had expressed in one of the most heartfelt of her poems, written while youth, strength and joy still were hers:[1]

"Waiting on Him Who knows us and our need,
Most need have we to dare not, nor desire,
But as He giveth, softly to suspire
Against His gift with no inglorious greed,
For this is joy, though still our joys recede;
And, as in octaves of a noble lyre,
To move our minds with His, and clearer, higher,
Sound forth our fate: for this is strength indeed.

Thanks to His love let earth and man dispense
In smoke of worship when the heart is stillest,

[1] "*Summum Bonum*," in "*A Roadside Harp*," p. 41, and "*Happy Ending*," p. 105.

A praying more than prayer : ' Great good have I,
Till it be greater good to lay it by ;
Nor can I lose peace, power, permanence,
For these smile on me from the thing Thou willest."

" Join thy heart to the immortality of God, and become eternal with Him. Whatsoever is not everlasting is nothing." This, the cry of a fiery soul very long ago,[1] had echoed and re-echoed in her mind ; and though her work was incomplete,—or left to be completed by another hand,—she was ready to die, ready to go through the purgatorial way leading upwards to " that blessed country where an enemy never entered, and whence a friend never went away." [2]

Her young cousin Edward Guiney—of whose expected arrival from America she had written so cheerily,—reached Chipping Campden too late for her to see or recognise him. She was yet alive ; but too feeble, almost, to stir or speak ; too weary, it would seem, even to think.

Thus she survived for several weeks ; and then at last the hour of her deliverance drew near :

" Each moment of mine exile, so distinct,
So vast, so bitter and so ever-during,
Burns sweet before Our Lord : Love's last slow grain
Rich as the first : for lo, the censer's broken ;
And all my soul foreruns her call to climb
Out of this ruin." [3]

She who so loved the ' forgotten dead,' and brought so many of the neglected back to remembrance, passed from mortal life peacefully on All Souls' Day, winged upwards by faith and the rites of her ancestral Church, out of the prison of Time into the glorious freedom of Eternity.

[1] St. Augustine. Quoted by Louise Guiney, a few weeks before her death.

[2] A favourite quotation of hers, from Jeremy Taylor.

[3] " Saint Theodora on her way to the scaffold," " *The Martyr's Idyl*," 1900.

AFTERWORD

" All thy old woes shall now smile on thee,
And thy pains sit bright upon thee :
All thy sorrows here shall shine,
All thy sufferings be divine. . . .
Each heavenly word by whose hid flame
Our hard hearts shall strike fire, the same
Shall flourish on thy brows, and be
Both fire to us and flame to thee."

CRASHAW'S " *Saint Teresa.*"

AFTERWORD

The last months of pressure, working against time, would seem to have been spent in vain; for the firm which Louise Guiney believed to have accepted the "*Recusant Poets*" returned the bulky manuscript soon afterwards to her co-labourer, Father Geoffrey Bliss, S.J. (author of "*Manalone*," a miracle play which would have made him widely popular had he lived in 1120 or even 1320 instead of 1920). But the end is not yet. Despite the brilliant vogue which was given in her youth to the singer of "*The White Sail*,"—despite the chaplets, the tributes, the applause and fervour evoked in America in the eighties and nineties by a girl who was compared at the same moment to a wild rose and a gallant soldier,—it may be that some of the best fruits of her life-work are yet to be gathered.

Daughter of one who through years of protracted suffering paid daily for his "crowded hour of glorious life," Louise Guiney, from first to last, was unwilling to recognise the meaning of the words "compromise" or "expediency." Let us not presume to pity her. Those who face and endure such "failure,"—those who carry into the region of letters the principles of honour, service, heroic love and fealty, which make the quintessence of chivalry,—from such are recruited the predestined victors, for whom "Time's old daughter Truth" holds fame in store.

At Wolvercote, Oxford, at the foot of a Celtic Cross marking the grave of Louise Imogen Guiney, an American pilgrim describes how he saw no fading mass of flowers but only one single wreath of laurel.

Better than laurels, however, are the winged words sent forth in her praise by a true poet from the land of her birth.

We all remember her " Knight elect," her " soul ordained to fail " : he of the " Vigil," so revealing in his noble sadness, indomitable faith, and tranquil courage.

Here now is the answer :

" Before the Cross he kneels, his keen sword lies
By legend-carven stone : on the grey wall
A torch flares out ; his war-horse leaves the stall,
For the East wakens and the first cock cries.
Turning he looks once more into the Eyes
Above the altar,—be the end of all
A losing battle and a lonely fall,
Pierced Hands will lead him into Paradise.

True heart that kept the vigil with your Knight,
Like clean winds blown from far-off mountain lands
Your brave sweet words live on, new courage lending ;
And you beneath the splendor of pure Light
Where He, the Eternal Lover, watchful stands,
Now know the perilous journey's ' Happy Ending.' "

A DESCRIPTIVE BIBLIOGRAPHY

OF THE CHIEF WORKS WRITTEN, EDITED, OR CONTRIBUTED TO

BY

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

"No printed list embraces them; no man has a complete set of them; nor can I direct him how to reach that unscaled pinnacle of the bibliophile's bliss." *Louise Imogen Guiney.*

("Veracious Details from a 'well-known' Author.")

A DESCRIPTIVE BIBLIOGRAPHY

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NOTE.—As already explained, the extreme rarity of the early works of Miss Guiney, and the comparatively small numbers printed even of her later volumes, explain the need of a detailed Bibliography.

The following annotated list contains the chief works issued in book form. To include magazine contributions, except as reprinted in books, has not been attempted; but some of the most interesting of those temporarily forgotten essays have been partly quoted in the biography, and may yet be arranged and edited for republication.

Without enumerating the entire contents of the volumes of verse, an indication of the main features of each has been given, either in the text of this book or else in the Bibliography. Readers who possess the volumes quoted may observe some slight disparities between the quotations and the text of the original publications; in which case will they bear in mind that such quotations have been taken from copies revised and annotated by Louise Guiney herself in readiness for possible future editions. Though certain outstanding poems (most notably "*The Knight Errant*," "*The Kings*," and "*The Wild Ride*") were frequently reprinted, only two of her books, the prose "*Patrins*" and "*Blessed Edmund Campion*," went into second editions during her lifetime.

E. M. T.

1884

SONGS AT THE START
by Louise Imogen Guiney.

" And we sail on, away, afar,
Without a course, without a star,
But by the instinct of sweet music driven."
SHELLEY: *Prometheus Unbound.*

Boston: Cupples, Upham & Company, 1884 (crown 8vo, grey boards, quarter red leather, pp. 112).

Dedication:
" *This first slight outcome*
of tastes transmitted by my father,
Is Inscribed to His Friend and mine,
John Boyle O'Reilly."

(Retrospectively reviewed in Chapter III.)

1885

GOOSE QUILL PAPERS
by Louise Imogen Guiney.

Boston: Roberts Bros., 1885, (crown 8vo, grey cloth, pp. 178).

On the title page of the Author's copy, she has written in ink, " ' If this work be taken too seriously, the author will be concerned; but it will never make him so serious as to defend it.' *Horace Walpole.*"

Dedication:
" *To Oliver Wendell Holmes,*
the loving homage of this book."

Twenty essays, of which two (" An Open Letter to the Moon " and " On teaching one's grandmother how to suck eggs ") were reprinted in 1897 and 1901 in " *Patrins.*"

(The autobiographical essay " *A Child in Camp* " has been drawn upon in Chapter I.)

1887

THE WHITE SAIL AND OTHER POEMS
by Louise Imogen Guiney.

Ticknor & Company. . . . Boston. (Crown 8vo, cloth). Pp. 148, including viii prelims.

Dedication:
A salute by night, than night's own heart-beat stiller,
From the dying to the living. Keats! I lay

Here against thy moonlit storm-shaken pillar
My garland of a day.[1]

One of the rarest and most desirable of her early volumes, divided into Legends, Lyrics, and Sonnets; its special features include the brilliant, fiery and forceful "*Tarpeia*"; and an early version of "*The Wild Ride*"; "*On Some Old Music*"; "*Day-break*"; "*Cyclamen*"; the pathetic "*Last Faun*"; "*Down Stream*"; "*The Light of the House*"; four translations from Sonnets in Dante's 'Vita Nuova'; and others that can ill be spared: "*The White Sail*" is the legend of King Ægeus and of the return of Theseus, told with vividness and poignancy.

The *Legends* were never reprinted in the author's lifetime: not even her masterpiece "*Tarpeia*," which reappears now (Chapter III., pp. 37-39) after an interval of thirty-five years. Some notion of the varied themes of the other legends may be gathered even from their titles:

The Caliph and the Beggar.
The Rise of the Tide.
Chaluz Castle.
The Wooing Pine.
The Serpent's Crown.
Moustache.
Ranieri.
Saint Cadoc's Bell.
A Chouan.

"There are"—both in "*Songs of the Start*" and "*The White Sail*"—wrote Mrs. Katharine Tynan Hinkson, "many poems which must always be dear to her lovers."[2]

(Retrospectively reviewed in Chapter III.)

1888

"BROWNIES AND BOGLES
by Louise Imogen Guiney.

Fifty Illustrations by Edmund H. Garrett.
Boston: D. Lothrop Company."

($7\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$, 176 pp., light grey cloth; decorated cover.)

[1] Note in pencil in her own copy: "Tennyson, as I discovered many years after, wrote something for the Dante fifth-centennial ending with 'garland of a day.'"

[2] Article in the *Sketch*, Feb. 12, 1896; quoted more fully, Chapter IX., pp. 115-117.

Contents.

Chapter I. What the Fairies were and what they did.
II. Fairy Rulers.
III. The Black Elves.
IV. The Light Elves.
V. Dear Brownie.
VI. Other House-Helpers.
VII. Water Folk.
VIII. Mischief Makers.
IX. Puck; and Poets' Fairies.
X. Changelings.
XI. Fairyland.
XII. The Passing of the Little People.

"Many things which are not true in the exact sense, are yet dear to Truth; and follow her as a baby's tripping tongue lisps the language of its mother, not very successfully, but still with loyalty. . . . Surely our ancestors loved the 'span-long elves' who wrought them no great harm, and who gave them help and cheer. We will praise them too. Who knows but some little goblin's thorny finger directed many an innocent heart to march, albeit waveringly, towards the ample light of God." (Conclusion, p. 174.)

This work appeared first as a series of "unique and individual sketches" in *Wide Awake*, entitled "*Fairy Folk All.*" Of the version in book form an admiring reviewer wrote:

"I wonder if anyone who read them dreamed of the wide research and careful selection necessary. . . . Over two hundred volumes in German, Italian, Indo-European and the Arian languages, with those of Provence and Bretagne, a few in the originals, and many translations, were read for the benefit of the babies. . . . There is a vigor and an out-of-doorness about Miss Guiney's contributions to juvenile literature unlike anything I have met elsewhere. Her 'Brownies and Bogles' peer from the pages, with their native trees swaying above them, and the perfume of their native flowers greets the children as they read." And another critic writes: "Miss Guiney has cast her drag-net over the waters of folk-lore . . . fairies, elves, dwarfs, changelings, *necken*, nixies, mermaids, brownies, *kobolds*, and hobgoblins. . . . Miss Guiney displays a curious intimacy with the habits of these fanciful folk."

(Cutting in L. I. Guiney's press-book. Name of writer and magazine not given.)

1892

'MONSIEUR HENRI,' A FOOTNOTE TO FRENCH HISTORY

by Louise Imogen Guiney.

New York. Harper & Brothers. . . . MDCCCXCII., with portrait of Henri de La Rochejaquelin and map of Vendée militaire.

(Small 16mo; dark green cloth, pp. viii-140; and fifty signed copies bound in Chollet plaid.) Preface dated "London, 1891."

Dedication: "*To Madame Marie-Ange Bondroit, R.S.C.J.* When you were first an exile, and at Elmhurst, I was a child. Six studious years we had together, many games, a tiff or two, much silent love. It is because I do not forget any of them, and because it may stand as a little token of an honourable and life-long debt, that to you, my dear old friend, without asking your permission, I dedicate this book."

(Retrospectively reviewed in Chapter IV.)

"'*Monsieur Henri.*' . . . That is a little classic. It has the atmosphere of the Vendée in it, and you feel the heart of the best of the La Rochejaquelins beat near you. It must live, if our celebrations in honor of the present do not cut off entirely our regard for the beauty of the past. Only an author who had acquired the high talent of making great effects within a little space could have written 'Monsieur Henri'; only an author who loved the theme and who had searched historical records with a loving care could have produced this little flower of literature. And the flower is not born in a day. There is the sap, the movement of which no man can understand, and the culture of the gardener; so natural gifts and practice in art have made this blossom perfect of its kind."

"*Cameoes*," by Maurice Francis Egan; article on Louise Imogen Guiney in '*The Ave Maria*,' Nov. 4, 1899.

1893

A ROADSIDE HARP

A Book of Verses
by Louise Imogen Guiney.

"Highway, since you my chief Parnassus be,
And that my Muse, to some ears not unsweet,
Tempers her words to trampling horses' feet
More oft than to a chamber melody—"[1]

[1] Sir Philip Sidney.

Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin & Company. MDCCCXCIII. (Crown 8vo, grey cloth, 62 pp. and vi prelims.)

Dedication: (in verse) "To Dora and Hester Sigerson."

Contains 53 poems, amongst which are "*The Knight Errant*," "*The Vigil at Arms*," "*The Kings*," "*Two Irish Peasant Songs*" (one of which was quoted by William Black in "Highland Cousins"), "*A Talisman*," the "*Alexandriana*"—mistaken by various Professors for genuine translations from the Greek,—the "*London Sonnets*," and many of her other most notable poems.

(Retrospectively reviewed in Chapter V.)

1894

"A LITTLE ENGLISH GALLERY"
by Louise Imogen Guiney.

New York. Harper & Brothers. MDCCCXCIV.
In the American Essayist Series. Small 16mo, dark green cloth gilt; with portrait, pp. 292 and viii. pp. prelims.

Dedication: "*To Edmund Gosse,*
this friendly trespass on his fields."

Contents:

I. Lady Danvers (1561-1627).
II. Henry Vaughan (1621-1695).
III. George Farquhar (1677-1707).
IV. Topham Beauclerk (1739-1780)
and Bennet Langton (1741-1800).
V. William Hazlitt (1778-1830).

(The margins of Miss Guiney's own copy are thick with annotations; the *Henry Vaughan* essay particularly she had hoped to be able to expand. Written before she had visited 'Siluria,' it should not be reprinted as it stands; further research has unearthed much more about the Silurist's life: and Miss Guiney's material is now in the hands of Miss G. E. F. Morgan, Buckingham Place, Brecon, S. Wales, to be arranged for publication.)

1895

LOVER'S SAINT RUTH'S AND THREE OTHER TALES
by Louise Imogen Guiney.

Boston. Copeland & Day. MDCCCXCV.
(Crown 8vo, buff-coloured cloth, pp. 124 and x prelims.)

Dedication: "*To Clarence J. Blake and Frances H. Blake, a book finished on their own wild acres of the Maine coast. October*, 1894."

(On the title page of the author's copy is a pencil note : " N.B.—This book is No Good ! 1896." Nothing written by Louise Guiney lacked grace and charm ; but her critical acumen rightly divined that prose fiction was not her forte. The "*Three Other Tales*" are "*Our Lady of the Union*" ; "*An Event on the River*" ; and "*The Provider.*"

1895

NINE SONNETS WRITTEN AT OXFORD.
Christmas MDCCCXCV.

(6 + 4½, 20 pp. ; grey paper cover.)
Elaborate title page ; frontispiece ; ornamental initial letters to octave and sestet of each sonnet.

Colophon : " These nine Sonnets written at Oxford by Louise Imogen Guiney and decorated by Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue are privately issued for them and their friends and for Herbert Copeland and F. H. Day and their friends at Christmas MDCCCXCV the printing having been done at the University Press in Cambridge Massachusetts."

These Sonnets subsequently appeared in different sequence in "*England and Yesterday,*" 1898, and in a finally revised form in "*Happy Ending,*" 1909.

(In 1901 the author wrote to Mr. Clement Shorter :—" These are the last dozen copies of my own p(rivately) printed '*Oxford Sonnets,*' now worth, I know, eight shillings each. The Bodleian paid an absurdly large sum for its copy at the Morris sale, but only because they must have taken the thing for a Kelmscott booklet ! ")

1897

" PATRINS. TO WHICH IS ADDED AN INQUIRENDO INTO THE WIT AND OTHER GOOD PARTS OF HIS LATE MAJESTY KING CHARLES THE SECOND.
Written by
Louise Imogen Guiney.

Boston. Printed for Copeland & Day. 1897."

(Crown 8vo, green cloth, pp. 336, and xii prelims.)
Portrait in photogravure ; and facsimile (facing p. 247), of a page of a corrected essay. Title in gold on back as well as front and spine.

(Reprinted, Boston : Small, Maynard & Company.
London : David Nutt. 1901. See pp. 307-308.)

Dedication: "*To Bliss Carman,*" a letter explaining that a *patrin* according to George Borrow is "a Gypsy trail, handfuls of leaves or grass cast by the Gypsies on the road, to denote, to those behind, the way they have taken." Dated: "Ingraham Hill, South Thomaston, Maine. October 19, 1896."

See under date 1901 the list of Contents.

(Retrospectively reviewed in Chapters VII. and XVII.)

1898

ENGLAND AND YESTERDAY
A Book of Short Poems
by Louise Imogen Guiney.

London, Grant Richards. 1898.
($6\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, iron grey buckram, pp. viii-62.)

Contains XII. "*London Sonnets*" reprinted from "*A Roadside Harp*" (1893) and dedicated to Herbert E. Clarke;

XII. "*Oxford Sonnets*" dedicated to Lionel Johnson;

"*Lyrics,*" dedicated to Dora Sigerson Shorter and Clement Shorter;

"*Lines on Various Fly Leaves,*" dedicated to Gwenllian E. F. Morgan (her collaborator in the Vaughan work).

Of the Lyrics some of the most significant are "*The Yew Tree,*" "*Romans in Dorset,*" "*The Graham Tartan to a Graham,*" "*Two Irish Peasant Songs*" (reprinted from 'A Roadside Harp'), "*In a London Street,*" "*Of Joan's Youth,*" "*Athassel Abbey,*" and "*On leaving Winchester.*"

(Retrospectively reviewed in Chapter VIII., pp. 81-82: and quoted, Chapter X., pp. 127-128.)

1900

"THE MARTYR'S IDYL AND SHORTER POEMS
by Louise Imogen Guiney.

Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Company.
The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1900."

(Crown 8vo, grey boards with gilt panel on front and spine. Pp. x-82.)

"THE MARTYR'S IDYL,"[1] set in Alexandria, A.D. 304, is the soul-drama of Theodora, the noble Christian maiden, and of a Roman centurion. An MS. note by the author states: "The

[1] First published in *Harper's Magazine,* Christmas Number, 1898.

main incidents of this story are to be found in the *Acta Sanctorum*, in Ruinat, *Les Petits Bollandistes*, and S. Ambrose's *De Virginitate*. From these the account of S. Theodora's trial is almost literally transferred."

The "SHORTER POEMS" include "*The Squall*," "*In Time of Trouble*," "*Romans in Dorset*," "*Ode for a Master Mariner Ashore*," and that spirited expression of American patriotism, "*To the Outbound Republic MDCCCXCVIII.*"; the exquisite "*Borderlands*," the "*Outdoor Litany*," "*The Vigil in Tyrone*," "*Arboricide*," "*Charista Musing*," and "*An Estray*."

(Retrospectively reviewed in Chapter VIII.)

"It is an event in literature when anything from the pen of Louise Imogen Guiney issues from the press. . . . The poem which gives its name to the volume is a beautiful legend of early Christianity exquisitely told in that peculiar style of Miss Guiney's for which it is difficult to find a fitting descriptive phrase, but the thought of which somehow suggests 'austere.' Eminently adapted to the ascetic theme is this style, and few if any of the writers of to-day could so delicately yet strongly portray as she does the characters of Theodora and Didymus. The other poems bear the same marks of the author's command over words, of her intimate knowledge of their worth and meaning, and of the nicety—which withal seems so natural—wherewith she chooses them, each for its proper use. The austerity and aloofness of Miss Guiney's muse may discourage popularity, which for a poet who writes not alone for the present hour, is not at all such a serious loss. The 'general reader'—that tyrant to whom everything in these days is referred—may refuse to be charmed by the clear classic note of the author of 'The Martyr's Idyl'; but to all lovers of real poetry, all natures keyed to unworldly aims and ambitions, and seekers after the best in literature, will her poetry appeal." [1]

1901

"PATRINS . . ."

Same title page as in 1897, but with the imprint and device of Messrs. Small, Maynard & Company, substituted for the "Sicut Lilium inter spinas" of Messrs. Copeland & Day.

London: David Nutt. 1901. (Crown 8vo, green cloth, pp. 336).

(Contents as in 1897, but portrait and facsimile page of corrections omitted.)

[1] *The Sacred Heart Review*, Nov. 11, 1899; review of an advance copy (1900 is the date on the title page of the book).

CONTENTS : [1]

On the Rabid versus the Harmless Scholar.
The Great Playground.
On the Ethics of Descent.
Some Impressions from the Tudor Exhibition.
On the Delights of an Incognito.
The Puppy : A Portrait.
On Dying Considered as a Dramatic Situation.
A Bitter Complaint of the Ungentle Reader.
Animum non Coelum.
The Precept of Peace.
On a Pleasing Encounter with a Pickpocket.
Reminiscences of a Fine Gentleman.
Irish.
An Open Letter to the Moon.
The Under Dog (title on her own copy altered to ' The Divine Handicap ').
Quiet London.
The Captives.
On Teaching One's Grandmother How to Suck Eggs.
Wilful Sadness in Literature.
An Inquirendo into the Wit and Other Good Parts of His Late Majesty, King Charles the Second.

(The variety and scope of these headings will give some idea of the manner in which her humour ranged from grave to gay and from the abstract to the concrete. The " Fine Gentleman " " of illustrious ancestry . . . a fighting aristocrat," is a favourite dog, a Saint Bernard ; and " The Captives " are lions at the zoo. For comments on the " Inquirendo " see Chapter XVII.)

Andrew Lang recognised the merit and individuality of the work. " Mr. Lang's review of my *Patrins* came out,—where but in the *Tatler* ? I am ' perked up,' as Pet Marjorie said, to have him like my point of view, or to be commended at all by one so hard to please." Louise Imogen Guiney to Gwenllian E. F. Morgan.

1904

"ROBERT EMMET
A Survey of his Rebellion and of his Romance
by Louise Imogen Guiney.

With a portrait of Robert Emmet.
London : David Nutt, 57-59 Long Acre. 1904."

[1] Those in italics are partly quoted in this biography.

(Foolscap 4to, green buckram, pp. 104, and viii prelims.: cheap edition, same date, grey paper covers.)

Dedication: "*To Lionel Johnson,*
in the Land of the Living
to remind him of old thoughts
and of things once dear."

(By 'the Land of the Living' she means the world beyond the grave, for Lionel Johnson had been dead nearly two years when this book came out. Of his early and sudden death she wrote, "He had never known how to care for himself, and had lived as heedless of the flesh as if he were all wings. . . . Surging up the more as his bodily resources failed him, 'a mortal moral strife' had to be undergone: the fight in which there can be no comrades. . . . He had apparently recovered his health after all the solitude and mental weariness, and had just expressed himself as 'greedy for work' when he went out from his chambers in Clifford's Inn, late on the night of the 29th of September, for the last of his many enchanted walks alone. . . . He had a fall, and was picked up unconscious... recognised and tended . . . for four days and five nights; and then the little flickering candle went quietly out. In the bitterness of his end he was not with Keats, but with Poe. It was the 4th of October, 1902, a Saturday of misted autumn sunshine, sacred in the ecclesiastical calendar to the Poverello of Assisi."

Louise Imogen Guiney: in the *Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1902; reprinted as preface to "*Some Poems of Lionel Johnson.*"

(See Chapter XIII., from which the reasons for the dedication of a sketch of Emmet to the memory of Lionel Johnson will be evident.)

1904

"HURRELL FROUDE"

See Works edited by Louise Imogen Guiney, pp. 314-315.

1908

"BLESSED EDMUND CAMPION
By Louise Imogen Guiney.

London: Macdonald & Evans, . . . 1908."

Motto on half-title:

"Go, seek thy peace in war:
Who falls for love of God, shall rise a star!"
BEN JONSON.

Prefatory note dated "St. Ives, Cornwall: Epiphany, 1908."

(Foolscap 8vo, red cloth; 6 coloured illustrations. XIII. chapters; pp. 184 and viii prelims.) The St. Nicholas Series. Edited by the Rev. Dom Bede Camm. O.S.B.

Dedication: *Campiani Fratibus e Provincia Angliae Societatis Jesu Tribus opusculum suum grato affectu Scriptor.*

2ND EDITION. Burns, Oates & Washbourne, London. Taken over and republished in 1914; and still available.

(Retrospectively reviewed in Chapter XIV.)

1909

"HAPPY ENDING. THE COLLECTED LYRICS OF LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston & New York, 1909." (Did not actually appear till January, 1910.)

(Post 8vo, pale buff boards and quarter linen. pp. 178 and xiv. prelims.)

In the author's own copy an MS. note states that only 550 copies were printed.

To Miss Gwenllian E. F. Morgan (October 5, 1909), she wrote: "The book will have that glorious Watts picture I am so fond of, for frontispiece; the broken boat, the rower in a swoon, and the strong confident Spirit sitting in the stern, and steering through the storm. I call it Happy Ending,—the book, I mean. Please don't say that is too valedictory! for I really am at the end of my poetic lease, such as it was."

Dedicated "*To Anne Whitney*" (a friend whose sympathy had taken the form of financial help for research work).

"The principle of exclusion goes far enough to cover all poems in narrative form, or of any appreciable length, or translated; also any which seem out of keeping with the character of the present collection. Such as that is, it comprises the less faulty half of all the author's published verse."

Extract from Preface, dated "Boston, October 21, 1909."

Only two poems out of "*The White Sail*" (1887) have been included, one of these being "*The Wild Ride*," and the other "*The Light of the House*," both considerably altered from the earlier versions.

For further details regarding "*Happy Ending*," see Chapter XV.)

1911

"THE POETRY OF LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY"

Selection, with appreciation by Edward J. O'Brien. "The Pathfinder," vol. v. No. 5, May, 1911. The University Press of Sewanee, Tennessee. ($7 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$, white paper cover) pp. 2-4 appreciation; and 5-16 selection from "*Happy Ending*"; the whole prefaced by these verses of Clinton Scollard "*On the Lyrics of Louise Imogen Guiney*":

"Fleet, elusive, terse,
A wilding charm for its dower,
Such is your lyric verse,
Sweet as a mountain flower.

Haunting as a bird's
Voice at the morning's gate,
Each of your wingèd words
Bears some magical freight.

Hail to your Gothic Greek
Art with its touch so true!
Still may you sing and seek
Life's evanishing clue."

To Mr. Thomas S. Jones, Jr., one of the editors of "*The Pathfinder*," Louise Guiney wrote (16 May, 1911), "I am most grateful to you . . . and quite abashed by the Little Brother O'Brien's praises. . . . Will you please express my best-beholden thanks to him, and the same, *avec impressement*, to Clinton? Tell him his lines brought a whiff of fragrance as of the old time, besides being so charming in themselves. Very very nice of you all it certainly is to man the yards like this for me. . . . I feel that I owe you, and Clinton too, more thanks than I can pay."

1913 (?)

"AN ALTAR IN THE WILD."

A small typed booklet of lyrics, drawn from her published work, rearranged by her in this special sequence, but never produced in this form or under this title.

CONTENTS:

Hylas.
The Still of the Year.
Nocturne.
To a Dog's Memory.
Open, Time.
When on the Marge of Evening.

A Talisman.
Spring Nightfall.
The Japanese Anemone.
The Cherry Bough.
A Song of Lilac.
Winter Boughs.
A Friend's Song for Simoisius.
Alexandriana I.-XIII.
Four Colloquies.
Balsam.
Life Forborne.

PART II: BOOKS EDITED, PREFACED, OR TRANSLATED by Louise Imogen Guiney.

1896

" CARMEN
by Prosper Merimée
translated and illustrated by Edmund H. Garrett, with a PREFACE BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY."

Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
(Efforts to secure a copy of this book have failed. A critic in 1896 writes of it as " an edition de luxe, bound in white and gold." The proof of the preface in Miss Guiney's press-cutting book is all the present writer has been able to see of it.)

" If translator, illustrator, and essayist had deliberately combined to create new enthusiasts and admirers of the Frenchman, they could hardly have chosen or worked more subtly and wisely," said the Boston '*Advertiser*'; and the '*Bookman*' remarked, " It can be said of few books that we like them the better for the preface, and of fewer still that we cherish them for the sake of the preface, as we do in this case. Miss Guiney's characterisation is full of delicious touches and subtle penetration couched in a style fresh, spontaneous, and sparkling with flashes of humour—the sparkle that gleams in clear water."

1897

" JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN
HIS SELECTED POEMS, WITH A STUDY
BY THE EDITOR LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

Lamson Wolffe & Co., Boston & New York. John Lane, London, anno domini MDCCCXCVII."

Portrait of Mangan (drawn by Dora Sigerson, Mrs. Clement Shorter); and decorated title page in black and white.

(Post 8vo, pp. xiv and 362, green cloth, gilt decorated spine.)

The Dedication:

"Dear Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, the new Mangan begs leave to be yours, partly for the gratification of its editor, one of the many who revere you; much more for the sake of the poor poet who helped to endear your distinguished name when he saluted it, fifty years ago, as that of his kindest friend. What the book has tried to be, you will know best. Far away, in your late southern sunshine, among distances, with the old clear-seeing mood ever upon you, may you read it gently!"

(Retrospectively reviewed in Chapter XIII.)

1898

"THE SECRET OF FOUGEREUSE

A Romance of the Fifteenth Century. From the French by Louise Imogen Guiney."

(Illustrated by Chase Emerson and Louis Meynell.)
Boston: Marlier, Callanan & Co. 1898.
($7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$; blue cloth, silver, pp. 348.)
Title page motto: *Tout passe fors aymer Dieu.*

Dedication: "To Grace Clarke Denslow, . . . the translator's share in this book . . ."

"An old-fashioned but ever-delightful romance of a most completely satisfying type." *Bookman*, Feb. 1899.

A work worth reviving; vigorous, spirited, chivalrous; and with an excellent plot, dramatically conceived and ably carried out.

Some critics assumed that it was no translation at all, and suggested that Miss Guiney herself was the author. She then protested:—

"The book is a skin-'tight' translation from the French of M. Louis Morvan, of whom I never heard until Messrs. Marlier & Callanan asked me to turn him into American; and I fought long and hard to have his name on the title page. It seemed a point of honour to me, yet the publishers wished it simply 'from the French.' The result seems to be that nobody believes the story to be a translation, though anyone who knows me knows that I could as soon play the oboe as get a grasp on narrative."

1899

THE RIVERSIDE LITERATURE SERIES: Number 132: "Sohrab and Rustum and other Poems by MATTHEW ARNOLD. With Biographical Sketch and Notes by LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston. . . . New York . . . Chicago . . . The Riverside Press, Cambridge."
(U.S.A.) March 1, 1899. (Grey paper cover. pp. viii-92.)

1902

"THE MOUNT OF OLIVES AND PRIMITIVE HOLINESS, set forth in the life of Paulinus Bishop of Nola. By HENRY VAUGHAN, Silurist. Edited by L. I. Guiney. London, Henry Froude, Oxford University Press Warehouse. . . . 1902."

(Post 8vo, dark green cloth, pp. xxviii and 160.)
The Editor's Preface pp. v-xx.

Dedication:
"To
Isabel Southall
A Christian
a Poet
A Silurian
and a
lover of Henry Vaughan."

(Retrospectively reviewed in Chapter XII.)

1904

"HURRELL FROUDE. MEMORANDA AND COMMENTS by Louise Imogen Guiney.

With seven illustrations. Methuen & Co. . . . London." (1904.)

"*Cari commilitis acta honori et nomini J. H. N.*[1] *in pace.*"

(Medium 8vo, green cloth, pp. xix-410, and Index by Miss M. H. James, pp. 411-439.)

"We count Hurrell Froude's a long-forgotten name; yet during the sixty-eight years since he died, more serious students than would seem at first thought likely, have felt for this fighting recluse true attraction. . . . The sole purpose of this unconventional yet homogeneous volume is to show Froude the mind and the man. . . . A book which aims at being not a disquisition, not even a biography,

[1] John Henry Newman (Cardinal).

but simply a convenient rearrangement of obvious data for the study of a temperament."—*Extract from Preface*, pp. xv-xvi. (See Chapter IX.)

1904

"KATHERINE PHILIPS, 'THE MATCHLESS ORINDA.' (1631-1664.)

Selected Poems. J. R. Tutin, Cottingham near Hull, 1904." Limited to 250 copies. 9 + 5½, blue cloth, pp. 48. Demy 8vo.

"The poems in this little volume are chosen from the authentic edition of the work of one unknown to our generation, who was long ago looked upon by the literary craft as a paragon." The posthumous folio of her works was edited in 1667 "by the author's friend 'Poliarchus,' the accomplished Sir Charles Cotterell, then M.P. for Cardigan, and contained dedicatory numbers, two among which are affectionate elegies, by Abraham Cowley, the Earls of Orrery and Roscommon and others. The title-page perpetuates the name of 'Orinda' which in the little court of friendship founded by her, Mrs. Philips chose to give herself. . . . Mr. Edmund Gosse is the one modern critic apparently aware of her; in his attractive '*Seventeenth Century Studies*' of 1883 (reissued in 1897) he has made her the subject of a chapter from his sympathetic pen. Very eminent, as we have seen, was 'Orinda' in her little hour. . . . The last word about her poetry . . . is her dear Mr. Cowley's. . . .

'Tis solid, and 'tis manly all,
Or rather 'tis angelical;
For as in angels we
Do in thy verses see
Both improved sexes eminently meet:
They are than Man more strong, and more than Woman sweet.'

The time is at hand when no one who would study the history of English intellectual development on the spindle side, or the intimate temper of the great century which altered England, will forbear some measure of acquaintance with 'Orinda,' queen of those virtuous poets who were among the public successes of the not-yet-understood Restoration."—From Appreciatory Note (of Introduction), pp. 5-8, signed L. I. G.

Dedication: "To G. E. F. M. of Brecon,
'Who with the same august and even state
Can entertain the best or worst of fate.'"

1907

"THOMAS STANLEY: HIS ORIGINAL LYRICS, COMPLETE IN THEIR COLLATED READINGS OF 1647, 1651, 1657. WITH AN INTRODUCTION, TEXTUAL NOTES, A LIST OF EDITIONS, AN APPENDIX OF TRANSLATIONS, and a portrait. Edited by L. I. Guiney." J. R. Tutin. Hull, 1907.

(Crown 8vo, red buckram and photogravure portrait; and cheap edition, brown paper boards, and half-tone portrait. pp. xxii-110.)

"Thomas Stanley's quiet life began in 1625, the year of the accession of the King whom English poets have loved most. He came, though in the illegitimate line, from the great Stanleys, Earls of Derby. His father, descended from Edward, third Earl, was Sir Thomas Stanley of Leytonstone, Essex and Cumberlow, Hertfordshire; his mother was Mary, daughter to Sir William Hammond of St. Alban's Court, Nonington, near Canterbury . . . and through her he was nearly related to the poets George Sandys, William Hammond, Sir John Marsham the chronologer, Richard Lovelace and his less famous brother; as, through his father, to a fellow poet perhaps dearer to him than any of these, Sir Edward Sherburne. His tutor, at home, not at College, was William Fairfax, son of the translator of Tasso. . . . Stanley lived engrossed in his studies, and let his private interests run to seed. He kept his learning and his liberty, his charity and peace and good repute; and of his troubles and trials he has left, like the gallant philosopher he was, no record at all. . . . He died (in April, 1678) in Suffolk Street, London, in the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. . . . He was a born man of letters; he gave his whole life to meditation, to friendship, and to art; he did his beautiful best, and cared nothing for results. . . . This little book is the first complete reprint of Stanley ever published. . . ."—From PREFATORY NOTE. pp. xi-xxi. Signed "L. I. G. Oxford, August 31, 1905."

1911

"POST LIMINIUM: Essays and Critical Papers by Lionel Johnson. Edited by Thomas Whittemore.

Elkin Matthews. . . . London. MCMXI." (Crown 8vo, pp xvi-308, green cloth.)

To Father Michael Earls, S.J., she wrote (3/1/11): "I have had something to do with the editing of a selection from Lionel's fugitive

review and short essays, signed or unsigned, in the *Academy*, *Anti-Jacobin*, *Speaker*, etc. . . . I shan't have my name attached to it, as Professor Whittemore is the editor."

But Professor Whittemore linked her name with it in this charming dedication :—

" *Ludovicae Imogen Guiney huius libris scriptori curatorique carissimae superstes D.D.D., T.W.*"

(To Louise Imogen Guiney, very dear to the writer and to the editor of this book (I) the survivor T. W. give it as a gift and dedicate it.)

" From first to last, circumstances enabled him to lead his own recluse and happy life. . . . Lionel Johnson belonged to an English literary group of meteoric brilliancy, over many of whom hung a singularly tragic fate. . . . He was a very great loss to a hurried generation which did not fail altogether to appreciate him. . . . Lionel Johnson had a genius for friendship. May he still, under cover of these (Essays . . .), make and keep new friends."

Pp. vii-ix. *Preface by L. I. Guiney.* (Unsigned.)

1912

" SOME POEMS OF LIONEL JOHNSON
Newly Selected. With an Introduction
by Louise Imogen Guiney.

London : Elkin Matthews, Vigo Street, MCMXII."
($6\frac{1}{2} \times 5$, pale grey cloth, pp. 80.)
(The Selection was not made by L. I. Guiney.)

The Introduction, a character sketch reprinted from the *Atlantic Monthly* of December 1902, opens with the statement that " An early death has lately robbed the world of letters in England of its one critic of the first rank in this generation. Poet-minds of the Arnold breed, with what may be called the hush of scholarship laid upon their full energies and animations, must necessarily grow rarer and rarer in a world ever more noisy and superficial." Lionel Johnson " had lived more or less alone from boyhood, but alone with eternal thoughts and classic books. Whenever he spoke there was authority in the speech coloured by companionship with the great of his own election ; with Plato ; Lucretius and Virgil ; Augustine ; Shakespeare. . . . Neither vanity nor ambition as much as breathed upon him, and, scholar that he was, he had none of the limitations common to scholars. . . . His manners, as well as his mental habits, lasted him throughout ; from the first he was a sweet gentleman and a sound thinker."

She wrote to Mr. Clement Shorter, in October 1902, "Has anyone noted that the circumstances of his death are quite the same as Poe's? I saw little of Lionel but we were great friends; he had always been the contemporary most after my own heart, and I shall miss him from the world if I live a thousand years."

WORKS CONTRIBUTED TO BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

1891

"GARDE JOYEUSE: A Collection of Society Verses."

(Frank Murray. Derby and Nottingham. 1891.)

Of this selection a critic in the "*Author*" (London, April 15, 1891), remarks, "They suggest Praed and Austin Dobson, with a reminiscence of Andrew Lang. . . . Here is one little thing, light as froth, but pretty. The author is Miss Louise Imogen Guiney. It is called '*Private Theatricals*.'"

You were a haughty beauty, Polly
(That was in the play),
I was the lover melancholy
(That was in the play);
And when your fan and you receded,
And all my passion lay unheeded,
If still with tenderer words I pleaded,
They were in the play.

I met my rival in the gateway
(That was in the play),
And so we fought a duel straightway
(That was in the play);
But when Jack hurt my arm unduly,
And you rushed over, softened newly,
And kissed me, Polly! truly, truly,
Was that in the play?

This was from "*Songs at the Start*" (1884), p. 21. (Among the author's MS. is a translation into Latin in another hand signed "J. H. D. Novr. 2nd '88": Polly and Jack are there metamorphosed into Paulina and Joannes.)

1893

"DANTE ALIGHIERI, The Divine Comedy of.
Translated into English Verse by
THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.
With a Preface by *Charles Eliot Norton*
and a Memorial Sketch by *Louise Imogen Guiney.*

Boston and New York
Houghton, Mifflin and Company
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1893"

Louise Guiney's sketch is headed "Thomas William Parsons, 1819-1892," and signed with her full name. It occupies pp. xi-xix.

1894

"THREE HEROINES OF NEW ENGLAND ROMANCE.

Their true stories herein set forth by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, Miss Louise Imogen Guiney and Miss Alice Brown. With many little picturings authentic and fanciful by Edmund H. Garett, and published by Little, Brown & Company. Boston. 1894." (Title page in red and black; crown 8vo, white cloth gilt.)

Louise Guiney's contribution is MARTHA HILTON, pp. 109-134. "Martha Hilton, who figures in true histories and in Mr. Longfellow's pretty ballad, is a heroine of the letter, rather than of the spirit. We hear nothing of her deserts; we hear merely of her success," says Miss Guiney: and for this reason the sketch is not characteristic of the writer whose natural sympathies were far more deeply touched by the inner victories of those "ordained to fail" in the worldly sense, such as Campion, La Rochejaquelin, or Robert Emmet.

1895

"ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
A Study by A. B.[1]
with a PRELUDE AND A POSTLUDE BY L. I. G.

Boston. Issued for private distribution. Copeland & Day. MDCCCXCV." Only 250 copies printed.

Dedication: "*To William Ernest Henley.*"
(A quotation from Spenser.)

(Demy 8vo, grey boards, quarter canvas; pp. 46.)

[1] Alice Brown.

The prelude, "*A Valediction*," pp. 5-7, is "of a metre disturbing to the unpractised ear, but full of isolated lines of an individual beauty, and also of a real grief. . . . There is a light-heartedness, too, about the poem, like burnished fringes on a mourning robe." [1] The postlude, p. 46, is a Sonnet,[2] subsequently reprinted in "*England and Yesterday*," p. 59, and there headed "*Valediction* (*R. L. S.* 1894)."

1895

"POETS' DOGS.

Collected and arranged by Elizabeth Richardson.
G. P. Putnam's Series. New York . . . London . . . The Knickerbocker Press." (Green cloth, pp. 192.)

Pp. 181-2, "*To a Dog's Memory*," Louise Imogen Guiney (here quoted in full Chapter XV., pp. 205).

1900

"AN AMERICAN ANTHOLOGY
1787-1900.
Edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman.

Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, U.S.A." (copyright 1900). Louise Imogen Guiney, pp. 664-667.

(Poems quoted in full.)
Ode for a Master Mariner Ashore.
In Leinster.
Pax Paganica.
On First Entering Westminster Abbey.
Martyr's Memorial.
A Footnote to a Famous Lyric.
The Wild Ride.
Valse Jeune.
Of Joan's Youth.
Sanctuary.

1913

"THE LITTLE BOOK OF MODERN VERSE (1900-1913)."

Edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse.
Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, U.S.A. 1913.

[1] Alice Brown, "*Louise Imogen Guiney*," pp. 86-88.
[2] See facsimile, facing p. 220.

Selections from Louise Imogen Guiney:

The Kings	p. 15.
Of Joan's Youth	,, 72.
Irish Peasant Song	,, 80.
Tryste Noël	,, 199.

1915

"THE LITTLE BOOK OF AMERICAN POETS 1787-1900."

Edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse.
Louise Imogen Guiney, pages 256-258.
Beati Mortui.
Sanctuary.

UNPUBLISHED WORKS OF LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

"RECUSANT POETS: 1535-1735:

A Catholic Anthology from Sir Thomas More to Pope; with biographical notices. By Louise Imogen Guiney and Geoffrey Bliss, S.J."

The "biographies and bibliographical notes form nearly half the work, and owe most of their value to Miss Guiney's wonderful knowledge of the byeways of late 16th and early 17th century history, Catholic and other. A great deal of the material is from very scarce books or from unpublished sources, and will be new to all except a few students. The book would make two volumes; it contains much information—some quite new—on the history of the ancient Catholic families and many of the English Catholic martyrs." (The Rev. G. Bliss, S.J., to E. M. Tenison.)

Of the following poets and special subjects or group-poems the summaries are complete, with the addition of selected poems:

Thomas More, 1478-1535.
Henry Parker, Lord Morley, 1486-1556.
Thomas Langdon, of the Order of S. Benedict, 1513 (?)-1561 (?).

The Pilgrimage of Grace.

John Heywood, 1498 (?)-1578 (?).
Nicholas Grimald, 1520-1559 (?).
Thomas Vaux, Lord Vaux of Harrowden, 1510-1556.
Thomas Prideaux, 1525 (?)-1592 (?).

Poems on Mary Queen of England.

Miles Huggard, 1505 (?)-1557 (?).
William Forrest, 1504 (?)-1581 (?).

Jasper Heywood, of the Society of Jesus, 1535-1598.
Gregory Martin, 1539 (?)-1582.
Thomas Pounde, 1539-1614.

Poems on the Martyrdom of Blessed Edmund Campion and Companions.

Richard Stanihurst, 1547-1611 (?).
Francis Tregian, 1548-1608.
Nicholas Rosarrock, 1549 (?)-1634.
Richard Verstegan, 1551 (?)-1628 (?).
The Venerable Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel and Surrey, 1557-1595.
Thomas Lodge, 1558-1625.

The Cause of Mary Queen of Scots.

Henry Walpole, 1558-1595.
The Venerable Robert Southwell of the Society of Jesus, 1561-1595.
William Blundell, 1560-1638.
Anthony Copley, 1567-1609 (?).
William Alabaster, 1567-1640.

A Lament for Walsingham;[1] *and other anonymous poems of the later Sixteenth Century.*

Walter Colman, of the Order of S. Francis, 1601 (?)-1645.
The Hon. William Percy, 1573-1648.
Hugh Holland, 1565-1633.
Edmund Bolton, 1575-1636.
Henry Hawkins, of the Society of Jesus, 1575 (?)-1646.
Anthony Batt, of the Order of S. Benedict, 1575 (?)-1651.
Sir Tobie Matthew, 1577-1655.
Sir Everard Digby, 1578-1606.
John Sweetman, of the Society of Jesus, 1580-1622.
George Fortescue, 1588 (?)-1659.
James Shirley, 1596-1666.
Henry Fitzsimon, of the Society of Jesus, 1566-1643.
Miles Pinkney, 1599-1674.
Walter, Abbot Montague of the Order of S. Benedict, 1603 (?)-1677.
Sir Kenelm Digby, 1603-1665.

Poems on the Great Rebellion.

Sir William Davenant, 1605-1668.
William Habington, 1605-1654.
Henry, Lord Arundell of Wardour, 1606 (?)-1694.
Richard Flecknoe, 1606 (?)-1678 (?).

[1] Protests against the spoliation of the Shrine of the Blessed Virgin Mary at Walsingham, Norfolk.

Sir Aston Cokayne, 1608-1684.
George Digby, Earl of Bristol, 1612-1677.
Richard Crashaw, 1612-1649.
John Austin, 1613-1669.

Poems from 'Texall Poetry.' *c.* 1650-1690.
Edward Thimelby, d. 1690.
Sir Edward Sherburne, 1616 (?)-1702.
The Hon. Patrick Carey, 1623-1657.
John Sergeant, 1623-1710.

Poems of the 'Popish Plot,' 1679.

Anonymous Poems of the Seventeenth Century.
William Wycherley, 1640-1715.
Thomas Ward, 1652-1708.
Charles Dryden, 1666-1704.
Bevil Higgons, 1670-1735.

Jacobite Poems, 1688-17—?
Alexander Pope, 1688-1744.

The other subjects of biographical and critical essays in process of revision when Louise Guiney's fatal illness intervened, were:

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, 1513-1547.
Henry Constable, 1562-1613.
Ben Jonson,[1] 1573-1637.
Philip Massinger, 1583-1640.
Sir John Beaumont, 1583-1628.
Francis Beaumont, 1584-1616.
John Abbot, of Rivers, 1588-1650 (?).
John Dryden,[2] 1631-1700.

(See summary in Chapter XIX.)

"A FORGOTTEN POET, WILLIAM ALABASTER: HIS LIFE AND WORKS, 1567-1640.

By Louise Imogen Guiney, edited by Father Geoffrey Bliss, S.J. With a rare contemporary engraving of the portrait by Janssen."

This "extraordinarily learned" scholar,—"eccentric nearly to the point of insanity,"—but curiously attractive to those who came in contact with him,—was one of the chaplains of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex in the famous Cadiz expedition. Later in the same year he became a Catholic and proceeded to Rome. In Italy, in the Netherlands, and in England he spent "eighteen restless years, . . . under ceaseless difficulties of all sorts, including

[1] Catholic only for twelve years.
[2] Catholic only at the close of his career.

an experience of the Inquisition. . . . Blown about by every wind of doctrine, Alabaster reverted more than once to the Church of England. Each of these steps cost him afterwards much mental agony. However, in the year 1614 he returned to her for good, was welcomed at court, married a well-to-do widow, and became Prebendary of St. Paul's and Rector of Therfield, Hertfordshire." Among his favourite subjects of study were Hebrew, and Cabalistic lore. "He is known to-day only as the author of a number of enigmatical prose works, all in Latin; of a great lexicon; of an unpublished and unfinished poem 'Elisaeis,' on Queen Elizabeth and her reign, . . . and of 'Roxana,' a drama twice published in 1632, and praised by Dr. Johnson."

"Spenser, among Alabaster's contemporaries, was first to mention him; Herrick does it also, and most admiringly; so does Cartwright; and Anthony Wood's extravagant praise is well known. Alabaster's epigrams were transcribed into English by Jonson, Hugh Holland, and the youthful Cowley. His English verse is inedited, and was totally unknown until the late Mr. Bertram Dobell, with his usual acumen, discovered the authorship of a manuscript volume of Alabaster's sonnets and wrote of them in the 'Athenaeum.' . . . The sonnets, which run in groups or sequences, and portray some profound spiritual experiences, were written while Alabaster was a prisoner for the Catholic faith in 1597, and conscious (as he himself tells us) of unwonted inspiration. They make a noble addition to Elizabethan poetry. The copyright of Alabaster's Sonnets, by the good offices of Messrs. P. J. and A. E. Dobell, Mr. Charles Sayle of the University Library, Cambridge, and the Rev. Edwin Bonney, D.D. of Oscott College, is vested in one of the Editors of this anthology; and they will some day be published in full."—Louise Imogen Guiney, in "*Recusant Poets*."

"HENRY VAUGHAN, SILURIST.

Being *a biographical and critical appreciation* by Louise Imogen Guiney and Gwenllian E. F. Morgan."

For the last twenty-five years Miss Guiney and her friend, Miss Morgan of Brecon, had been searching for material, studying and verifying references connected with Henry Vaughan's Life and Writings. They collected and arranged a considerable amount of newly discovered matter, which will be of great interest to lovers of Vaughan. When the Muses' Library edition (Mr. E. K. Chambers') was issued, in 1896, no line of Vaughan's hand-writing was known to exist; but in the above work, edited by Miss Morgan, there will be eleven holograph letters of the Silurist (only two of

which were quoted in Aubrey's *Brief Lives*; ed.: Clark, 1898); also a long holograph legal deposition. Many hitherto unpublished facts relating to Vaughan's family history, ancestry and connections will be included; current errors will be corrected, and a special feature of the work is the elucidation by Miss Guiney of Vaughan's numerous allusions to political events of his day, allusions which make his work of historical as well as literary significance.

(See Chapter XII.)

Enquiries regarding this book may be addressed to
Miss G. E. F. Morgan,
Buckingham Place,
Brecon,
S. Wales.

"ST. FRIDESWIDE, PRINCESS AND NUN;
a biographical essay; with notes on the early history of Oxford.
By Louise Imogen Guiney."

Saint Frideswide (or Frideswyth) was the foundress of Oxford as a city, A.D. 912. Her nunnery was on the site of Christ Church.

In reference to her, Louise Guiney wrote, "About 'merely local saints, not canonised': did you know they were accepted at Rome, and exempted from the need of formal canonisation in (I think) the thirteenth century? . . . When the present process of canonisation, requiring sanction by the Pope, was set up, those countries or localities which could show a traditional veneration of anyone, lasting for centuries, were allowed to keep their saints on an equal footing with the 'documented' ones, and with the new ones whose cause was presented: *e.g.* S. Etheldreda and S. Frideswide were honoured by the then Pope at the date of the regular canonisation of S. Osmund, though they lived hundreds of years before his time."

Letter to Miss Gwenllian E. F. Morgan. (14 May, 1920.)

JOHN DONNE,
a character sketch and a criticism,
by Louise Imogen Guiney.

Note.—Full collations of the first editions of the works of Louise Imogen Guiney are contributed by her biographer to the 'Bookman's Journal" for *December* 1922 and *January* 1923; and the Bibliography is continued in briefer form in later issues of the same journal, 1923.

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ABBREVIATIONS: L. I. G. = Louise Imogen Guiney.
(a) = alluded to.
(q) = quoted.
* = friend of L. I. G.
G. I. = General Index.

NOTE:—As over 180 British and American authors are alluded to or quoted, unless they have been primarily men of action (who were authors only incidentally), they are not mentioned in the General Index, but are classed together in two alphabetical lists under the head of '*American Authors*' and '*British Authors*' respectively, thus enabling the student to see at a glance the range of references to English literature.

'*American Generals*' are treated similarly; and magazines and newspapers entered alphabetically under *Periodicals*; and so on. E. M. T.

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